THE LIFE

OF

Jane de St. Remy de Valois,

HERETOFORE

COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

THE LIFE

OF

Jane de St. Remy de Valois,

HERETOFORE

COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

CONTAINING,

A circumſtantial and exact Detail of the many extraordinary Events which have attended this unfortunate Lady from her Birth, and contributed to raiſe her to the Dignity of Confidant and Favorite of the

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Some farther Particulars relative to the myſterious Tranſaction of

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

Her Trial, Condemnation, and Impriſonment in the Salpetriere; her almoſt miraculous Eſcape from thence: with many curious and intereſting Particulars of her Journey through ſeveral Provinces of France, under different Diſguiſes.

ALSO,

AN ADDRESS TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY,

SUPPLICATING A NEW TRIAL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BEW, No. 28, Paternoſter-Row.

1791.



THE

LIFE

OF

JANE DE ST. REMY DE VALOIS,

COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

I COMMENCED my Life with the beginning of my misfortunes. In the progress of the preceding volume, I have observed how rapidly they accumulated, how incessantly they pursued me. In the sequel of this, I shall prove that they assailed me with an unabating energy, which can only terminate in the grave, to which I feel myself hastily approaching---that grave to which my sorrows will hurry me, long before the period assigned by Nature for the duration of comfortable existence.

I commenced with the hiſtory of my infant wretchedneſs, when the cravings of animal appetite were poorly ſatisfied by the donations of charity, the inconvenience of hunger and thirſt, rags and wretchedneſs, and the cruel puniſhment of an unfeeling parent.---But ſtripes, and wretchedneſs, and all the temporary inconveniences of appetite unſatisfied, nor even the whole circle of miſeries which had perſecuted me, to the period from whence I commence this volume, were nothing, compared to what I have ſince ſuffered; were nothing, compared to the uneaſineſs of my mind, even at the very recollection of what I have ſince ſuſtained.---I have ſtated that my conduct was biaſſed, that my afflictions were acuminated, by thoſe elevated notions which I had imbibed from a dying parent, impriſoned for having reſumed a title which he claimed as his birth-right, and inſtantaneouſly releaſed, upon producing that pedigree which was too well ſubſtantiated to admit a doubt of its authenticity. I have run through the principal incidents of my life, and hinted thoſe circumſtances that led me to be the favorite, the confidant of a Queen.---It is here, that I muſt lament the misfortunes into which I was hurried, by the almoſt uncontrolable

ebullitions

ebullitions of a thoughtleſs and giddy vivacity, which afforded my enemies an opportunity of taking advantage of that frankneſs of diſpoſition, which, unaccuſtomed to ſuſpicion, prevented me from diſcovering their machinations, till I was entangled in their ſnares.---I know not whether my readers will condemn, or pity, that eaſy temper which facilitated the impoſitions of the deſigning, and deluded me to be ſo fooliſhly attached to, and ſo implicitly guided by, thoſe whoſe counſels were artful to perſuade.

I have been cenſured by my enemies for having too much pride, for having too high notions of my birth. It has appeared, poſſibly, to the Engliſh reader, that I have a degree of pride---I will not myſelf determine whether it is too little or too much; but my enemies at leaſt ſhould have remembered, in their accuſation, that the imputation of pride but very ill accords with ſo odious a charge as they have alledged againſt me. I appeal to the hiſtory of human nature, if pride can ſtoop to ſuch an act of baſeneſs as they have thought fit to impute to me. But malice is ever blind, and defeats its own purpoſes. No wonder then, if, amongſt the multiplicity of falſities which have been forged

againſt me, the moſt glaring incongruities ſhould appear. My accuſers have aimed at too much to be entitled to credit; they ſhould have been more conſiſtent.

Having premiſed thus much, I muſt proceed to make a melancholy recital of my own diſgrace, and to point out the termination of ambition, under the influence of bad counſels, and giddy vivacity, to which I at length fell a martyr. I, therefore, haſten to reſume the thread of my narration.

The day that the decrets were delivered, M. Doillot came to enquire of Fremyn if he could ſee me the next day? and was informed, that, as all the decrets were then given in, he and the other advocates were at liberty to ſee us. Fremyn appeared pleaſed at having ſeen me, and told M. Doillot that he had no buſineſs with the other Greffier, but that he had begged leave to accompany him, that he might have an opportunity of ſatisfying his curioſity. He told M. Doillot, that he conceived it impoſſible for any one, who was a ſpectator both of my appearance and conduct, to ſuſpect my being guilty of the crime laid to my charge. He affected to ſpeak very

very handſomely, and recommended me warmly to M. Doillot.

It is neceſſary that I ſhould here hint, what I had every reaſon to ſuſpect, what I have ſince no room to doubt, that the Cardinal, who was as it were at large, though in the Baſtile, had moſt of the officers devoted to his ſervice; nay, ſo great was the influence of his family, that even his judges were inclined in his favor--- that even the power of the Queen could not cruſh him. To ſubſtantiate the truth of my aſſertion, I ſhall briefly relate the following incident:——

I have mentioned, that about three months before I had been attacked by convulſions. In conſequence of my indiſpoſition, I was allowed a nurſe, who, whenever M. Doillot or the Governor came to ſee me, uſed to go down among the invalids. The Marquis de Pelport, who had means to communicate every thing, had written two letters deſigned for his family, and begged me to ſend my woman to fetch them, informing me that they were incloſed in a cover, and concealed before the window of the ſtaircaſe oppoſite his door, in a particular corner.

He begged me to uſe my influence with M. Doillot, to deſire that gentleman to put them into the poſt, or forward them according to their addreſs. My woman, having deſcended to lead her dog to the court, in re-aſcending, brought this packet from M. de Pelport's hiding-place, without the leaſt difficulty or heſitation. I was pleaſed with the opportunity of obliging that unfortunate gentleman: my advocate took charge of them, and informed me that he put them both in the poſt. The above-mentioned woman had for a long time been ſo very attentive, that I thought proper to reward her fidelity with ſeveral preſents, which I received from my friends, of money and other things. In fine, I repoſed in her the greateſt confidence, which, like many others in whom I have too incautiouſly confided, ſhe at length betrayed.--- I proceed to thoſe incidents which led me to ſuſpect her.

I had obſerved, as I was walking upon the tower about the beginning of December, with the Governor and Lieutenant, that the former always found ſome pretext or other to keep behind us, and held converſation with the woman. This was repeated ſo often, that I wiſhed to make

make him perceive I took notice of their converſing together ſo very earneſtly, and ſaid to the Governor, in a rallying tone, "Monſieur de Launay, I really believe that you pay your addreſſes to my nurſe." In this rallying manner did I treat the Governor of the Baſtile; and I ſhould not recite ſuch trivial circumſtances, but to prove two things: Firſt, that this nurſe, who was given me under the pretext of kindneſs and attention to my indiſpoſition, was in fact but a ſpy over my actions, which ſhe communicated to the Governor, who, as I have previouſly hinted, was attached to the intereſt of the Cardinal; and laſtly, to prove that, amidſt the terrors of a priſon, amidſt the horrors of one of the moſt terrible, my ſpirits were not damped, my fortitude was not weakened, and my gaiety was frequently that which proclaims the confidence of innocence---that gaiety to which guilt was totally a ſtranger.

Though I aſſumed this air of pleaſantry with the Governor, I knew that he tampered with my nurſe to betray my ſecrets. What afterwards happened, convinced me that my conjectures were not erroneous.

One morning, about ten o'clock, the Marquis de Pelport knocked, to intreat me to ſend my woman, when the turnkey brought the dinner, for a moment into the court, under the pretext of taking down her dog. I confided to this woman the charge of fetching from the ſame place another packet. She heſitated, and ſeemed cautious. "Do you know, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "that you are placed under my care, and that I am in the ſtation of a turnkey? And ſhould I chance to be diſcovered, the Baron de Breteuil will certainly confine me in priſon for life. As to the firſt packet," added ſhe, "I believed, as was the caſe, that it was nothing but a paper which concerned you and the Marquis de Pelport; unleſs I had been convinced of this, I certainly ſhould not have done as I did."--- This woman at length, apparently prevailed on by my entreaties, went down, and remained about a quarter of an hour. I once conceived that ſhe was faithful, that ſhe was attached to my intereſt: her fidelity, her attachment, exiſted only in my own imagination. She pretended, on her return, that many people who were paſſing and repaſſing had prevented her from doing as I deſired her. "Very well," replied I; "then I ſhall inform the Marquis that he

he muſt again take care of his packet, when he goes to take his walk in the court." "Perhaps I ſhall find means," added ſhe, "to comply with your requeſt, when you go to walk." "True," replied I; "I ſhall walk about one o'clock upon the tower, with the Lieutenant," and was pleaſed that ſhe herſelf ſhould point out ſuch an opportunity to favor my inclination.--- She pretended that, on account of its being ſo very cold, ſhe would rather remain in my chamber.

When I returned from my walk, I found my woman upon the ſtair-caſe; ſhe informed me that ſhe had been hindered by ſeveral people, and engaged till that very moment. Finding I could place no dependance on the promiſes of this woman, I deſired the unfortunate Marquis to take back his papers.

I had ſuſpicions, indeed I had hints, that this woman betrayed my confidence. Impreſſed with this idea, that ſame day I myſelf ſpoke to the Governor, telling him that I had no more occaſion for the woman; and in the evening told her, that ſhe ſhould not ſleep in my chamber, and that I wiſhed to ſee her no more. The

Governor

Governor remonſtrated ſtrongly in her favor; but all his importunities availed nothing, I remained ſteady in my reſolution. About ſeven in the evening the Marquis de Pelport, diſappointed in the means of conveying his packet, and having racked his wits to find ſome ſcheme to effect his purpoſe, (what I am going to relate will prove that he poſſeſſed a brain fertile in expedients) knocked again. "Throw me," ſaid he, as I interpreted his knocking, "out of your window a ſmall cruſt of bread, tied faſt to a quantity of thread, and contrive to make it fall about the center of the window. I will afterwards explain for what reaſon."

Without the moſt diſtant idea of what he meant, I haſtened to perform what he deſired. How fruitful is neceſſity in ingenious reſources! ---I put three pieces of thread together, making knots from one diſtance to another, that the threads ſhould not be ſeparated. I faſtened to it the cruſt of bread, which I cut round and ſewed up in a ſmall piece of ribband, and threw it before thoſe horrid bars. When the Marquis perceived the end, having without doubt a little ſtick ready to lay hold of it, he knocked loudly, which frightened me ſo much that I neglected

to lower the ſtring ſufficiently. At length he caught the thread, and attached to it a pack-thread, which I drew towards me, and by degrees brought up a ſtrong cord, at the end of which was a packet. I was a long time without being able to ſee it; at length, after having rubbed the ſkin off my arms, which were not long enough to reach ſo far, I effected my purpoſe. A great part of the night was ſpent in writing, but not without great apprehenſions of being diſcovered.

The Marquis, by this mode of communication, ſent me ſeveral letters for his family, and a memoir addreſſed to the Marſhal de Mouchy, his relation. This memoir intreated his relations to make the moſt expeditious application to have his accuſation brought forward in the parliament, that, if he was really condemned as guilty of the crime alledged againſt him, he might be beheaded, without protracting his miſerable exiſtence to languiſh away the bloom of his life in the dreary manſions of ſolitary confinement. He urgently requeſted them, at all events, to have his ſentence pronounced.--- As a young man in the prime of life, connected by ſocial and domeſtic ties, a huſband, and the father

father of four children, he wiſhed for death or immediate deliverance. " I am accuſed," continued he, " of having ſpoken againſt the Queen, of having written *The Evenings of Antoinette*, and a pamphlet againſt two reſpectable miniſters, (M. de Vergennes, and M. de Caſtries). I only beg that I may be confronted with my enemies, who are prejudiced againſt me. I deſire no favor: I only requeſt that I may be heard, that I may be permitted to ſpeak in my own defence."---Such were the expreſſions contained in the memoir, together with ſome complimentary verſes addreſſed to me, wherein he ſtiled me his ſaviour and only conſolation. All theſe fell into the hands of the good Governor, who, pleaſed with ſuch an opportunity, and officious to prove his attachment to the government, tranſmitted them to the Miniſter.

On that very day, when I went to the Governor's houſe to receive the decrets, the unfortunate Marquis was removed to another tower. This was effected under the pretext of ſhewing him another chamber, in the courſe of his cuſtomary walk. Here they ſhut him up.---As ſoon as I entered my chamber, and the doors were ſhut, I rapped to inform him: nobody anſwered.

anſwered. I repeated my knocks: ſtill no reply.

The firſt time St. Jean came up, who was very much attached to the Marquis, I enquired what was become of him. He anſwered me, with a diſmal countenance, that he was removed, and it was all my fault, for having put confidence in that wicked ſpy.---The removal of the Marquis proves the revengeful diſpoſition of the Governor. For having ſent away the creature whom he patronized, whom he placed in my chamber to be a ſpy upon my actions, he wiſhed to puniſh me, by depriving me of every amuſement, that I might be entirely delivered up to his diſpoſal; but I had vowed to be reſolute. I had ſuſtained the loſs of a brother whom I adored; yet I gathered ſome conſolation, by reflecting upon the comparative miſeries of my fellow priſoner: I derived a momentary relief from contraſting my ſituation with that of the unfortunate Marquis, who had been three years and an half confined in the Baſtile, where he had been permitted to ſee his wife, and the Chevalier his brother, only three times during that tedious and melancholy period.---I had entruſted with M. Doillot many of theſe papers, requeſting

ing him to take the earlieſt opportunity of ſending them, which he conſtantly aſſured me that he had punctually complied with.

Thus was my communication with the Marquis de Pelport broken off, through the perfidy of a woman whom I thought connected by ties of gratitude, by the attachment of intereſt; but ſhe was bought by the Governor of the Baſtile, who ſuffered himſelf to be purchaſed by the houſe of Rohan, to whom he hired out his humanity, his honor, his duty.

Concerning the fate of the unhappy Marquis, and what afterwards became of him, reports were various and uncertain. Some perſons, attached to the police of Paris, reported among themſelves that he was at liberty, and out of the Baſtile; while others contradicted the aſſertions of the former, and gave out that he was ſent over to the iſland of Saint Marguerite.

I now return to purſue my narrative with leſs interruption.---On the 21ſt of December I went again to the Governor's houſe, to be interrogated by M. Titon de Vilotran, a Counſellor of Parliament,

liament, and Fremyn the Regiſter, mentioned in the former volume. We remained together at leaſt an hour, before any buſineſs commenced. I was acquainted with M. Titon, and greatly pleaſed that he was to be my judge. He begged me, in an affable manner, to liſten to him with calm attention, ſaying, that he made this requeſt becauſe he was acquainted with my natural vivacity. "Without doubt," continued he, "theſe queſtions are reſpecting a very diſagreeable circumſtance; but I hope, Madam, notwithſtanding that, you will anſwer them with calmneſs and moderation." After this preface, his interrogatories commenced, which were the ſame, *verbatim*, as thoſe of the Lieutenant of the Police. The charge was, that I had abſconded with a necklace. My anſwers to all theſe interrogatories, uniformly conſiſtent, were preciſely the ſame as thoſe I had given upon a former examination.

Meſſrs. Titon and Fremyn then begged permiſſion to kiſs my hand, and wiſhed me all the ſucceſs I merited. The latter informed me, that he was not ſure when the confrontations would commence; and we then parted, apparently good friends, and mutually pleaſed with each other.

other.---From the mild behaviour of theſe gentlemen, I augured favorably of the termination of my cauſe, and fallaciouſly predicted that my Sovereign would again remember her ſlave.

This examination being finiſhed, I returned to my chamber, to commit my interrogatories to writing; and about a week after, when I ſaw M. Doillot, I gave him theſe interrogatories, and their anſwers, with which he appeared perfectly ſatisfied.---I was then thoroughly convinced that the Cardinal had really accuſed me of what, from the improbability of the circumſtance, I could not for a long time believe, becauſe it little accorded with the idea that I had formed, relative to ſome arrangements which I conceived to have been made by her Majeſty.---It was, that mention was made in theſe interrogatories of a perſon whoſe name was hinted at, to whom I had ſent the necklace. I could not comprehend the meaning of this interrogatory, and communicated to M. Doillot my ſurprize on this occaſion. This gentleman had a ſolution at hand, and made no doubt, as he informed me, that the Cardinal having communicated every circumſtance to the Count de Vergennes, that Miniſter had artfully contrived means that

thoſe under his direction ſhould uſe all their arts to induce me to bring the Queen into queſtion, that ſhe might thereby be as much as poſſible exaſperated againſt me. It appears clearly from this interrogatory, that the Cardinal had effectually contrived this buſineſs, to the intent that they ſhould mention d'Eſclaux, page of the chamber. Whatever reaſon might have biaſſed them to adopt this plan, I conceived it would eventually turn out to my advantage. I poiſed this circumſtance well in my own mind, and, in whichever point of view I conſidered it, ſtill the impreſſion was uniformly the ſame. Every thing conſpired to convince me that the Parliament, once acquainted with the name of d'Eſclaux, were in ſhort acquainted with every thing; that they therefore knew my innocence, and that the Queen had certainly received the necklace through the hands of the Cardinal.

Our confrontations commenced the firſt week in January, and from that moment we were deprived of our counſel. About an hour before I received notice to prepare myſelf; about eleven o'clock the Major came to conduct me, and delivered me into the hands of Meſſrs. Dupuis de Marcé and Fremyn. At ſight of the latter

I expreſſed my ſatisfaction, and congratulated myſelf on my good fortune, but could not help obſerving in M. Fremyn a very great alteration; there was a degree of reſerve in his manner, a kind of indifference, as if he did not even ſeem to obſerve me. As for M. Dupuis de Marcé, Commiſſary Judge, there was a ſomething, which I cannot deſcribe, that ſtruck me at his firſt appearance, that impreſſed me with an unfavorable idea, and led me to forebode that partiality would incline the ſcale in favor of the Cardinal. His ſubſequent conduct will ſhew the truth of my prediction. He was, before the cloſe of the confrontations, completely bought over; the judge between the accuſer and the accuſed was influenced in favor of the former, was a creature of the houſe of Rohan.

After waiting ſome time with impatience, the Cardinal at length made his appearance, who, after having ſaluted theſe gentlemen and me, whom he obſerved at the lower end of the hall, ſeemed inclined to enter into converſation with ſome of them, which I interrupted, by ſaying, in a confident tone, "Gentlemen, I am ready, as ſoon as you pleaſe." The Sieur Dupuis de Marcé then roſe up, and came, with the

the two others, the Cardinal and Fremyn, towards the table, which I afterwards called the table of my ſacrifice. The Commiſſary Judge then told me to hold up my hand, and enjoined that what I was about to declare ſhould be ſtrictly the truth. At this word the Cardinal and I looked ſtedfaſtly at each other. I lifted my hand with an air of reſolution, at that time inwardly determined to ſay what might tend to my own defence, without accuſing the Queen, and to avoid, as much as poſſible, every thing that might call her conduct in queſtion. I was apprized of the charge while they took down our oaths. I then fixed my eyes full upon the Cardinal, who was directly oppoſite: he affected not to regard me, and ſeemed to amuſe himſelf with his pencil, which he twirled about in his fingers. They then gave me his interrogatories, that I might peruſe them, and prepare myſelf to reply to every ſpecific article.

It is impoſſible for me to expreſs either my indignation, or my aſtoniſhment, at finding a complete accuſation, artfully adjuſted, and ſigned in the Cardinal's own hand. I made a long pauſe between every article as I peruſed them, that he might obſerve me; and my eyes at that

moment ſpoke with much greater energy, and ſaid more, infinitely more, than my tongue was capable of expreſſing. I was not, indeed, allowed to ſpeak my thoughts, and that circumſtance might, perhaps, make my looks more expreſſive. My whole ſoul, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, was at that moment in my countenance. The manner in which I obſerved him attracted notice. The Cardinal caſt down his eyes, as if fearful of meeting mine, which ſeemed to menace that I would follow exactly thoſe meaſures which could not fail to cruſh him. The firſt days of our confrontation, we both ſeemed mutually to threaten each other's deſtruction; I was exaſperated at his accuſation againſt me, and he was vexed at being thwarted by thoſe truths which were ſo hoſtile to his accuſation, and would be found ſuch obſtacles to his vindication. All my firſt anſwers were indeed very ſimple, but in my replies to the Cardinal's interrogatories, my expreſſions were ſo ſtrongly pointed, ſo pertinent and forcible, that thoſe who were preſent gave ſmiles of approbation; and it will not be matter of ſurprize, that innocence, that truth, ſhould afford me ſtrong arguments againſt his accuſation, arguments which would not fail greatly to embarraſs the Cardinal,

Cardinal, and were indeed much more convincing than thoſe which he could bring againſt me, notwithſtanding the ſuperiority of his abilities, notwithſtanding the ſuperior advantages he poſſeſſed from the wealth and influence of his family. The only ground he had to ſtand upon was falſe teſtimony, which his advocates, under the direction of M. Target, (as I ſhall hereafter prove) had fabricated againſt me.

It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the Cardinal's confuſion, when I begged that he might be interrogated "if he had not told me the ſtory of a rendezvous which he pretended to have had with the Queen, (which, added I, deſerves no credit) when he diſguiſed himſelf like a footman, with a bundle in his hand to colour the deception, that he might be taken for one of the King's valets?---The other queſtion I would wiſh to aſk is, that he would pleaſe to favor us with the ſtory of the ditch of the Trianon, in company with the Baron de Planta?" (alluding to one of the Cardinal's own letters, annexed to this work).---At this queſtion the Cardinal ſeemed very uneaſy, ſtarted from his ſeat, and ſuddenly turned pale. "Oh! gentlemen," ſaid he, to Dupuis de Marçé and

Fremyn, " I am---I am certainly ruined!---Don't write that!"---Theſe two perſons did not ſeem yet thoroughly bought over. M. de Marcé anſwered the Cardinal, " that he was very ſorry, but that he was obliged to take notice of my queſtions, as I, being accuſed, had certainly a right to oblige them to take it down."---How well did this man preach, in the firſt ſtage of this buſineſs, what in its progreſs he ſo palpably neglected to practiſe?" In ſome meaſure, however, to ſatisfy the Cardinal, M. Marcé interpoſed a ſolemn admonition, enjoining me to be well aſſured that what I was going to advance was abſolutely true, and to be thoroughly convinced that I could ſubſtantiate the charge I brought againſt the Cardinal. Notwithſtanding this admonition, I was determined to proceed, and ſtill perſiſted to ſay, that " I had this information from the Cardinal himſelf," and urgently preſſed him for his anſwer,

The Cardinal exclaimed againſt M. de Marcé, whom he thought to have leaned too ſtrongly in my favor, and ſaid ſomething in a low tone, which I could not hear, and to which M. de Marcé made no reply. From this conduct of the

the Cardinal, which was too glaring to eſcape notic, it may eaſily be ſuppoſed that he felt himſelf uneaſy. My queſtions touched him to the quick, and he complained of a violent head-ach, which for a few minutes interrupted the examination. At length recovering himſelf, and having conſidered his anſwer, he uniformly adopted the ſame, whenever in future I touched upon this ſubject. "You ſuppoſe," ſaid he, "that theſe queſtions will tend to intimidate me from proceeding. By no means." He was obliged to admit, however, that what I had ſaid was true. "It may be," ſaid he, "perhaps it may be the truth, that I have ſaid this to Madam, or ſomething nearly to that purpoſe. But this has no relation to the Queen; and when I ſaid this to the lady, I did not think ſhe would have put ſuch bad conſtructions upon it; but I perceive ſhe avails herſelf of the moſt trifling incidents, which ſhe embelliſhes, after her own manner, to make them preponderate in her favor."

It muſt be remarked, notwithſtanding what I have hitherto ſaid, I did by no means think of bringing her Majeſty's name in queſtion. Indeed, at this period, I ſtudiouſly endeavored to

avoid it; for I only related this as a mere aſſertion of the Cardinal's, which I believed to be falſe. The Cardinal could not deny that he had ſaid words to this purpoſe, though he would not be hardy enough to aſſert that they were true; and my motive was to inſinuate that the Cardinal did not always adhere to truth, and draw thereby ſome inferences in my favor. By putting theſe queſtions, I intended to reduce the Cardinal to this dilemma: either to admit that he had ſeen the Queen, which would have been criminating himſelf; or to deny that he had ever uttered thoſe words which I had charged him with. I waited his reply, which muſt either tend to invalidate his charge againſt me, or to accuſe himſelf.

It will not appear aſtoniſhing that I ſhould make uſe of every advantage in ſuch a ſituation, under ſuch peculiar circumſtances as I then ſtood, which I wiſh may be deeply impreſſed upon, and ever preſent to, the minds of my readers:---An unprotected female, accuſed of a crime, the very idea of which ſhe abhors; examined upon interrogatories partially framed, before judges who would convict the innocent, rather than hear the truth; accuſed by the

powerful

powerful family of Rohan, and reſtricted from declaring thoſe only circumſtances which could have elucidated this myſterious tranſaction, becauſe they would be injurious to the reputation of the Queen.---Let theſe circumſtances be put together, and let me aſk the ſevereſt, how the line of my defence, the eſtabliſhment of my innocence, ſhould be ſtruck out, from circumſtances ſo puzzled and perplexed?---It was then, indeed, that I ſaid every thing that I could imagine would extricate me from thoſe difficulties in which I was involved, from thoſe dangers which thus threatened me: but let me congratulate myſelf that I am, at this period, writing my Life, in a country where neither the power of the houſe of Rohan, nor the influence of Majeſty, can oppreſs or diſturb me, and where I can explain the truth without fear! I am ſupremely happy in the reflection, that I am now pleading my cauſe before a tribunal where my judges are unbiaſſed, who will liſten attentively to my allegations, weigh them impartially, and afford an aſylum for an unprotected ſtranger, reduced to the neceſſity of revealing thoſe circumſtances which muſt tend to criminate others, as the only means in her power to vindicate herſelf.

The

The Cardinal was at a loſs to imagine how I became poſſeſſed of this correſpondence, and was conſtantly terrified leſt in my anſwer I ſhould include the Queen; but this was an arrow I ſtill preſerved, as the beſt in my quiver, reſolving to threaten, but not ſhoot, till reduced to the very laſt extremity. My anſwers, however, afforded much information to my judges; they were biaſſed by the fulleſt conviction that the Queen would intereſt herſelf in my favor. Aſſured of this, and conſcious that I ſuſtained this accuſation to protect the Queen, I was convinced that ſhe would not forſake me. I was not therefore diſcouraged; and, notwithſtanding what I had ſuffered, notwithſtanding my preſent ſituation, nothing impaired my uſual gaiety. I looked forward with confidence; the number of my judges was, I conceived, ſtrongly in my favor, and fallaciouſly led me to ſuppoſe, that ſuch a multitude, and the reſpectability of their characters, was a certificate for their integrity. I could not imagine that ſo many could be partially affined, could be warped from their duty; but the ſequel will ſhew how erroneouſly I reaſoned, how little I was acquainted with thoſe varying rules of action ſo falſely termed laws, and with thoſe perſons who arrogated to themſelves

the

the appellation of judges. Was not every ray of evidence, which, impartially conſidered, would have made in my favor, refracted and broken by the medium through which it paſſed? Simple and unſuſpecting, I miſtook fallacious appearances for ſubſtantial truth; and I found, to my coſt, that the number of my judges, ſo far from being a ſecurity for their integrity, was an hoſt combined, and directed by powerful engines, to deſtroy my reputation, and load me with more accumulated opprobrium. I knew not then, that powerful friends, that conſiderable bribes, and the influence of wealth and diſtinction, were laid in the ſcale againſt me. Had I been convinced of ſuch depravity, though ſupported on the broad baſis of innocence, yet I ſhould have trembled.

At the beginning of this inveſtigation, there was, indeed, a ſpecious appearance of impartiality. Dupuis de Marcé, in the outſet of the interrogatories, ſeemed very rationally to aſſert, that I ought to be permitted, as a perſon accuſed, to avail myſelf of every thing material for my defence, and appeared deſirous that both parties ſhould have juſtice, while we were diſcuſſing interrogatories to the Cardinal, at the com-

commencement of the confrontation. His queſtions were numerous, amounting to one hundred and eighty-three, while I contrived to reduce mine to eighty-nine. Till theſe interrogatories were finiſhed, the Cardinal and I obſerved the moſt profound attention: we continued thus till we came to the fifth article of interrogation, which the Cardinal repeated, at once miſrepreſenting it, and extending it conſiderably beyond the former limits of the ſame accuſative interrogatory. To this impropriety I formally objected. The Cardinal replied, and an altercation enſued between us, which continued near three hours. Fremyn and Marcé gave me a ſmile of encouragement. The Cardinal was red as fire, and extremely tenacious of his point, while I perſiſted in my objections, which were indeed too weighty to be overthrown by the ſophiſtry of my opponent; and having the advantage ſtrongly in my favor, I came off with flying colours, leaving the Cardinal behind with thoſe gentlemen.

I returned the next day about noon, accompanied by the Lieutenant, and perceived through the glaſs doors the window-curtains half drawn, by order of the Cardinal, to prevent the effects

of the ſun, which darted its beams ſtrongly into the room. I pointed out this to the Lieutenant, at the ſame time making a remark, which induced him to ſmile: "The Cardinal might with propriety order the curtains to be drawn; his cauſe would not, indeed, bear the light!"

Theſe two diſſemblers, Fremyn and Marcé, preſented themſelves at the door, which they opened to receive me, but I found, upon entering, their conduct was very much altered: their behaviour was very different; it was indeed ſo much ſo, that I could not help auguring, from their appearance, that the Cardinal had been making them ſome fair promiſes to buy them over to his intereſt, and that he had ſucceeded. "But it is no matter," ſaid I to myſelf; "my innocence will outweigh every thing."---Theſe gentlemen made their complimentary enquiries in a very low voice, and, as I conceived, in that tone which expreſſed more flattery than ſincerity. I replied but little, only remarking how cloſely we were ſhut up, and expreſſing my wiſh for the Cardinal's appearance; adding, with ſome degree of impatience, "I fear we ſhall never come to a concluſion!" To this they made no reply.---Soon after, the

Cardinal

Cardinal made his appearance, entering by the ſame door as I did. After a few compliments were interchanged between us, Meſſrs. Fremyn and de Marcé demanded if we wiſhed to have read over again what paſſed the preceding evening; to which we both replied in the negative. I could not help obſerving a great deal of reſerve in my two deceivers; I marked their deportment well, and the ſudden change I diſcovered aſtoniſhed me in the extreme. The Cardinal alſo deceived me; his conduct was very different; inſtead of his fierce and haughty deportment, his eyes appeared to aſk pardon, and his countenance was ſweet and engaging. This alteration deceived me ſo much, that I began to think he heartily repented of what he had done, in perſiſting ſo obſtinately that I had abſconded with the necklace; that he had, during the night, had ſome compunctions of conſcience for ſo groundleſs an accuſation; and that he had a ſenſe of that crime he was guilty of, in the breach of that article of the Decalogue, which ſays, *Thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs againſt thy neighbour!*---His mildneſs gave me freſh ſpirits, and increaſed my hopes; till we came to that important article, I remained perfectly tranquil. He well knew what he meant to anſwer; there were

were difficulties which could not fail to embarraſs him; this was conſpicuous to all. "Very well!" ſaid the judge; "paſs over in ſilence where Madam ſays, and perſiſts ſo ſtrongly, that you know what is become of the necklace, and that you well know the perſon to whom you have yourſelf delivered it.---Let us paſs over that article!" ſays the judge to the accuſer, who, as I found, was determined to perſiſt in every thing he had already advanced. I was provoked at this, which appeared to me a great impropriety, not to ſay an act of the moſt flagrant injuſtice.

At this moment I was not miſtreſs of my temper. I remonſtrated warmly againſt this omiſſion, which was ſo material to my defence, and loaded them all with reproaches. The Cardinal was confuſed. The judge, de Marcé, favored this confuſion, and reproved me for my warmth of temper, concluding with an expreſſion that did not in the leaſt tend to abate it: "You are too haſty, Madam! You will not ſuffer me to give an explanation! I have never engaged the Cardinal to anſwer to what did not at firſt appear proper for him to reply to."---I replied, that it was not for him, ſitting as a judge,

judge, to make any obſervations; that it was his buſineſs to confine himſelf to write down preciſely what we ſaid, and nothing more. But I ſaw very clearly, that the Cardinal confided in the protection of theſe judges, who trembled leſt he ſhould relent; and I particularly obſerved that their eyes, feet, every thing, moved like pieces of mechaniſm. In ſhort, they watched the Cardinal with all the anxiety of gameſters, who had every thing at ſtake, and trembled for the hazard of the dice.

I learned that the Abbé le Kel, almoner of the Baſtile, was the friend of the Cardinal; perhaps my turnkey was charged to give me this intelligence. I deſired the turnkey to beg him to come and viſit me, and fixed two days after for this interview, wiſhing to repoſe myſelf a little during the interval. Scarce two hours after the departure of the turnkey, this prieſt arrived, pretending that he had much buſineſs on the day I had fixed. I teſtified my ſatisfaction at finding he was intimate with the Cardinal; we entered quite into particulars, and I did not conceal from him how impoſſible it was that I could ever forgive the injuries I had received. "Yes," ſays the Abbé le Kel, "the Cardinal

Cardinal informs me that you made uſe of ſome very menacing ſignals at your firſt interview." "It is juſt," replied I, "and if he does not retract, his unjuſt proſecution will force me to follow that advice which I have repeatedly received, to trace the matter to its ſource. Our accuſation is indeed mutual, but my cauſe is much better than his."---This Abbé was intimate with the Cardinal, almoſt conſtantly with him, and diſpatched by him every day to enquire after my health. He informed me once, that, notwithſtanding the friends and powerful influence of the Cardinal's family, he clearly foreſaw his deſtruction; but as to me, he was perfectly aſſured that the Queen would herſelf take charge of my protection, obſerving that I was well acquainted with what paſſed at the period when her Majeſty attempted his deſtruction with the King, and that it was his ruin alone that the Queen ſo eagerly deſired, and not mine.

Theſe remarks of the Abbé perfectly accorded with my own private ſentiments; his aſſertions threw me into a profound reverie, and I ruminated deeply on what he told me, which ſeemed to ſquare with probability. It was, indeed, the

Cardinal's deſtruction that the Queen deſired; againſt me ſhe could have no enmity.

Some days after, this ſame prieſt informed me that the Cardinal's feelings ſuffered greatly, through being neceſſitated to act this part; "but we are well perſuaded," added he, "that when the Queen perceives the whole weight of the accuſation to reſt upon you, ſhe will conclude every thing, by contriving to prevent any definitive ſentence from being paſſed; or, by means of her party, effect the Cardinal's deſtruction.

I mention theſe circumſtances, as the Abbé le Kel is yet living, and well knows that it was not my wiſh to coincide in the meaſures of the Queen, but rather to ſave the Cardinal, and put an end to all the proceedings againſt us both, which I judged might be effected by means of the following letter, which this prieſt kept two hours in his pocket without returning, fearing to depart with it leſt it ſhould be diſcovered, as he was the only perſon I was permitted to ſee during the time of the confrontations, which continued near three months. The letter was nearly in the following terms:

"MADAM,

"MADAM,

"NOTWITHSTANDING the extreme hardſhip of my preſent ſituation, not a ſingle plaint has eſcaped me. All the efforts which have been made to draw from me a confeſſion have hitherto only ſerved to fortify me in my reſolution, never to utter a ſyllable that may bring the name of your Majeſty into queſtion.

"In the mean time, however, I perſuade myſelf that my fidelity and diſcretion ought to facilitate my being extricated from my preſent difficulties; yet, I confeſs, that the efforts of the family of the *ſlave* make me apprehenſive that I ſhall at length fall a victim. Three months of examinations, of every ſpecies of anxiety, deſpondency at ſeeing myſelf accuſed ſo unjuſtly, has greatly diminiſhed my fortitude, and made me apprehenſive that I ſhall not much longer be able to ſuſtain my part. You can put an end to this unhappy buſineſs, by cauſing ſome negociation through the means of Breteuil. He can give the *miniſter* ſuch a turn as his underſtanding ſhall beſt ſuggeſt; at the ſame time, preventing you from being called into queſtion. The apprehenſions I am under, leſt I ſhall even-

tually be neceſſitated to diſcover every thing, has obliged me to have recourſe to the meaſure which I adopt this day, perſuaded that Madame will give orders that this unfortunate affair may be brought to a ſpeedy termination.

"I am, with the moſt profound reſpect,

"Madame's moſt obedient ſervant,

"COUNTESS DE VALOIS DE LA MOTTE."

April 13, 1786.

I made uſe of every argument to perſuade the Abbé to be bearer of this letter, which was incloſed under three covers. He put it in his pocket, but ſeemed, in recollection, to be averſe to the office, which, at the firſt propoſition, had met his approbation. I attempted to quiet his fears—"Be not under any apprehenſion," ſaid I; "you may put on the habit of a countryman. This letter is addreſſed to Madame de Miſery. She has two covers to open before ſhe comes to that deſtined for the Queen. You need not wait for an anſwer; or you may adopt another method

method—you may go diſguiſed as a chairman." Still he refuſed; "for, as I am," ſaid the Abbé, the only perſon whom you are permitted to ſee, it will be ſuppoſed that the Cardinal and I had engaged you to write that letter, and that I am privy to its contents, and acquainted with the ſecret; by which means," continued he, "I ſhall become another victim devoted." "Very well," replied I; "you have made me an offer of your ſervices, and that was the reaſon why I have intreated you to charge yourſelf with the execution of this commiſſion: but here is another piece of ſervice which you may do—a ſervice in which your name cannot be called in queſtion. I remember to have left in my eſcritoire ſix or ſeven letters of the Queen, written by her Majeſty's own hand, which I have forgot. Theſe letters ſpeak much of the Cardinal. See him, and deſire him to pretend, in our confrontations, as if he wiſhed to refer to them; that I have fully proved that I have ſeen the Queen, and that he recollects I have read to him theſe ſix or ſeven letters, which I have conſtantly ſaid that I had in my eſcritoire."—— I deſcribed where. "When the Cardinal," added I, "ſhall have ſaid that, I will appear very much diſturbed, but let him inſiſt that the

eſcritoire may be brought to the court. What I ſhall anſwer," ſaid I to the Abbé, "will perſuade them to ſend for this eſcritoire from Bar ſur Aube, where I have left it in the chamber of Roſalie, my firſt chambermaid, with the portrait of the Cardinal, accompanied with many other letters. This," continued I, "will be an incident in my favor. If I find myſelf obliged to ſpeak, I ſhall then be neceſſitated to give an explanation to the letters, and the Queen will not have it in her power to blame me."

The Abbé appeared to reliſh this propoſal, and quitted me to communicate it to the Cardinal; but this very man, who appeared ſo much to reliſh my project, ſo earneſt in my affairs, did not return till two days after, when I obſerved his countenance was ſtrangely altered, and his viſage extremely grave. I received him with joy, but was obliged myſelf to break ſilence. "Well," ſaid I, "what news? The Cardinal is, without doubt, content." "No, no." "What is to be done then?" replied I.—— After many queſtions which I was obliged to aſk him, he ſpoke nearly to the following purport: "The Cardinal knows that you are infinitely

good

good in what you have done for him; but he ought, in all prudence, to ſave himſelf from the great hazard which threatens the execution of your project. He is well aware of the danger that threatens him by mentioning her Majeſty's name, or inſinuating that he has ever had any correſpondence with her; for, are you acquainted, Madame," continued he, "that that was really proved, which the production of theſe letters would tend to diſcover, what would they do to the Cardinal? He would, without doubt, loſe his head, after ſuffering the moſt exquiſite and lingering tortures. That would be the inevitable conſequence of ſuch an intimate correſpondence with the Queen."

At this recital, my very fleſh crept upon my bones. I had not foreſeen the conſequence of the production of theſe letters. I thought not that they would be attended with ſuch terrible conſequences to the Cardinal, who, though he had thus falſely accuſed me, yet I wiſhed not to be revenged by his death: I only conceived that the production of theſe letters would have been evidence in my favor, to prove, at leaſt, that I was known to her Majeſty, who thought proper to diſclaim any acquaintaince, any knowledge,

of me, and I was under great apprehenſions that what I had already ſaid would tend ſtrongly to his crimination.

During the interval of theſe two days that the Abbé was diſpatched to the Cardinal, our confrontations had taken place, and I was extremely aſtoniſhed that the Cardinal made no mention of the eſcritoire. I obſerved him attentively: we both mutually regarded each other, and interchanged ſigns. I was frequently unable to comprehend the ſigns made by the Cardinal, and the leſs becauſe he never ſpoke. He blew me over kiſſes, and, when he diſcovered my eyes turned aſide upon any other object, he played with his pencil to attract my notice. The day after the Abbé le Kel had communicated every thing he did nothing but ſigh; every inſtant aſking me how I did? ſo much intereſt did he expreſs for my welfare.

One day, my temper a little ſoured by the reflections upon my preſent ſituation, ſeeing myſelf deprived of my liberty, and accuſed of a crime of which I was innocent, I retorted ſharply. "If you are really ſo much concerned for my health, why will you not ſpeak that which

which will immediately reſtore it?" The Cardinal at this moment turned pale, while I, who am not uſed to weep on trifling occaſions, could not reſtrain my tears. Theſe two Arguſſes, Fremyn and Dupuis de Marcé, pretended, during all this, to be inattentive, and not to obſerve what paſt.

Some days after, during which I conſtantly continued to ſee the Abbé, the Cardinal approached me, and, in a ſoft and kind tone, enquired, "Well, how do you, Lady Counteſs? I have had a degree of fever which has afflicted me lately, but I hope you enjoy your health."

I wiſh to impreſs my readers with the ſingular behaviour of the Cardinal, unprecedented between the guilty and the accuſer, and which will ſufficiently prove that the Cardinal de Rohan was, at leaſt, an accomplice in the fact, and that he dreaded the diſcovery of the truth. At our confrontation he joined his hands, claſped them eagerly together, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "Ah!" exclaimed he, "how unhappy we are!" He even ſhed tears. Is it poſſible, it will doubtleſs be enquired, that behaviour like this, that ſuch apparent cordiality on the

the ſide of the accuſer, for the very criminal who, if truly guilty, would have deſerved more obloquy, if poſſible, than even I have myſelf received—is it poſſible that ſuch conduct ſhould not be noticed by our judges, had theſe judges regarded it with an eye of impartial obſervation, but they would not obſerve it. Such conduct expreſſed too much to be repeated, or even to be noticed by thoſe who had already predetermined, whatever might be the complexion of the evidence in his favor, that the innocent ſhould ſuffer for the guilty.

During the whole courſe of our confrontations, it might very eaſily have been diſcovered the ſigns made between me and the Cardinal, ſigns which we made even in the face of our judges, which proved that we were, at leaſt, upon a good underſtanding with each other, and were upon a much more intimate footing than ſorted with our reſpective circumſtances; and, when the accuſer and the ſuſpected criminal appear ſo intimate in a court of juſtice, there is, ſurely, great reaſon to ſuſpect that the judges are biaſſed and inattentive to their duty; or, that the accuſed is but an accomplice with the perſon who impudently

ſtands

ſtands forward in the face of his judge, and holds familiar converſe with one whom he accuſes of guilt. That this was the caſe with the Cardinal I could adduce ſeveral inſtances, but ſhall content myſelf with this which follows.

The Abbé had refuſed to deliver a billet which I had written for him to take to the Cardinal, I, therefore, reſolved to take an opportunity of delivering it myſelf, and made a ſignal to the Cardinal for that purpoſe. Soon after the concluſion of the debates for that evening, as I was preparing to depart, he came up to me, took me by the hand, and led me towards the chimney, where we conferred for ſome time together. I gave him my billet, and he repeated, in few words, what the Abbé le Kel had previouſly told me, during the time Fremyn and the judge were together at the lower end of the chamber. While the Cardinal was thus engaged in earneſt converſation, ſpeaking in the ſofteſt and moſt affable tone, in an attitude of the moſt friendly regard, I ſuddenly rung the bell, which was cloſe at hand, for the officer to conduct me back. Fortunately the three officers accompanied each other, the Governor, Du Puget, and the Major.

All

All three opened the door together, and ſurprized the Cardinal and me in the attitude I have juſt mentioned: I ſay, all three beheld, and ſtarted back with aſtoniſhment.——To all three, individually, I appeal, if this is not a fact; and, if they were not aſtoniſhed at what they then ſaw, if they have not ſince remarked the intimacy which, at that moment, appeared between me and the Cardinal. The Lieutenant du Puget, in particular, could ſcarce pardon me, to ſee me holding diſcourſe with my executioner: "A perſon," ſaid he, with indignation, "that endeavors to prove you a thief."

The day after this diſcovery, when the billet was delivered, I found the Cardinal again deeply plunged in the moſt profound reverie, not daring to raiſe his eyes towards mine; preciſely in the ſame predicament were my two very upright and impartial judges, even theſe diſintereſted men were themſelves abaſhed at the diſcovery of the intimacy expreſſed by the proſecutor for the priſoner. Honeſt men, when ye peruſe the pages of my unfortunate life, this circumſtance, if ye have ſhame, will kindle the glow of ſhame in your cheeks, and plant the thorn of remorſe in your

your hearts. Your conſciences, which dare not lie, will ſufficiently puniſh you for being the inſtruments of oppreſſing the innocent.

When the Cardinal continued to charge me, I muſt confeſs I loſt all patience. "Oh, oh!" ſaid I to him; "this is too much!" after ſo many ſtrong arguments with which I have preſſed him, relative to his intimacy with the Queen. I continued ſpeaking near half an hour. "At length then," remarked I, "you will put my patience to the teſt."

During this converſation, the Cardinal was quite caſt down, unable to utter a ſyllable, ſtedfaſt and immovable as a ſtatue. The key I had touched awakened all his fears, and raiſed ſuch ſenſations, ſuch emotions within his boſom, that he was fixed in an attitude of ſtupid aſtoniſhment. It was curious alſo to behold the other creatures of the ſcene, Fremyn and Dupuis de Marcé: they were ſitting, liſtening with their arms folded, ſimpering at each other; but it was not judged proper to record any thing that paſſed, and this evening was abſolutely ſpent without writing a ſingle ſyllable. What I ſaid, relative to the Queen and Cardinal, was not

not agreeable to the inſtructions they had received from the Miniſter, or the bribes they had probably taken from the friends of the Cardinal. Will it be wondered then, that theſe motives ſhould preponderate, in the ſcale of oppreſſion, againſt the ſimple, coherent allegations of truth, and the unprotected cries of innocence?

The Abbé le Kel came the next day to viſit me. He was ſent to remonſtrate on the behalf of the Cardinal. "Suppoſe," ſays this religious prieſt, "that the Cardinal has done you an injury. I believe that he has wronged you; but your religion, and all Chriſtian duty, ſtrongly enjoins you to return good for evil, and to ſeek peace. But conſider well, Madam, that your behaviour will be very different to the ſalutary precepts of the goſpel, if you reveal the ſecrets with which you have been intruſted by your ſovereign. Suffer me to obſerve to you, that it is not merely my words as an individual, but the expreſs and poſitive voice of religion, which commands us to ſuffer rather than overturn the ſtate. Think, if the Queen ſhould have children, if you reveal ſome circumſtances, you would raiſe great ferments in the ſtate, and probably deſtroy the conſtitution, and you will be

ſingly

ſingly the cauſe of all this confuſion. Be perfectly aſſured that no danger can happen to you. The Queen herſelf, who requires but one victim, will, probably, make you the object of her protection. But, perhaps, we are all deceived, you never can mean to act as you threaten, and then every thing will take quite a different turn. Promiſe me, Madam, that you will be more temperate. I aſſure you the Cardinal is obliged to act this part, as the only means of his defence. You are not in the leaſt danger. You will not be abandoned either by the Cardinal or his partiſans."

I pauſe a moment to remark the ſpecious diſguiſe of hypocriſy, the plauſible arguments of diſſembling prieſtcraft, the mode in which theſe wolves in ſheep's cloathing miſlead the innocent into ſnares which were laid for the guilty; how they make religion a ſpecious diſguiſe, when it ſerves their purpoſe, when it can be ſubſervient to their temporal concerns, by obliging thoſe friends, to whom they are linked by intereſt, or connected by inclination. Was his moſt holy word, of which the Abbé meant to avail himſelf, to be proſtituted to ſuch purpoſes, with only the underſtanding of a woman? I revolt at the idea!

But why do I accuſe the Abbé le Kel in particular, for that hypocriſy which is ſo very prevalent amongſt his brethren in general? This Abbé is not ſingular: there are many of his brethren, the moſt hypocritical, the moſt abandoned men, who have frequently preſumed to intrench themſelves behind their religious garb, and commit crimes at which human nature ſhudders. I could, were I ſo inclined, unfold ſuch tales in proof of my aſſertion---but why ſhould I attempt to prove what the ſuperior intelligence of thoſe to whom I now addreſs myſelf already moſt potently believe? I would much rather that they ſhould exerciſe their judgment on circumſtances of which I would wiſh to remain ſilent.

I mentioned to the Cardinal, in the letter which I had lately ſent him, words to the following purport:---That I could not poſſibly underſtand his drift, expreſſing my ſurprize that he did not ſpeak out plainly, and telling him that I thought, if he would confide every thing to theſe gentlemen of the parliament, it would be much more advantageous to us both; that we ſhould, in that caſe, be much more tranquil and much more happy; that, for myſelf individually, I neither could nor would ſay any

thing, if I was not ſupported by him; "or ſpeak yourſelf," continued I. "Explain every circumſtance of this myſterious affair, and I ſwear that I will corroborate, that I will ſubſtantiate your aſſertions. Conſider well, if I ſhould begin firſt, and you ſhould deny every thing that I might advance, I muſt inevitably fall a prey to her, who has long ſince marked you out as the victim of her vengeance; but reſt aſſured of my fidelity: if I perceive myſelf that ſhe will not afford you any favor, I am determined upon a different meaſure."

I cannot but lament ſincerely, that the Abbé le Kel would not be the bearer of that letter which I have before mentioned I wrote, and ſo earneſtly intreated him to convey. The Abbé told me, at his next viſit, that I muſt not be much ſurprized if the Cardinal ſhould obſerve an unuſual gravity and reſerve in his conduct towards me. "Theſe gentlemen," continued he, "have aſked him if he meant really to purſue his own deſtruction, obſerving to him, that the intelligence he held with me would make it appear that we were but two perſons equally accuſed and mutually concerned; and that, if he accuſed me, the regard he ſeemed to expreſs,

the communications between us, in ſhort, his whole deportment, would tend to invalidate his accuſation, and prove that, if I had nothing to do in the affair of the necklace, it muſt neceſſarily follow that he alone was guilty."---The Abbé alſo gave me this piece of additional information: That the Prince of Condé had at that time been to pay a viſit to the Judge De Marcé. (The Prince de Condé's wife was the daughter of the Prince de Soubiſe, the Cardinal's relation.)---This is the ſolution of all; this was the reaſon why the Cardinal affected a degree of reſerve towards me, why he obſerved an unuſual ſtrangeneſs, and why he appeared ſo much aſhamed.

This continued during three or four days of our confrontations, in which Dupuis de Marcé appeared to encourage him. "Madam," ſaid the Cardinal, (emboldened by the countenance he received) "appeared to have ſome ſecret which ſhe wiſhed to communicate to the Baron de Breteuil. She ſaid, at her firſt entrance into the Baſtile, that ſhe had ſome particular ſecrets to diſcloſe." I could not divine the drift of this, nor what ſervice could poſſibly redound to the Cardinal from mentioning this circumſtance,

in

in which I could not but think that he had overſhot himſelf, by aſking a queſtion ſo palpably abſurd, and, before impartial judges, of ſo dangerous a tendency. However, I ſoon perceived its nature, and determined to be guarded in my anſwer. "Yes," replied I, "certainly I have demanded an interview with the Baron de Breteuil." "Well then," ſaid Dupuis de Marcé, "the Cardinal deſires that you will communicate here thoſe ſecrets which you mean to communicate to him: this will be the means of making you both eaſy." This was (what I believed at firſt a matter of trifling conſequence) artfully meditated to effect my deſtruction; not by the Cardinal; I will do more juſtice to his heart, and am perſuaded that he was ignorant of the motive of the ſerpent, ſly and venomous, who had dictated that queſtion. It is to be remarked that this queſtion was written, and, as the Judge de Marcé informed me, did not come as dictated from him, but from the Cardinal's own proper motion. "I have never pretended," anſwered I, "to have any thing particular to communicate to the Baron de Breteuil. On my firſt arrival at the Baſtile, I aſked the Governor ſome queſtions, which he has without doubt miſinterpreted. The Exempts of the Po-

lice had told me, that M. de Breteuil would read my papers. When I arrived here, I expreſſed a ſtrong deſire to ſee him, believing that, as ſoon as he had finiſhed reading my papers, I ſhould be ſet at liberty; but," added I, "even now I ſhould be glad to ſee him."---This engaged Dupuis de Marcé to put queſtions for the Cardinal. "You ſee then, Madam," ſaid he, "that the Cardinal has nothing particular to diſcloſe, yet you have ſecrets!" "Sir," anſwered I, addreſſing myſelf to the Judge, "I deſire that my anſwers may be exactly taken down.---Yes, I repeat that I have the ſtrongeſt deſire to ſee the Baron de Breteuil, having a requeſt to make to his Majeſty that he would give me permiſſion to convey a letter to my huſband, to engage him to come in perſon to confront and diſprove this pre-concerted ſyſtem of lying accuſations, which pretends that he is gone off with a part of the necklace. Yes, I will engage him to produce my diamonds, and his own, and my judges ſhall determine if this evidence is conſiſtent, and thoſe who have aſſerted that I have ſold the whole of this necklace. It is impoſſible that my huſband can refuſe to comply with this, in obedience to the commands of his Majeſty, in compliance even

even

with my own wiſhes. He is himſelf innocent, and he will appear; and I do intreat my judges, if the King cannot be apprized of this through the medium of the Baron de Breteuil, that they will vouchſafe to charge themſelves with my requeſt, and preſent my humble ſupplication to the auguſt Monarch."

Such was the requeſt I made to the Judges; ſuch was my entreaty; whether or no it was reaſonable, I appeal to the candid. In an Engliſh court, I have been informed that the accuſed have the privilege of availing themſelves of every circumſtance, however minute, that they themſelves may think material to their defence, and that the Judge himſelf is, by the law of that country, of counſel for the priſoner.---What is the cuſtom in France? How ſtriking the contraſt!---But how does it apply immediately? In what manner did my Judges receive my requeſt? Dupuis, Fremyn, and the Cardinal, turned aſide without anſwering. The weight was laid in the ſcale of the accuſer.---The Judge, having recollected himſelf, addreſſed himſelf to the Cardinal, by way of putting words into his mouth: "You have been already a long time confined; and are we yet to

be delayed, and to wait for the arrival of M. de la Motte?" This was all taken down. "But," ſaid the Cardinal, "what I ſay merely, cannot be a rule; and if the King ſhould ſo command, it is my duty to ſubmit, without a ſingle mumur."

Thus cloſed my firſt confrontation with the Cardinal, which exhibits a ſlight ſpecimen of the machinations againſt me; of the whole combined abilities of lawyers, determined to wreſt every thing to their own purpoſe; of all the learning of ſo diſtinguiſhed a perſonage as the Cardinal de Rohan, and of all the efforts of his numerous family combined, and directed againſt the imbecility of a poor, weak, and unprotected female.---Fluſhes not the cheek of Candor, glows not the boſom of Generoſity with honeſt indignation? Advances not the ſword of inſulted Juſtice, to avenge my wrongs? ---Yes; Juſtice, Generoſity, and Candor, are all in my favor: they will all conſider this temporary triumph of my enemies with that contemptuous ſcorn which their conduct merits, while they congratulate that innocence which has paſſed the flaming furnace of perſecution, and, like the three favorites of heaven, as re-

corded in the ſacred writings, eſcaped uninjured.

Shall I be allowed, as I have hinted ſubornation of witneſſes, as I have branded ſome with that epithet, to make ſome comments upon the perſons, their connections, and the nature of the evidence which appeared againſt me?

Monſieur de la Porte, one of the witneſſes, was an advocate of the parliament, to whoſe firſt child I ſtood ſponſor, with the Count du Crenée, ecuyer of *Monſieur*. This man was a perſon whom, in my proſperity, I had protected and favored: he was very much embarraſſed, and conſiderably in debt. When he appeared in my preſence, he trembled, and was greatly agitated. I clearly perceived the drift of his depoſition, which was one of the moſt ingenuous, though leaning a little towards that ſlight confidence which I had repoſed in him, relative to my intimacy with the Queen.---"M. de la Porte," ſaid I, addreſſing him, "I believe you to be an honeſt man. Forget for a moment that you have made any depoſition, and directly anſwer my queſtions." The Sieur la Porte, when I preſſed him ſtrongly by interrogations,

at length confeſſed that he was perſecuted by Achette, his father-in-law, who, knowing my intimacy with the Cardinal, conceived that I could, through his means, oblige them. "I was charged," continued he, "to propoſe to Madam two hundred thouſand livres, one hundred thouſand of which was to be paid in money, and the other in diamonds: the hundred thouſand livres were to be divided between my father-in-law and the perſon who firſt procured me the honor of an acquaintance with Madam. This offer ſhe has conſtantly refuſed; and when ſhe received a note from the Cardinal, deſiring her to ſend the jewellers' addreſs, the Count came himſelf in his cabriole to my door, to fetch it: I immediately gave it to him, and a few days after I learned from the jewellers, that they were diſembarraſſed of what had been ſo long burthenſome; and I was further given to underſtand, that they had been to the Counteſs's houſe, to communicate it to her, and to return their acknowledgments. I was repeatedly charged to entreat the Counteſs, and alſo the Count, to ſuffer me to take meaſure of their fingers for rings, and one even for Roſalie, their firſt femme de chambre. The Count and Counteſs were both above ſtairs, and the latter

was

was very angry that I ſtill perſiſted to inſult her with my offers; which," added he, "ſhe has a hundred times refuſed, and could never by any means be brought to accept. And ſo far is ſhe from having had any thing to do in this affair, that ſhe has adviſed the jewellers to take the utmoſt precaution in dealing with the Cardinal; and I ſolemnly declare, that I have never ſeen Madam ſince the day that I preſſed her to accept the offer of the jewels. She has denied me her houſe, and kept her word; for I have ſeveral times preſented myſelf, without having had the honor of ſeeing her. As to the letters which I ſpeak of, it is to the other perſon, who was to have ſhared with my father-in-law, who has told me latterly, that Madam had ſhewn him letters, addreſſed *To my couſin, the Counteſs de Valois.*"

Such was nearly the depoſition of M. de la Porte, part of which, if properly conſidered, would have proved advantageous for my defence. ---Can it be ſuppoſed that this depoſition could have paſſed under the inſpection of ſeventy judges? Is it neceſſary that I ſhould give proof of this?---Certain it is, that I have never totally relied upon the ſtrength of any depoſition; ſometimes

ſometimes I treated them with that indifference they deſerved, and only laughed at ſome of their ridiculous contents, as, for example, that of this curious addreſs, *To my couſin, the Counteſs de Valois!*---Such abſurdity, ſuch ingratitude from a perſon to whom I had rendered ſervice, affected me more, than if from a ſtranger whom I had never obliged. This laſt depoſition cloſed with raiſing my indignation. "All theſe depoſitions are very aukwardly fabricated," ſaid I; "but 'tis to be hoped that my Judges will diſcover and puniſh theſe falſe witneſſes!"---"Oh no, Madam," replied the Sieur Dupuis, "I have not taken down that! Yes, yes, we know very well, and will do you all juſtice."---But when I aroſe, intending to depart, and refuſing, as well for the preſent, as the time to come, ever again to enter this hall of ſacrifice, he cauſed that to be written, becauſe it ſhould appear in future againſt me, as ſlighting the proceedings of the court.---I believed, when firſt I heard mention made of this ſingular addreſs, that all theſe people were of the family of the peaſant, who wrote a letter to his ſon with the following curious direction: *To Mr.* ———, *my ſon, Maſter Lacquey, at Paris.*

At

At length I again ſaw M. Doillot. I almoſt thought it an age ſince I had ſeen him before. At this interview, M. Doillot knit his large beetle brows with all the gravity of an oracle. "So, Madam---very well---you ſeem quite giddy. I expected to have found you dejected, and almoſt dead. Such is the rumour throughout all Paris, and that you are extremely miſchievous and unruly, and have even bit poor St. Jean in a moſt terrible manner." This report, he ſaid, he had heard in a coffee-houſe near the Baſtile. "But if I was in his place," ſaid this perſon to M. Doillot, "I ſhould not be quite ſo patient." I then gave all my confrontations to M. Doillot. He appeared ſurprized, and obſerved me attentively without being able to ſay a word. At length he told me, that the Sieur L'Orveuil, after having ſpoke to him ſcandalouſly of M. de la Motte, told him this tale. "Yes, M. Doillot---oh!---your client---ſhe confeſſes herſelf guilty---aye, guilty of every thing." M. Doillot was ſtruck with it. "Yes, I tell you every thing." M. Doillot recovering himſelf, rejoined, "Is it poſſible that ſhe can have confeſſed that ſhe is guilty? Let me ſee the minutes ſhe has ſigned." L'Orveuil had an anſwer ready, "Do you doubt it then?" ſaid he.

"If

"If it was not the truth, I ſhould not have told you. I ought not to have done ſo, and it is not my duty to truſt you with theſe papers." "Very well," replied M. Doillot; "but, as you have told me ſo, you may as well juſt let me ſee the minutes." L'Orveuil pretended that he was afraid to ſhew them. He pointed out a ſingle line which M. Doillot read, and exclaimed, how fooliſh I was to have taken the burthen of guilt from other people's ſhoulders, and ſaddled myſelf with their crimes; but, ſuddenly recollecting himſelf that he had proofs of the contrary, ſince he had ſeen the Dorvats, mother and daughter, on the part of the Queen, that I could not be ſo fooliſh, nor have put my hand to what was ſo palpably abſurd. In conſequence of which, M. Doillot made a ſecond reflection, to look again at the minutes he had read, if they were really mine, and abſolutely under my ſignature.

It was then L'Orveuil was diſcovered. M. Doillot was, from this moment, more particularly on his guard, and reſolved to make a memoir which ſhould completely diſmaſk theſe three monſters. He conceived that he had ſufficient time to do this, and to tell article for article every

every thing that paſſed in the courſe of the confrontations; but they had been tutored by the Count de Vergennes and the friends of the houſe of Rohan; they had been apprized of the efforts of M. de la Motte to render himſelf up at Paris, to be confined in the ſame priſon with his wife; they were fearful that he would come, and they thought that he would not be quite ſo diſcreet as I was, that he would boldly declare every thing the Cardinal had ſaid of the Queen.

Some days after, M. Doillot, coming to viſit me, was informed by the Governor, that he could not gain admiſſion to ſee me, as we were going to be confronted and examined again. But there were not ſufficient falſe witneſſes to be found in Paris for the Cardinal's defence. he muſt have recourſe to thoſe which M. Carbonniere, his charge des affaires, had been to find in London, M. Doillot finding himſelf much preſſed at his own houſe, and not having then any thing further to do with me; otherwiſe, he had all my confrontations, which he made me ſign at the four corners of the ſheets.

On the morning before the commencement of this other interrogation, I was greatly ſurprized

to

to ſee the Governor and the King's Lieutenant, who came to take me out for a promenade on the towers. It was now three months ſince M. de Launay had diſcontinued his viſits, in conſequence of my having charged my turnkey to intreat him, from me, not to return again into my chamber. After my walk, theſe gentlemen continued with me at leaſt three quarters of an hour. In the courſe of converſation the Governor ſpoke as follows: "Are you not ſurprized, Madam, that we ſhould return, and at ſeeing us again? I forgot, this morning, to communicate to you what I heard yeſterday evening, that M. Doillot is a good kind of an old man, but he is now very feeble, almoſt ſuperannuated, and incapable of buſineſs: in a word, he is not ſuch a perſon as you ought to have. Obſerve that, all this time, the girl Oliva has two advocates, and I believe that ſhe will ſoon have one more. Caglioſtro has three. I would adviſe you myſelf, Counteſs, without ſaying a word to M. Doillot, to take, at leaſt, one more. I know one that is recommended to me as a moſt perfect pleader, writes well, and will execute your buſineſs to a miracle, but as for poor old Doillot he will moſt certainly ruin you."

I heard

I heard this honeſt gentleman, who was ſo very much intereſted for my welfare, to the end of his tale, in which I did not once interrupt him ---but he was known to me, though I did not then pointedly chuſe to tell him all I knew, leſt I ſhould be abridged of the only pleaſant exerciſe I had, my walk upon the towers. After I was aſſured that he had finiſhed every thing, I began my catechiſm, and aſked him theſe queſtions: "Who has charged you with this commiſſion, and takes ſo much concern in my affairs? Is it you?" interrogated I, ironically. "Doubtleſs. But you are not the only perſon: There is another, whom you know very well." Perſecuted, as he was, by theſe pointed queſtions, he appeared half aſhamed of introducing the ſubject; however, he ſuddenly recollected himſelf, and I repeated theſe interrogatories. "Who is it?---the Cardinal?---his family?---eh!" "No!" exclaimed the Governor, "at Verſailles;" (meaning the Baron de Breteuil.) At this laſt word, he ſaid to the Lieutenant, "You know the perſon I ſpeak of very well;" but the Lieutenant was a more honeſt man than his Governor: he appeared incapable of ſuch a ſtory, and anſwered him ſharply, that he was miſtaken, that he had never been queſtioned

concerning

concerning it, and that ſuch extravagant converſation had never paſſed before him. The Governor heſitated and was ſilent. "Governor," ſaid I to him, "I hope you will remember what you have now ſaid to me, before M. Doillot. I do not conceal from you that I have an entire confidence in his ability, and that I ſhall communicate to him the whole of your converſation, as well as what you have ſaid againſt him perſonally, and you will be good enough to tell him the name of this excellent advocate, whom you propoſe in ſuch ſtrong terms of recommendation. I am going inſtantly to write to M. Doillot to come immediately upon the receipt of this billet." "Oh, you can tell him yourſelf, Madam!" replied the Governor. The Lieutenant made me a ſignal that he would take care to ſend my billet as ſoon as poſſible to M. Doillot, who came at ſix, the moment he received my note. I recounted to him every thing that had paſſed, word for word, and ſent him to the Governor, who was then with the King's Lieutenant.

M. Doillot expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at hearing that he had treated him thus. The Governor, not diſconcerted, ſtood to every thing he had

had ſaid. M. Doillot demanded the name of the advocate he recommended. The Governor informed him. "Ah!" exclaimed M. Doillot, "Mr. Bordet! he is my brother-in-law. Can it be him, Mr. Governor? He an orator---a good writer! He has never in his life written a line. The perſon you recommend, Mr. Governor, is a particular friend of the Cardinal's advocate; they are frequently together, and in habits of the ſtricteſt intimacy. But," ſays M. Doillot, in continuation, to the Governor, "I am going to relate a converſation, which will ſufficiently prove that he is in the Cardinal's intereſt, as being the particular friend of one of his advocates. I have already related to Madam de la Motte, the firſt time I ſaw her, that on Shrove Tueſday we were in the habit of inviting all our family to ſpend the day together. In the evening a gentleman ſpoke to me at ſupper concerning the affair of the Cardinal. My brother-in-law anſwered him, 'Yes, I am well con-'vinced it is that woman, De la Motte, who is 'guilty of every thing; and as for the two and 'thirty letters, which ſhe pretends to have in 'her poſſeſſion, they are every one forged.'--- In this very moment," continued M. Doillot, "entered one of his nephews, from the houſe

where he had ſupped, who, without having heard any thing of the preceding converſation, ſpoke in a very different manner to another young gentleman in company with him: That they were in the Duke of Orleans's box, where they ſaw the Marquis de Conflans, the Duke de *Pludjean* and many others, all of whom ſaid, during the interlude, that they knew the Counteſs de la Motte, and that ſhe was incapable of putting this trick, and deceiving the Cardinal." 'She is too giddy, too volatile, ever 'to have patience to conduct an intrigue ſo 'tedious and ſo complicated, particularly with-'out any aſſiſtant.---All, in one word, blamed 'the Cardinal, and exculpated her.'---M. Doillot then ſaid, that his brother-in-law finiſhed by ſaying, 'Ah! it is, indeed, quite a different 'thing! That which I ſay, I heard from the 'Cardinal's own advocate, who is my particu-'lar friend.'

This converſation at once laid open the whole of the intrigue. The Governor was in the Cardinal's intereſt; this was the link that bound him; this was the reaſon why he recommended me to this able advocate, pretending to be intereſted

reſted for my welfare. But in a multitude of counſel there is not always wiſdom; nor was all the addreſs of the Attorney General adequate to the effect of perſuading M. Doillot to abandon my cauſe, or to deſert my intereſt; and the Governor himſelf was employed to prejudice me againſt M. Doillot, to the end that, if I had not had the ſenſe to foreſee their aim, but fallen into the ſnare, and taken another advocate, beſides M. Doillot, he would himſelf never have returned, and this perfidious Governor---- "It is not neceſſary that he ſhould be acquainted! It ——"

By ſuch means did they endeavor to detach M. Doillot, whom they thought too zealous in my cauſe, and who, had I been blindly induced to take that ſtep, without his approbation, would very juſtly have felt himſelf hurt at ſuch preference, and never more have meddled in my affairs.

I have not yet ſaid any thing of the Baron de Planta, the Cardinal's eſquire, his companion, his every thing, who is mentioned in the annexed correſpondence, under the title of *the Savage*. He had aſſerted in his firſt depoſition,

that he was preſent with the Cardinal at the ſcene of the bower, at the farce of Oliva, and that he and the Cardinal had both waited for me at the bottom of the Queen's private ſtair-caſe; that, another time, he had ſeen me go out of the Queen's apartment, in the month of April, 1784; that he had waited to ſee me on the part of the Cardinal, and afterwards conducted me to his houſe. "Yet," ſays he, "without knowing at that time who the lady was, I have alſo ſeen in her hands, two or three times, upwards of a thouſand livres in bills upon the Caiſſe d'Eſcompte; and I have ſometimes ſeen upwards of two or three thouſand, which the Queen has given her, in the year 1784."--- Ridiculous inconſiſtency! Could this eſtabliſh the truth of the Cardinal's aſſertion, that he had ſent me in a packet, by one of his domeſtics, about the month of July, the paltry ſum of four or five louis? How could the Cardinal know it, if the Baron knew it? though he himſelf, without reverting to what he had ſpoken, alſo ſaid that I had received fifty thouſand; and, upon the queſtion which I put to him, he anſwered, "that he was certain of it, moſt undoubtedly he was certain, ſince he himſelf had ſeen them, and knew the occaſion of their be-

ing

ing given; that the Queen had lately been ſucceſsful in her American negociations, for which ſhe had received much money."

The poor Planta, upon his re-examination, on being interrogated whether he had any thing to add or diminiſh, or if it was juſt as he wiſhed? replied, that it was exactly ſo. "I have ſeen too," added he, "a memoir, ſaid to be publiſhed by the Counteſs de la Motte, where ſhe confeſſes that ſhe never ſaw the Queen." He ſaid what I have juſt repeated, louder than the reſt. I aſked him, "how he was able to procure this printed memoir, ſince he was cut off from all communication with any body?" He knew not what anſwer to give; at length he replied, "That is nothing to you!" "Then I will tell you myſelf," returned I: "It is by means of an invalid, who is in pay with the Cardinal, that you have received this intelligence; it is he who has brought you this memoir, with a letter, and the day after carried another memoir to Caglioſtro."----The ſame invalid has entruſted this with the Marquis de Pelport, and he is near to ſupport it.

The Baron was very reluctant to confeſs, what in fact he could not deny. I then clearly proved that the Cardinal had communication throughout every part of the Baſtile; that he could inſinuate any thing he thought proper; all were his creatures, and all at his diſpoſal; and that his advocates and family, who were all free to viſit him, had worked upon the evidence, making them the mere mouth-pieces to convey whatever was deemed immediately material to his defence.

I now return to my ſecond interrogatory, which commenced the 5th of April, 1786, as appears in the interrogatories of M. de Vilette. By two letters which the Miniſter, M. de Vergennes, judged proper, by his Majeſty's command, to ſend to his Attorney-General, we ſee that M. Vilette, being accuſed, has depoſed that, through the inſtigation of Madam de la Motte, he ſigned the ſaid approbation *Marie Antoinette de France*; we alſo ſee, that the perſon accuſed deſires to communicate ſome very very important ſecrets, which cannot be diſcloſed to any perſon but M. de Vergennes. We have obſerved to M. de Vilette, that he may repoſe the ſame confidence in us. My interrogatory mentioned

tioned to me theſe circumſtances, adding, that it was eaſy to underſtand as much by what the Baron de Planta had depoſed, that, by my communications with the Cardinal, we had both ſeen the Queen; and M. Vilette, who ſaid himſelf, that if he did not fear to include a third, he would ſpeak all, and that Madam ought to engage you to confeſs every thing.---But what I anſwered to M. Titon, the Judge, was yet more ſignificant. He would not take it down. "We know, my dear Counteſs," ſaid he, "we are ſure that you are well with the Queen: I ſhould be very ſorry if you ſhould be ſacrificed!" "Sacrificed!" replied I, with warmth; "Oh! if I had any idea of that, I would publicly declare every thing." "Oh!" replied M. Titon, "I underſtand you, Madam.---M. Titon wrote nothing of thoſe words, which had indeed been dictated by choler; and, impatient of this prolixity, this tedious farce, I was ſometimes induced to anſwer ſharply, and found myſelf at other times diſpleaſed with every thing that M. Titon ſaid, whom I believed to have received his inſtructions, as, by every thing I could there diſcover, every one came prepared with his part; and I had then proteſted againſt every thing that had been ſaid between me and

the Cardinal, before the Judge Dupuis de Marcé.

My freſh interrogatory commenced thus :--- "Had you no apprehenſion, Madam, in giving the Cardinal the approbation, that he would diſcover at once that the name was not the Queen's, as well as that it was not in her hand-writing?" I replied, that I had ſaid a hundred times, I had given nothing to the Cardinal, in conſequence of which I could have no apprehenſion, obſerving, that ſuch a thing was impracticable, without the Cardinal himſelf detecting it.--- Upon the abſurd ſuppoſition that the Cardinal did not know her Majeſty's true name, no more than her hand-writing, (and I believe there is not a creature in exiſtence bold enough to undertake ſuch an enterprize) I have proved to the Cardinal that I feared nothing, as will appear from the following circumſtance :---

My femme de chambre, Roſalie, has a brother, blind from his infancy. I ſpoke of it to the Cardinal, begging that he would place him at the Quinze Vingts, or put him as a ſupernumerary. The Cardinal granted him eight louis *per annum*, until he could be placed at the houſe of

of the Quinze Vingts, and deſired of my femme de chambre a kind of certificate, or baptiſmal regiſter of her brother, that he might ſend him to the Abbé Georgel. My femme de chambre was buſy when the Sieur Vilette came to my houſe; I dictated to him this memorial, and my femme de chambre ſent it the firſt time ſhe ſaw the Cardinal at my houſe. "So," ſaid I to M. Titon, "there is clear proof that I had no fear. However, Roſalie would have been able to have wrote it herſelf, as ſhe writes a very good hand." ---All this was written down with the greateſt preciſion.

M. Titon replied, that it was very right. I was accordingly confronted with my femme de chambre and Vilette, who coincided in corroborating this aſſertion. When the Cardinal read my interrogatory, he was not prepared for this ſhock, and wiſhed to evade it; but I urged him home, and ſaid, "You cannot deny this, for Roſalie and Vilette have both confirmed it."--- He then ſaid, he believed he had ſome faint recollection of the circumſtance, but that probably the Sieur Vilette had diſguiſed his writing, otherwiſe he ſhould have paid more attention to it; and that, when a perſon is not upon his guard,

guard, he is inattentive, and ſees nothing.---" Very true," replied I; " but the guilty are always upon their guard, and never ſuffer themſelves to be ſurprized; they would not have put into your hands any writing ſimilar to that, and I deſire the Cardinal to produce that writing." ---This argument ſeemed to confound theſe three gentlemen, and I immediately obſerved to my Judges, if it is really true what the Sieur Vilette has depoſed, that he has ſigned the approbation, it proves that he has not been accuſtomed to diſguiſe his hand, and it proves that he has not been able to find, among his papers, many writings in a ſimilar hand to that of the approbation. The Cardinal replied, that he could not immediately recollect where he had put that packet. This was an evaſion. He would not produce the paper I demanded, becauſe he knew it was an incident ſtrongly in my favor, and moſt pointedly againſt himſelf; and it further proved that the Cardinal perfectly agreed with me in the mode of ſignature which Vilette had adopted, *Marie Antoinette de France*, which I had myſelf undertaken on the behalf of the Queen. But it was not the cuſtom of theſe wiſe judges to ſeparate truth and conſiſtency from complicated falſehood; neither had they

ſagacity to diſcover, nor integrity to apply, the true point of my defence.

The Cardinal's interrogatory was delivered in few words, but theſe were very ſignificant:—If the letter in queſtion ſhould be found among his papers, the Cardinal expreſſed his fears, his agitation leſt the King ſhould chance to diſcover it. I then deſired the Cardinal that he would give the key, and the ſignification of the following paper, which was produced at the trial.

Sent a ſecond time to B. (Bhomer or Baſſanges.) Believe that it is to ſpeak to him again concerning that which has been ſaid the firſt time, upon the ſecret in queſtion. If he is again ſent for by the miniſter, let him ſay that the object in queſtion has been ſent abroad.

It is neceſſary that I ſhould give a key to this. The Baron de Breteuil had diſcovered the negociation of the necklace, and had ſent to the jewellers, to ſearch the buſineſs to the bottom. In the Cardinal's agitation, leſt he ſhould be diſcovered, this memorandum was wrote, which ſufficiently proves that the Cardinal was privy, and conſented to this tranſaction, the burden of which

which he endeavored to remove to my ſhoulders, elſe he would not have betrayed all that anxiety, all that perturbation of ſpirit which was ſo very conſpicuous, during the interval between the firſt converſation referred to in the memorandum, and the Cardinal's impriſonment.

It is in this place that I deſire my reader to remember the counſels of Caglioſtro, the Cardinal's perſuading my huſband to depart for Alſace; he really believed that we had blindly followed his advice, that abſent, we might bear the imputation of his guilt, and not be upon the ſpot to confront him. So implicitly did he imbibe the counſels of his fac-totum, Caglioſtro, that, the moment he was arreſted, he could repeat nothing but, "Madame de la Motte has deceived me. She has abſconded with the necklace."

Surely the reader cannot help ſmiling at a charge ſo fancifully abſurd! Does not his indignation riſe, that upon this charge, aukwardly ſupported by witneſſes, who ſwore preciſely what the Cardinal's advocates pleaſed to put in their mouths, who ſpoke no more than what the judges pleaſed to remember—Does not the

indignation

indignation of the candid riſe, when a charge ſo falſe, evidence ſo mutilated, and judges ſo partial, were able ſo far to overcome the truth, and deſtroy the reputation of an innocent victim? I was myſelf very much ſtruck at ſight of this writing, to which I ſcarce knew how to ſpeak, leſt it ſhould prove fatal to the Cardinal, who was conſtantly making ſignals, fearful that I ſhould diſcover what I knew relative to this paper. "Oh!" cried he; "It is nothing but a trifling memorandum, which I am ſometimes in the habit of making, and written, by my orders, by my valet de chambre." That monſter, Dupuis, made ſignals of encouragement. I pretended to regard the Cardinal, and anſwered, "I am not certain as to the purport of this writing." It is true that, if I had given the key to it, it would have appeared very perſpicuous, though I could have ſpoke with equal confidence as before, and might have diſcloſed ſome of thoſe ſecrets into which I had been ſo fully initiated; but this I did not wiſh, fearing that I ſhould plunge him into ſtill greater difficulties, and remaining fully perſuaded that evidence ſufficient had already appeared againſt him.

It

It was in this laſt confrontation that the Cardinal, in danger of being foiled, had conceived the idea of ſending the Sieur Carbonniere to London, to ſee what he could glean from public report relative to M. de la Motte, that could tend to his crimination, or could be wreſted to the purpoſe of his maſter, but I will not here give a full explanation of this journey. I have already ſaid much in my Memoirs: I will only hint, that the efforts of my enemies will be eventually in my favor; weak-ſighted as they were, while they ſuppoſed they were cruſhing me to atoms, they were erecting a pile which will ever remain a proof of their malice, while it ſtands as a monument of my innocence. Why ſhould I enumerate the machinations of the houſe of Rohan? Why ſhould I mention the very words which the Count de Vergennes ſaid to the King, to perſuade him of the innocence of the Cardinal? that this family wiſhed his deſtruction, to ſhew the univerſe the innocence of their relation? that they would be indefatigable in purſuit of M. de la Motte, *to put him into a ſack and throw him into the ſea?*

I ſhall ſlightly paſs over M. Carbonniere's firſt journey to London, from whence he returned without

without being able to effect his purpoſe. I will not trouble the reader with the peregrinations of the capuchin Mac Dermot, with the affidavits hatched up by perſons in London, with thoſe who conſpired with miſerable attornies, to deſtroy the reputation, and other agents employed to deſtroy the life of my huſband. Their attempts to aſſaſſinate, their efforts to ſlander, have been related in my Memoirs, by M. de la Motte himſelf. Theſe were great and daring attempts; but I proceed to ſhew the ſly inſidious methods, the poor, the pitiful efforts which the weakneſs of their cauſe obliged my enemies to have recourſe to: I mean their tampering with a ſervant, and bribing him to give evidence againſt his maſter.

M. de la Motte had ſent a perſon of the name of Liziere, his valet de-chambre, whom he had taken with him to England, to the houſe of Madame de la Freſney, our friend, whither I had promiſed to return, after having ſeen the Baron de Breteuil. The police, being apprized of his arrival, had him before them to be examined, but he neither depoſed any thing either againſt his maſter or me. The police paid him a crown for the day in which he appeared, and he was

examined

examined twice, morning and evening, to prevent him from returning to England, and acquainting the Count, his maſter, with what had paſſed concerning my impriſonment in the Baſtile. This domeſtic, who the firſt time made no depoſition againſt his maſter, the ſecond time ſaid, only in anſwer to the ſecond interrogatory, which had been ſubtilly deviſed to draw him to ſpeak of the crimes of which we were ſuppoſed to have been guilty. This Liziere, ſo worked upon, then depoſed, that his maſter had given him orders, while at Bar ſur Aube, to prepare the cabriolet, and to uſe all poſſible diligence; adding, that his maſter had alſo ſaid, that he was in a great hurry to go to Verſailles, whither the Counteſs had been ſent for by the Queen, and he was going to fetch her. "I have," continued he, "at the ſame time, heard from the Count, at the houſe of Mr. Jefferys, in London, that theſe diamonds, which he ſhewed him, had been given by the Queen to the Counteſs, his wife. Moreover I have heard Mr. Jefferys ſay, in my ſecond journey, that my maſter had ſaid, that the Counteſs had done the Cardinal eſſential ſervice with the Queen, with whom ſhe was a great favorite, and could do as ſhe pleaſed."

This

This is the ſame depoſition with that of the Capuchin, Mac Dermot, and one, indeed, ſeems calculated to ſupport the other. I was ſo enraged againſt this depoſition, by the anſwers I made before all my judges; that this poor weak domeſtic wept bitterly that he had ever liſtened to the temptations thrown in his way by thoſe ſerpents. This poor fellow wept ſo bitterly that even Du Marcé and Fremyn ſaid to him, "If you regret ſo much that you have made this depoſition, it is yet poſſible for you to change it." This miſerable creature could only anſwer by ſobs and tears, which for a moment ſtopped the confrontation. The Sieur Dupuis repeated in a low tone to Fremyn, but loud enough for me to hear him, commendations of this deponent, whom, by ſmiles of approbation and accents of encouragement, they urged to proceed, but I will not enter minutely into this depoſition, leſt I ſhould too much affect the reader's ſenſibility. "Oh, good God!" exclaimed I, lifting up my hands and eyes to heaven, "wilt thou not then puniſh theſe impoſtors? What have I done to them, that they ſhould corrupt my very domeſtics, who had formerly been ſo faithful and ſo honeſt; but now, under the hope of being rewarded ——— O mon-

O, monſtrous wretches! You may receive, indeed, a little money which you are promiſed, L'Eſſuz, but will that diſcharge you of your obligation to your maſter? From this moment your integrity is corrupted, and your conſcience will never be pure! No, gentlemen; I intreat you not to change this depoſition. It is neceſſary that all my judges ſhould know it. I will aſk them; not, if they can believe that a maſter would repoſe ſuch confidence in a ſervant, I beg they will examine who has been the fabricator of theſe inconſiſtencies."

I perceived, from the nature of this depoſition, that it was dictated by the Sieur Target, the Cardinal's advocate, who, quite an adept in chicanery, conſpired with Achette and La Porte to procure falſe teſtimonies. I have myſelf reproached them with this; I have convinced the world that it was the caſe.

This depoſition was very expreſſive, and of a moſt miſchievous tendency, which proved it to be the production of abler heads, of greater adepts in villainy, than a ſimple inexperienced lacquey, who was worked upon by promiſes and threats, alternately addreſſed both to his hopes

hopes and fears; and his poverty and inexperience, which ſhould have gained him protection, was taken advantage of, to make him a lying evidence againſt his maſter.

Were they ſo much at a loſs to make out their charge, that they muſt make uſe of falſe witneſs againſt me? Muſt they pry into the moſt trifling incidents of a domeſtic nature, and furniſh a poor inexperienced wretch with weapons of ingratitude, with malevolent falſehoods, againſt thoſe whom, from his duty, he ſhould reſpect and ſerve?---But I will comment no more upon this: the very circumſtance I have ſtated, the very depoſition juſt given, though apparently againſt me, is ſubſtantially in my favor.

I have already ſpoke of the Abbé le Kel, but I have not yet loſt ſight of him. As he was the perſon who went between me and the Cardinal, charged from the latter to make impreſſions in his favor, I muſt again bring him on the tapis; he is yet to play a ſmall part, before I take my final leave of him.

The two laſt days of my confrontation he came, as uſual, to viſit me, commiſſioned by the Cardinal, from whom he was deputed to make enquiries reſpecting my health. He informed me, that the Cardinal had reſolved to make no memoir.---On the twenty-firſt of April our confrontations cloſed. The Abbé returned about eleven, with a very ſprightly air. "Well, I have told you the truth," ſaid he; "the Cardinal has directed M. Target not to make any memoir, and that is now finally determined; therefore, Madam Counteſs, he deſires you to obſerve the ſame proceeding with M. Doillot. It will be entirely uſeleſs, becauſe this proceſs is a mere matter of form, which will terminate in nothing: that is the opinion of all the world. Nevertheleſs, it is in general believed that our unfortunate Cardinal will be diſgraced, and deprived of his offices and emoluments; but that is, however, nothing but the mere crude opinion of thoſe that know nothing about it. Notwithſtanding, be particular; don't let your advocate proceed, nor tell him that I have ſhewn you the danger of making it known to the Queen! I do not chuſe to meet him here; but I will return to-morrow morning, about ten, if M. Doillot is not with you."

A very

A very ſhort time after the departure of the Abbé, M. Doillot arrived. Inſtructed by the Abbé, I labored to diſſuade him; but, notwithſtanding all my remonſtrances, M. Doillot ſtill perſiſted in his reſolution of making a very ample memoir from the materials I had given him. I repreſented to him, that I thought it unneceſſary. "How, Madam!" exclaimed he. "Will you ſtill be ſo complaiſant to the Cardinal? Who is it that ſees you? Who is it that thus adviſes you to ruſh to your deſtruction; to prevent you from doing that which will at once be agreeable to your Sovereign, and tend to exculpate yourſelf? The Cardinal himſelf has not done ſo: he has given materials for his defence to Target.---Oh, Madam! you are yet viſited by that man, who comes only to deceive you: after my repeated prohibitions, I beg you will ſee him no more. For my own part, I aſſure you, that this very day there will be five hundred of the Cardinal's memoirs iſſued from the preſs. I am poſitive of what I aſſert; and, to convince you that it is true, I will, if poſſible, procure one for your peruſal."

This appeared to me very ſtrange. M. Doillot departed, and in a few hours returned with

one of theſe memoirs in his pocket. "There, Madam," ſaid he, taking it out, "there is one of the memoirs! Take it, and ſatisfy yourſelf that what I ſay of this Abbé is no more than the truth."

M. Doillot then left me again, to go in ſearch of ſome perſon to write my memoir.---In the interim, I peruſed that of the Cardinal, which M. Doillot had given me, and could not help remarking the truth of his aſſertions relative to the Abbé le Kel, and thinking of his treachery and diſſimulation.

About ſeven the ſame evening the Abbé arrived: I received him very coolly, and concluded by ſhewing him the memoir, as a proof of his treachery and deceit.---"I have alſo brought one in my pocket," ſaid he. "I now come, not on the part of the Cardinal, but myſelf: I am as much chagrined as you yourſelf can be. But, Madam, if you will not take my word, I do aſſure you, upon the oath of an eccleſiaſtic, that our friend the Cardinal is himſelf as much diſſatisfied and enraged as either of us can be: I will prove it to you, under the ſanction of the ſame oath, that M. Target came to

the

the Cardinal's apartment, which, as ſoon as he read, the Cardinal ſtrongly diſapproved of, and treated M. Target very roughly on the occaſion; ſaying it was by no means his intention to publiſh ſuch infamous lies concerning you." He then pulled out his pencil, obliterated great part of it, and concluded by throwing it away entirely, ſaying, "Inſtead of clearing me, you have blackened me by ſuch vile conduct. No---it is by no means my deſire that theſe memoirs ſhould appear." His eyes were, at that time, full of tears. Target replied, with an air of effrontery, that it muſt poſitively appear, as his family had given orders for that purpoſe, and quitted him abruptly. "Believe me, Madam," added he, "that the Cardinal entertains the ſame ſentiments for you as he has ever done; the ſame ſentiments, as you may perceive from what I have told you, which he is ready to come forward and evince, if he ſhould ſee you in ſuch a dangerous ſituation as to require it."

Suſpended and uncertain, I knew not what to think. The Abbé had taken his ſolemn oath of the truth of his aſſertion, and I choſe to believe the Cardinal incapable of having ordered the Abbé to be guilty of ſuch baſeneſs, ſo artfully

contrived, ſo plauſibly related. Diſſembling hypocrite! but I knew the Cardinal's principles better, and thought, if he had appeared to have done me an injury, it was, poſſibly, becauſe he might conceive his circumſtances obliged him to do ſo. If he ſuppoſed that I had the keys of authority, he was himſelf groſſly deceived--- but this was what Target had adviſed. "Let us," ſays he, "lay all upon her ſhoulders. She who has made her the inſtrument of ſacrificing the Cardinal, who is ſo well with the King, will come to her aſſiſtance. We muſt exert ourſelves to exculpate our client at all events, and leave her to the protection of the perſon who only plans the deſtruction of the Cardinal, which ſhe hopes, through her means, to effect.

I certainly, in this inſtance, forgot myſelf, for the Cardinal had, without doubt, done me great injuſtice. I reaſoned to myſelf, "He is guilty, becauſe he has accuſed me of having ſtolen the necklace. Could he have found no other means of defence, without having ſo unjuſtly criminated me? But, poſſibly, he has been ſufficiently aſhamed of having made ſo odious, ſo abſurd an accuſation.

The

The next day I was aſtoniſhed by the arrival of M. Doillot. "I come," ſays he, "to communicate a very important piece of intelligence, with which you are yet unacquainted. I am not informed of the reaſon, but they talk of giving judgment in your cauſe next week.--- It is very extraordinary, indeed; but I muſt look into it. I have always underſtood that it was not to be determined till the week after Whitſuntide. I fear, as this is to be determined ſo ſoon and ſo unexpectedly, that I ſhall ſcarce have time to complete my memoir. I am, on the other ſide, not more ſatisfied concerning what you have already given. There is a perſon who has written a moſt perfect memoir, who is very converſant in theſe affairs: he is a young man of firſt-rate abilities.— In reading theſe pieces which you have given me, he almoſt devoured them. 'O how happy 'I ſhould be,' ſaid he, 'to exert myſelf upon 'theſe! but it is impoſſible. We ſhould not 'have time. Theſe pieces would crown my 'reputation. But a great misfortune is, that 'the Abbé le Kel, who has patronized me from 'my infancy, is particularly attached to the 'houſe of Rohan, whom I dare not diſoblige; 'but never mind, M. Doillot. I beg you will

'leave

'leave me theſe pieces till you return.' The next day, when I waited on the Abbé, 'M. 'Doillot,' ſaid he, 'I have a very great inclina-'tion to ſerve your unfortunate client; but there 'is one ſmall difficulty. I am young, and far 'from being rich. If I labor at this, I ſhall not 'be able to do it, without you will aſſiſt me: 'but, for the ſum of thirty louis, I promiſe to 'make a perfect memoir, and to execute it as it 'ought to be; nevertheleſs, I am not without 'apprehenſions that my ſituation and circum-'ſtances will not let me undertake it." M. Doillot conſented to give it him, but he wiſhed to have it paſs for his own production, that he would not ſay that he had read any writing fearful leſt the Queen ſhould not chance to know it. The Abbé, who wiſhed to gain ſome reputation, would not make this promiſe, ſo that I have to thank the vanity of M. Doillot, that, inſtead of a complete and comprehenſive memoir, which would have proved the cabal of the Judges and the Deputy General Advocate, there was nothing but a brief ſummary, which had been drawn up by ſome perſon more complaiſant than the Abbé, which made no mention of the name of the author (but there is no reaſon to doubt of this). This ſummary was made two days before

fore we went to the Conciergerie. M. Doillot paſſed two hours with me. I believe it was that very evening, near ſeven o'clock. "I have received," ſaid he, "a thouſand compliments upon our abſtract, for which I have been applauded by many diſtinguiſhed perſonages. I am very uncertain," continued M. Doillot, "whether you will go this evening to the Conciergerie; however that may be, I would adviſe you to prepare yourſelf. A perſon of my acquaintance has told me, that he thought they would come to fetch you at eleven or twelve.

I received this intelligence, alas! with joy, believing that this would be the laſt day of my captivity. M. Doillot did not appear in the ſmalleſt degree caſt down. I could not diſcover in his behaviour the leaſt trace which could lead me to ſuppoſe he had the ſmalleſt deſpondency: at leaſt it appeared ſo to me. He aſked me if I had any idea of criminal proceſs? I replied in the negative. "You know," replied M. Doillot, "that criminals are placed upon a ſtool during the time of trial?" "Yes, I do." "There is no other reaſon," anſwered he, "than that they may be ſeated, if any thing diſagreeable ſhould happen; but at this, you ſhould

ſhould not be ſurprized any more than if paſſing along the ſmall ſtair-caſe."--" Good God! exclaimed I to M. Doillot, " I don't comprehend what you mean to ſay with your little and great ſtair-caſes."

Oh, young and giddy as I then was! in theſe myſterious terms were couched the prediction of what I was to undergo, terms which, from their incomprehenſibility, ceaſed to fix my attention. Why did I not put ſome queſtion? Why did I find myſelf confined from ſpeaking? " I don't underſtand what you mean by your ſtair-caſe?" M. Doillot would not charge himſelf with the letter which I had written to the Queen, becauſe he was confident it would be inefficacious. As well as I can now remember, he aſked me what I had done with that letter? If I had not burnt it, that he would immediately do it, as he was fearful leſt it might have been loſt; " for, I aſk your pardon, but, really, you are a little giddy." " Oh, no! no!" replied I to M. Doillot, " I ſhall not loſe it; on the contrary, as ſoon as I come near any fire it ſhall be burnt." He believed me, and went about his buſineſs.

About

About eight, I went to ſupper. My turnkey came up for ſomething which I cannot now recollect. "Oh, oh, Madam," ſays he, with a diſaſtrous countenance, and in a tone of blunt ruſticity, "how very gay you ſeem! What news has M. Doillot brought you? Your buſineſs is likely to be terminated *a la Grêve*. 'Tis a deviliſh bad affair, indeed." I took what this clowniſh fellow ſaid to be merely in jeſt, though I thought this rather a coarſe kind of a joke, yet I conceived it probable that he might be placed near me to take notice of what I ſaid; I, therefore, reſolved to defeat his purpoſe, by ſaying as little as poſſible, till this animal had the aſſurance to ſeat himſelf in my elbow chair. "Go," ſaid I, "to St. Jean, and tell your Governor I am not ſo eaſily intimidated; but aſk him," continued I, "if he knows whether we are to go to-night to the *Conciergerie*, becauſe I wiſh to lay down, if I thought that we ſhould not go this evening, but return immediately and bring me an anſwer."

He returned again about ten o'clock.—"At eleven, Madam," ſaid he, "hold yourſelf in readineſs: they will begin with you."—At eleven he came "Adieu, St. Jean!" exclaimed

claimed I, with a light head. "I hope I ſhall never again enter your villainous Baſtile." "Oh, Madam!" rejoined he, inſtantly, "Will you be good enough to return me my knife and my ſciſſars, becauſe they are going to whip you below?" "Very well, St. Jean! Deſcend," continued I, "a minute or two." This expreſſion ("they are going to whip you,") made me cautious of my intended letter for the Queen, which I concealed in my boſom. St. Jean then returned, and conducted me to the inner hall of council, where I found the Governor and two *Huiſſiers*, who are termed *Huiſſiers de la Chaine*. After ſome trifling converſation on both ſides, one of theſe Huiſſiers begged my pardon, telling me that it was always the cuſtom to ſearch the pockets of all thoſe who went out of the Baſtile to the *Conciergerie*. He then ſearched my pockets, opened a large bundle of papers, but read none; after which we departed in a hackney-coach for the *Conciergerie*.

Releaſed from the Baſtile, Paris appeared to me ſuperb, but our journey ſeemed extremely ſhort. It was near midnight. All the front yard before the court was illuminated, as well as the court itſelf; it was as light as day. The

place was amazingly crouded: all the guard were under arms. An officer came to give me his arm to alight from the carriage. I was conducted to a large hall, which they call le Greffe, whither I was attended by four or five hundred perſons. All the paſſages---the tables---every place was crouded.

The keeper of the *Conciergerie*, and his wife, behaved to me with great civility and humanity. They offered me ſome refreſhment, which I accepted. I liſtened with pleaſure to a profuſion of civil things that were ſaid to me by the ſurrounding multitude, many of whom expreſſed very warm and ſincere wiſhes for my ſucceſs, and ſeemed much pleaſed at the manner in which I returned their civilities.

About two, finding myſelf fatigued, I expreſſed a deſire to take ſome reſt; and, after paying my reſpects to this numerous company, the keeper's wife conducted me herſelf to the apartment prepared for my reception. Before ſhe left me, ſhe obligingly told me, that ſhe would come at ſix o'clock to ſee if I wanted any thing, and to give me aſſiſtance in dreſſing myſelf.

At ſix o'clock they began to aſſemble---about half paſt ſix I was ready---but they began with poor Oliva, who was delayed with her child. The keeper's wife, to whom I expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing her, conducted her to my chamber, which was very near. I conſoled the mother, but I gently reproved her, for the wrongs ſhe had done me in following ſo blindly the advice of her advocates, relative to the ſuppoſed letter of the Queen, which, ſhe ſaid, I had ſhewed her.

Between ten and eleven, Hubert, the keeper of the *Conciergerie*, attended by his ſon, conducted me by the little ſtair-caſe, as M. Doillot had before told me, but to which I then paid little attention. The Sieur Fremyn then came to take my hand, and conducted me to the hall where my judges were all aſſembled.

This was to me a moſt tremendous ſight; it was an awful, an alarming criſis. It is here I I am going to prove, that, accuſed without guilt, I was tried without juſtice, and condemned without proof; that my accuſation was ſupported upon the narrow foundation of falſe teſtimony, apparent even to my very judges, as contradictory and replete with abſurdity. Muſt

I then draw the melancholy inference from what I have premiſed, that I fell a victim to injuſtice and oppreſſion? that a court, compoſed of upwards of ſixty judges, were convened for the purpoſe of condemning an innocent and unprotected female? Yes. I will proceed to record my own diſgrace; but the number and character of the judges, the ſolemnity and ceremonies of proceſs, will alſo enable me to draw another inference, and to remark what hoſts are neceſſary, in ſtrong combination, to be ſucceſsful in the condemnation of innocence. How powerful is truth, unſupported by temporal power? How weak its enemies, though reinforced with all the engines of deſpotiſm!

Condemned by this tribunal, having in vain petitioned for a rehearing on earth, and denied that juſtice which I have a right to demand, though loaded with what my enemies term infamy, I do not deſpair; my cauſe will be reheard, the evidences againſt me be re-examined, and my ſentence will be reverſed, with an equal degree of honor to myſelf, as here they have labored to ſtamp me with opprobrium.--- At that tribunal, where I ſhall again meet them, I ſhall have juſtice; my innocence will there

appear, and their unrighteous judgment will be reverſed. "Father of Mercy, to thee I raiſe my cry, the cry of innocence oppreſſed! that cry, though too feeble to be heard, to be regarded by my enemies, is regiſtered in heaven, yet more potent than all the conjunctive force of human juriſdiction, where the edict of deſpotiſm dares to mimic the voice of juſtice.

Muſt I then ſummon up all my reſolution to proceed in my narrative? to deſcribe my terrors upon entering the hall where ſo many judges were aſſembled? to paint thoſe fears which aſſailed me at an appearance ſo novel? to proceed in the narration of my humiliation and diſgrace? Alas, I muſt!

Too ſoon I underſtood the ambiguous meaning of M. Doillot, in ſpeaking of the *ſelette*, notwithſtanding that he had attempted to prepare me for the occaſion; but, underſtanding not his hints, I then betrayed no ſymptoms of terror. It was, perhaps, becauſe I was not then acquainted with the meaning of theſe myſterious expreſſions. At length, however, I heard a number of voices tending to encourage me, and ſtriving to inſpire me with confidence.——

"Muſt

" Muſt I then occupy this ſeat?" exclaimed I, " Muſt I be forced into this *ſelette*, formed only for the reception of the guilty? Subdued by powerful neceſſity, alas! I muſt."

Agitated by the moſt heart-rending ſenſations, I remained a long time in a moſt dreadful ſituation; my knees knocking together, and my whole frame trembling with agitation, unable to articulate a ſingle ſyllable. At length, but I ſcarce know how, I found myſelf ſeated, but ſo overwhelmed with ſhame, at finding myſelf ſurrounded by ſuch a number of judges, by ſuch a crowd of ſpectators, I was almoſt induced, to prevent my anſwering to theſe humiliating queſtions which were prepared for me, to let fall, as if by miſtake, the letter which I had written to the Queen, that letter which was intended to have been ſent by the Abbé le Kel---but, unfortunately for me, (I ſay unfortunately, becauſe I am at this moment perſuaded that my judges would have taken me under their protection, as being a priſoner, but I was badly adviſed), while I was in this ſtate of heſitation, and conſidering within myſelf whether I ſhould do this, I heard a general cry, which was re-echoed throughout the hall, " Proceed---proceed, Ma-

dam. Take courage." This encouragement from ſo many of my judges ſupported my ſinking ſpirits, inſpired me with hope, collected my ſcattered thoughts, and fixed my reſolution; their looks animated me, and, by degrees, I was in a condition to anſwer them with that conſiſtency of truth, and energetic fortitude which innocence alone inſpires.

So great was the malice of De Fremyn againſt me, that he could not help exhibiting, even in the very face of my judges, a degree of rudeneſs and indelicacy, which, upon ſuch an occaſion, in ſuch a ſituation, but very ill became him; but this was by no means ſingular, he proved himſelf, on all occaſions, my enemy. This man came up to me rudely, and deſired me to take off my hood. I looked at him very attentively and ſaid, even before this auguſt aſſembly, "You prove, at this very moment, how much you are my enemy." The aſſembly applauded what I ſaid, and remonſtrated, with an air of diſapprobation, "Oh! why do you ſo? Suffer the lady to wear her calaſh."

M. d'Aligre then read my firſt interrogatory, which was expreſſed in a very few words.

Many

Many ſuppoſing that I was acquainted with his rank in the aſſembly, informed me, that it was the firſt preſident who addreſſed me; upon which, after having aroſe and ſaluted him reſpectfully, I obſerved my aſtoniſhment, at an interrogatory ſo brief, ſo very much curtailed, that my judges could not determine whether I was innocent or not. "I ſhould wiſh," continued I, "that my judges would interrogate me upon theſe articles which have relation to the necklace: to theſe I am particularly anxious to reply, that I may have an opportunity of demonſtrating to my judges what I have already advanced, what I have above an hundred times repeated, and what I have never yet ſwerved from." The judges all exclaimed that I was right, and were unanimouſly agreed to make ſome additions to the firſt interrogatory, which did not mention a ſyllable of the leading point of accuſation, the diamond necklace. "The Cardinal has pretended," ſaid they, "that he brought this necklace himſelf to your houſe at Verſailles, and that he placed it in an alcove till the arrival of a perſon who was to fetch it, on the part of the Queen; that you would inſinuate, that it was her Majeſty's page de chambre; that this man, as deſcribed by the Cardinal, is very

dark, has large black eyebrows, thin and tall, with large black eyes, his ſhape extremely ſlender. The Cardinal obſerves alſo, that the alcove was about half open."

"Abſurdities like theſe, gentlemen," rejoined I, "raiſe my indignation, and I am convinced they will have a ſimilar effect on you." I then pointed out the contradiction of theſe aſſertions, and explained how the Cardinal, ſeeing M. Vilette in his confrontations, immediately ſaid, that he recollected his profile, and that he was the very ſame perſon to whom I ſent the necklace. Such a contradiction, on the part of the Cardinal, will, I hope, merit the particular attention of my judges, and admoniſh them how to value the reſt of his allegations, ſince it is notorious that the Sieur Vilette by no means anſwers the Cardinal's deſcription. Inſtead of being dark, he is extremely fair; and, in every other reſpect, diametrically the reverſe of what the Cardinal has deſcribed. But, ſuppoſing for a moment that there really came a man, as Mr. Cardinal pretends, does it wear the leaſt ſemblance of propriety, that, if he had brought a letter or a note written for me, that the Cardinal ſhould avail himſelf of that, ſince the note

ſhould

ſhould ſay that the bearer ſhould be truſted with the jewels in queſtion? Now Mr. Cardinal ought to have returned me ſuch billet, and the billet which would have become a receipt for him, the ſame note and the other which accuſes him, and mentions the receipt of the jewel, "which," ſays this billet, "is ſuperb;" which Meſſrs. St. James, Baſſanges, and Bhomer, all depoſe, that they have read in the Cardinal's hands, and a billet containing this expreſſion: "I requeſt him to bring the papers before my judges, as well as two hundred others which he has read to me, and told me, that they all came from the Queen—and, ſince he denies them, and ſays, that they were written for me,—in conſequence of which, when read, he would have returned them. This is an abſurdity which ought to counterpoiſe his aſſertions, and weigh for what it advances.

"I have my reaſons to inſiſt that the Cardinal ſhould produce all his letters, becauſe they would make mention of the appointments, becauſe they *thee'd him.* [This expreſſion refers to the annexed correſpondence, and means the frequent repetition of thee and thou, terms which are very ſeldom uſed in France, except

from a maſter to his valet, or between very intimate friends.] Eſpecially that theſe were in the Queen's own hand-writing; and, as the judges would add, the Cardinal ſhould declare that theſe letters were written by the Sieur Vilette (though this is no where ſaid). Then, gentlemen, this will be a ſtrong argument, upon which I hope you will emphatically inſiſt, that the Cardinal ſhould produce them to the court, to be compared with that ſame approbation of the articles with the jewellers, which the Sieur Vilette himſelf confeſſes he has made. If my judges will take the trouble to examine this, I dare affirm that they will find letters in three different hands, and not one ſingle one in the character of the Sieur Vilette.

"The Sieurs St. James and Bhomer, who have depoſed, That they have read the letter in the hands of the Cardinal, upon the terrace at Verſailles, containing this expreſſion, '*I am perfectly* '*contented with the jewel—it is ſuperb*, &c.' Theſe perſons have further depoſed, That the Cardinal, at the ſame time, informed them, that this letter came from the Queen—and I, for my own part, gentlemen, repeat what I have previouſly depoſed, and do now poſitively affirm,

and

and moſt ſolemnly declare, that I have alſo ſeen, —that I have alſo myſelf read that letter."

Mr. Preſident then aſked me, if I really believed that letter came from the Queen, as well as the two hundred other letters which the Cardinal ſhewed me? I replied, that the Cardinal had given me his confidence, and truſted me with his ſecrets, during the whole time of which I was ſo entruſted. He told me that he had ſeen the Queen, and received letters from her—that was all I could, conſiſtent with delicacy and propriety, permit myſelf to ſay.

I had ſcarce uttered theſe words, when four Abbés all roſe up at once, though at ſome diſtance from each other, they began their ſpeeches together. Nothing was to be heard but the hoarſe jargon of contention. All were intent, in their own imaginations, to do wonders—but, alas! they erected a Babel, which was but the fabric of a moment.

At length the diſcord abated, and the three gave way to the firſt; but, as his queſtion was of no conſequence, I did not condeſcend to make any reply. At this many perſons preſent very

ſignificantly

ſignificantly ſhrugged up their ſhoulders. The ſecond and third were of a piece with the firſt; the fourth, as having more pretenſion to wit, I thought it neceſſary to reply to, otherwiſe his queſtion need not be here repeated, ſince it has been touched upon in the public papers. This was the Abbé Sabatier. We heard a ſtentorian voice, that almoſt ſhook the foundations of the hall. "My lord," ſaid he, "pleaſe to put this queſtion to the lady. She pretends that ſhe has not interfered in any thing concerning the ſale of the necklace. Why then, when the Count de Delomine aſked her, 'Who thoſe people 'were whom ſhe had at her table?' did the lady reply, that 'they were perſons with whom ſhe had buſineſs?'---I obſerve, that this anſwer goes to prove that ſhe has been a party concerned in the ſale of the necklace; for it ſhould ſeem by this anſwer to the Count de Delomine, that, if ſhe was not at all concerned in the negociation, and to treat with them for the ſale of the necklace, why ſhould ſhe have any buſineſs with them?"---I looked at this great and penetrating genius with all that congratulation which ſo ſhrewd a remark was entitled to. "I underſtand," replied I, "and have anſwered that queſtion. The queſtion which the Abbé Sabatier

Sabatier puts to me is deſtitute of common ſenſe; it is therefore unneceſſary to reply to it." ---All the voices then raiſed themſelves with one accord, bawling to the Regiſter, "Write down what Madam ſays, that the Abbé Sabatier's queſtion is unworthy an anſwer, and has neither reaſon nor common ſenſe."

The Abbé, a good deal nettled, exclaimed loudly, "But, gentlemen, I have ſaid that; but I have a right to ſpeak without being the object of deriſion, however what I have ſaid may ſeem to amuſe you." At this they all burſt into a roar of laughter, at the manner in which I had anſwered. As ſoon as they had finiſhed exerciſing their riſibility, "Gentlemen," ſaid I, "the queſtions of theſe gentlemen, the Abbés, do not in the leaſt ſurprize me. I am forewarned that theſe gentlemen, who are about five in number, have had ſome hopes of recruiting their party by the addition of a ſixth, who would all give their votes for the Cardinal: and, beſides theſe gentlemen, there is another party here who are engaged to defend him; they muſt therefore conſequently accuſe me."---The Regiſter was then ordered, with a great deal of ſolemnity, to read to me

the

the queſtion of this aforeſaid ſagacious Abbé, whom I anſwered in the following manner:

" Gentlemen, the jewellers have indeed charged me in their depoſitions; but in their confrontations, where they were with me face to face, they have diſcharged me, as well as La Porte, the advocate, ſince it appeared in their carrying the Cardinal's note, which requeſted their addreſs, I had agreed with Baſſanges, and had read it to him, and that he himſelf wrote their addreſs in my preſence, which ſame addreſs I had ſent by my boy to the Cardinal.--- He at the ſame time admits, that I deſired him to uſe particular precaution with the Cardinal. I alſo aſk my judges, if, in this caſe, the jewellers have no obligation towards me, however ſlight it may be? Am I not the primary cauſe of the ſale of the necklace, ſince it was the Cardinal to whom I ſpoke of it, who ſaid he purchaſed it for the Queen?---Having to render an account to M. Dolomieux, I have confined myſelf to this ſlight anſwer, adding that La Porte himſelf (as would clearly appear on reference to my confrontations) had poſitively depoſed that I had told him, above an hundred times, that I would have nothing to do in the

ſale

ſale of the necklace, and even that I abſolutely rejected the offer of the two hundred thouſand livres in diamonds.---I would yet further wiſh to obſerve to my Judges, that, if I wiſhed to appropriate the necklace to my own uſe, I ſhould certainly, in that caſe, have accepted the jewellers offer to conceal my intention of ſtealing this necklace."

The Preſident and many of the Judges were obliged many times to ſpeak to the Regiſter, Le Breton, to write my anſwers, which he did not write fully, being in the Cardinal's intereſt.--- M. de Bretignere, honorary Counſellor, who ſat near me, aſked me a queſtion almoſt as improper as that of the Abbé's, but, being an honorary Counſellor, M. de Bretignere inſiſted that I ſhould anſwer him. " Since then, Madam," ſaid he, " you have read and ſeen ſuch a great number of letters in the Cardinal's hands, you can very well ſpeak how they were written, and tell us if the Cardinal anſwered them." I replied, " that this queſtion of the Counſellor was extremely indiſcreet and dangerous. I can only obſerve to him, that he had much better put this queſtion to the Cardinal than to me, and demand of him that he would produce theſe letters

letters. In ſuch caſe, the Counſellor might ſufficiently ſatisfy his curioſity, in reading them himſelf."---Adding, " that it was impoſſible that my Judges could give any credit to this aſſertion of the Cardinal, who pretends that all theſe letters came from the Queen, and were ſent in my name, for me, and written for me. He would always have returned them as ſoon as they were read. My Judges, I hope, will ſee that the Counſellor inſiſts upon anſwers to his queſtions; and I call all to witneſs, how he forces me to be imprudent in ſpeaking, when, from reſpect to my Sovereign, I would wiſh to be ſilent."

I hope my readers will ſee how reluctant I was to betray thoſe ſecrets with which I had been entruſted, and what reſpect I ſtill preſerved, notwithſtanding all my ill treatment, for her Majeſty's reputation; and from the following queſtions, dictated probably by curioſity, how artfully they extorted from me thoſe ſecrets which I would wiſh to have preſerved, and which, even here, (though a full diſcloſure might ſtrengthen my defence) I wiſh to touch with delicacy, if they cannot be paſſed over in ſilence.

Theſe

Theſe gentlemen, either wiſhing to do me juſtice, or to gratify their curioſity, by elucidating the truth, ſtill inſiſted upon clear categorical anſwers reſpecting theſe letters. It was not my fault: I was obliged to reply as to the contents. "Yes, Gentlemen," anſwered I, "one of them makes mention of an appointment broken———of their pleaſure at meeting."---Making alſo mention of the reception of theſe letters, among other things, "*theeing* and *thouing* one another."---"Does Madam really believe that theſe letters, which the Cardinal ſhewed her, came really from the Queen ---were written by the Queen herſelf?"---"I do not know whether I ought to declare my thoughts concerning the acts of a Queen, whom I am bound to honor and reſpect."---"But did not Madam find theſe expreſſions very forcible, to induce her to believe that they came from the Sovereign?"---"That was the reaſon of my firſt aſtoniſhment, with the Cardinal!"---"What anſwer did he make to that?"

I was at length neceſſitated to anſwer fully the queſtions which were put, thinking, after being ſo perſecuted, that I could not retreat; but I cannot now remember the great number

of queſtions which I was aſked, nor the particular anſwers I gave.---" Bravo! bravo!" then exclaimed a great number of my Judges. " Certainly, certainly," ſaid they, clapping their hands together, " 'tis well replied!"—" Let the lady alone!" exclaimed a great number of voices.

I afterwards made obſervations on the whole of my accuſation: all the queſtions, and my anſwers, were written, and read to me, leſt the Sieur Regiſter ſhould act as his repreſentative Fremyn had done.—M. d'Aligre then aſked me, " if I had any thing more to add?" to which I replied in the negative; only particularly intreating that my Judges would condeſcend to examine thoroughly into this buſineſs, with an impartial eye;—from whence I could not but entertain the ſtrongeſt hopes that their definitive judgment would be in my favor.

* * * * * * * * * *

As I have now given a faithful account of my examination, I hope I ſhall be indulged in a ſhort digreſſion upon the accounts that have been elſewhere given.—It is neceſſary, as my enemies, in the public prints, have loaded me with

with reproaches—have attempted to blaſt me with lies, black as malignity could invent, or ſcandal propagate.—It is my duty, as ſome of my readers may, without examination, have received unfavorable impreſſions from thoſe proſtituted channels of intelligence, which have been poiſoned by the influence of the houſe of Rohan, and hired to blacken my character and traduce my reputation. I repeat that it is neceſſary, and I am ſure the candid reader will indulge me a few minutes, in a cauſe like this, to ſtate the truth reſpecting my conduct, at this awful inveſtigation. They have, indeed, given me credit for the energy of my ſpeech—they have ſaid, that I aſtoniſhed my judges. I will not ſay how much my vanity would lead me to build upon ſuch a confeſſion from my enemies—but I will ſay, that the energy, for which even they give me credit, was the energy of truth, of innocence oppreſſed.

The paſſage to which I allude, is in the Leyden Gazette, *Extract of a letter from Paris, June* 2.—One word or two, to refute ſome of their aſſertions, and to ſhew what a diſtorted picture they attempted to give the public, whom they knew to be too much in my favor.

The addreſs of Mr. Robert Saint Vincent—ſpoke very emphatically the fears of the houſe of Rohan for the fate of the Cardinal. That ſpeech ſtrongly inſinuates, nay more, expreſſes theſe fears. It commenced with a complaint for violating the privileges of the court, aſſerting that the Judges ought to protect the accuſed. —Mr. Robert Saint Vincent then expatiated upon the diſtreſſing ſituation of the Cardinal; that the other priſoners would be inſtantly liberated, upon the deciſion of the court: "But," continued he, "what will become of the Cardinal de Rohan? who will free him from his fetters? for," ſays that gentleman in one part of his ſpeech, "*the counſels and advice of the advocate for the accuſed were never more neceſſary for his client, than at this moment!*"—This ſpeech, theſe deſponding expreſſions from one of the party, ſufficiently demonſtrate that they were fearful that a great number of the Judges, whom they knew to be impartial, would not fail to do me juſtice, and condemn the Cardinal, whoſe confrontations, contradictory and inconſiſtent, were very far from being in his favor; —and it could clearly be ſeen, through the veil that now but ill concealed this myſterious affair, that the Cardinal had certainly had communi-

cations

cations with the Queen, and that I had been the confidant of both.

"Madame de la Motte," ſays this lying paper, "was tricked out, and dreſſed."—This is a circumſtance very improbable, at ſo early an hour as ſix o'clock in the morning; and I was to be interrogated firſt.—I appeal to all my Judges, and to the goaler's wife who attended my toilet. I had plain cambric linen, a cambric cloak, and for a bonnet a half-undreſs gauze without ribbands, and even without powder in my hair; and the gauze cap which I wore upon my head very little ſquared with that ridiculous aſſertion, "that I was dreſſed." Yet this plainneſs, this ſimple cloathing, my enemies have magnified into a full dreſs; they have labored to give the impreſſion too, that before my Judges I was bold and loquacious. "*That audacious woman!*" ſays this ſcurrilous print. What does this mean? Is ſuch an expreſſion worthy of an anſwer?—They accuſe me too, of pride. Yes, I allow that I am proud with thoſe who are my equals, if they vex or thwart me, but I am mild to thoſe who court my favor; and I will add (for the inſinuations of my enemies renders ſuch an aſſertion

the language of duty more than vanity) that to my inferiors I am fair and open, conſtantly fearful leſt they ſhould perceive any thing in my conduct that might raiſe an idea of my ſuperiority, and I am always deſirous to raiſe thoſe to a level with myſelf, whoſe ſenſibility would otherwiſe throw them below it.—Have I drawn too fair a picture of myſelf? My enemies will ſoon make the alteration; but I appeal to thoſe whom I have obliged (and when I had the power, I never conſidered the trouble) whether I am really that haughty woman which the voice of party has deſcribed.—The candid, the diſcerning, will not read my character either in the detractions of my enemies, nor the encomiums of my friends: they will chuſe the middle point between thoſe two extremes. As ſuch, let me be judged. I deſire no more than that the world would "Speak of me as I am."

My enemies further ſay, that I am proud.—I have before obſerved, that the proud are always circumſpect in their actions, cautious never to do any thing that may merit reproach. How then have they accuſed me of a crime for which I could never hope to juſtify myſelf to the public? Pride and theft but ill accord with each

each other, and my enemies are rather *mal-adroit* in ſuch a conjunctive accuſation.——They have alſo been kind enough to put words into my mouth, which I never heard of till I read them in this paper—*I am going to confound this great knave.*

But I will not detain my reader with a recapitulation of thoſe lies which have been invented and induſtriouſly circulated to ſerve the purpoſes of party. Suffice it to obſerve, that my whole deportment before the judges gave the lie to their aſſertions—neither did I deſerve ſuch perſecution from the houſe of Rohan, who acted to me with ingratitude; for, when the judges ſeemed ſo well diſpoſed in my favor, and, fearing that it would go heavy with the Cardinal, at that critical moment, I informed them, that I had certainly read and ſeen a letter which the Cardinal had himſelf told me he received from the Queen, which was in a different hand from that of the approbation, a letter which acknowledged the receipt of the necklace, with which ſhe was highly pleaſed. This circumſtance was very different from *going to confound this great knave*, as my enemies aſſert I expreſſed myſelf—ſince, if ſuch had been my intention, I ſhould not thus

have pleaded in favor of my accuſer—upon whom if I had retaliated I ſhould have been liberated and rewarded—while, on the contrary, my lenity was one of the principal cauſes of my ſubſequent diſgrace.

After I made my obedience to the aſſembly, I withdrew, and was conducted by Hubert, the keeper of the Conciergerie, and a great many gentlemen whom I did not know, to his wife's apartment, who appeared a very good kind of a woman. All paid me their compliments—all expreſſed their approbation,—obſerving, that I defended myſelf well, and that even an experienced advocate could not have pleaded my cauſe better. They laughed much among themſelves, and blamed the Abbé and the old honorary counſellor for their abſurd queſtions—all expreſſed their hopes that I ſhould come off victorious.

I engaged Hubert, his wife, and family, to bear me company, and to dine with me every day. One day, after dinner, finding myſelf alone in the parlour, as I was looking over my papers, the wife of the Concierge approached me, and ſaw the letter which was deſtined for the Queen. As we were looking over it toge-

 ther,

ther, her huſband entered:—his wife made him read it. He turned pale as he looked it over, and would have fetched a candle to burn it.—"Certainly, Madam," ſaid he, "you will have no occaſion for this." Both he and his wife repeated the ſame expreſſion—adding, there was no doubt but that I ſhould be acquitted with honor.

In the courſe of the day, while I remained in the Concierge, much company came to viſit me. In the evening, I amuſed myſelf with what paſſed in the day—indeed I loſt the idea that I was in a priſon, while remaining in the apartment of the keeper's wife, and ſurrounded by ſuch numerous company. The unanimous opinion of all was, that the proceſs would terminate in nothing, as the Abbé le Kel had ſo frequently told me.—About midnight I was conducted to my apartment. The next day, about nine o'clock, the keeper's wife came herſelf to fetch me to ſpend the day with her. Madam Hubert went out in the morning, and left me by myſelf. "It is but for a moment," ſaid ſhe, when ſhe went out—but ſhe continued two hours. During this time, many viſitors came, whom I had to receive myſelf—ſome of whom

went away, and others remained—I believe I was that morning particularly in high ſpirits.—— About nine at night, I heard a report, like that of acclamation in the court-yard. I ran to look out of one of the windows which commanded a view of the yard, and ſaw many people running very faſt by the great ſtair-caſe. I could not diſtinctly underſtand what they ſaid, except that one of them, who was very near the window, cried out, "Bravo! Bravo!" The Concierge and his ſon then came towards me, and a lady who was at that time preſent. We aſked them what was the meaning of this noiſe? "It is nothing," replied they. "They are pickpockets who have ſtolen a watch-caſe and handkerchief, and one of them has been caught in the fact. This, Madam, is the reaſon why the people called out Bravo!" This was ſo very plauſible an account that I enquired no farther—but it was ſcarce ten o'clock, when I heard the following words ſo diſtinctly articulated, as, at once, to apprize me of what had previouſly paſſed, and to ſuperſede the neceſſity of much further enquiry. "Upon my word," repeated the voice, "it is very fortunate for the Cardinal—but what will become of poor Madame de la Motte?"

The

The moment theſe words vibrated in my ear, they were like an electrical ſhock, and ſuſpended for a moment the natural functions. Unable to ſuſtain myſelf, my legs bowed under me; I tottered, and ſunk into a chair. The keeper of the Concierge, when I was a little recovered from the firſt impreſſions, which were too ſtrong to make any long continuance, conducted me to my apartment, aſſiſted by his ſon, where having left me for a few minutes, poſſibly with a view of gaining authentic information of the definitive ſentence of that court, which arrogated to itſelf the appellation of juſtice, they ſoon after both returned, and I deſired Hubert, who appeared ſurprized and concerned, to inform me truly of the event. But neither of them appeared ſcarce capable of uttering a word, the color ſeemingly vaniſhed from their cheeks. I had much difficulty to aſſume an air of indifference, the better to induce them to declare the truth.—Alas! melancholy intelligence! "The Cardinal," ſaid they, "is out of court, and delivered from further proceſs; Caglioſtro and Oliva are the ſame; Vilette, Madam, is baniſhed, as well as you."—"For how long?"—"I believe for three years, but every body blames the Judges. We think there will

will be ſome alteration. The Cardinal had but one voice more for him, about an hour before the concluſion; but they have caballed amongſt themſelves, and he had three."

I firmly believed the information the Concierge had given me, but could not poſſibly reſtrain my indignation, which was to them ſufficiently apparent. About eleven I retired to my chamber. Oh, what an agonizing night I paſſed! Diſgrace and infamy appeared to my diſtracted imagination; terrors crowded upon me, and my ideas were in a chaos of deſpair; but yet a gleam of hope ſeemed to break in, and lull with a deceitful calm thoſe perturbations which almoſt overwhelmed my reaſon.—I have ſuffered deeply for the Queen, thought I; ſhe is conſcious of my ſufferings; ſhe will aſſuredly ſtep in, and reſcue me from that diſgrace which threatens me: my reſpect, my attachment to her, will plead in my favor; ſhe will never ſuffer me to be ſacrificed!—I cheered myſelf under this hope: I relied upon the Queen. "I ſhall always have my liberty; I can write to her Majeſty, and give an account of what has paſſed. I can make known my ſufferings; or, if ſhe will not liſten, if ſhe indeed deceives

me, I have only to relate them to the public, and I ſhall be revenged."—It was this hope of being at liberty to addreſs the public, to make my innocence conſpicuous, that buoyed me up under the oppreſſion of thoſe frightful imaginations, which would otherwiſe have haunted me with unceaſing perſecution; it is in this hope that I yet rejoice.—Protector of the righteous cauſe! I thank thee thou haſt given me reſolution to attempt, and perſeverance to make this progreſs, in the line of my defence.

In the morning, the keeper's wife came to make enquiries reſpecting my health, and to conſole me in my preſent ſituation. I did not appear to her very ſorrowful, nor much affected, neither did I ever ſpeak afterwards of any thing relative to this buſineſs. I breakfaſted in her apartment, where I paſſed the day in a pleaſing tranquillity; and the ſucceeding one many ladies and gentlemen came to viſit me, who informed me, that it was generally believed judgment would not take place.

About ſeven the ſame evening the keeper's wife came to me, and with an air of much regret informed me, that ſhe came to receive orders;

ders; that I muſt hold myſelf in readineſs to depart, and return to the Baſtile.—At theſe words I turned pale: I was ſtruck with horror. "Merciful heaven!" exclaimed I, "what will become of me!—I am certainly deſtined for deſtruction!"—I knew not what I ſaid.

While the keeper's wife was teſtifying her regret at being obliged to part with me, a voiture ſtopped at the door. "Oh, Madam Counteſs!" exclaimed ſhe, "it is you whom theſe gentlemen are come to fetch."—While we were on the middle of the ſtair-caſe, one of them called her; ſhe went down, and returned in about a quarter of an hour after.—"Theſe gentlemen have brought back Mademoiſelle Oliva," exclaimed ſhe, pleaſed at her diſappointment. "The Governor has no orders to receive any body. After ſome reſiſtance on the part of the huiſſiers, M. de Launay, who was himſelf there, informed them that he had received no orders, and that he could neither receive one nor the other."

I was in no ſmall degree pleaſed at this intelligence. The very name of the Baſtile made me tremble. I was delighted at the idea of the

order

order being countermanded, and pleaſed myſelf with the hope that in a few days I ſhould be free. I formed plans of ſelling my houſe and furniture, and departing for England, from whence I might write to the Queen, and if I had not a favorable anſwer, I might then ſubmit my cauſe to the public.—Thus fallaciouſly did I reaſon, unconſcious of the future, ignorant of what diſgrace, what infamy, what barbarity I was to experience.

Day after day paſſed on in giddy indifference, in thoughtleſs vivacity. Conſtantly ſurrounded by company, in a houſe ſo pleaſantly ſituated, ſo agreeable, the occupiers all ſolicitous to pleaſe me—all theſe things contributed to render pleaſing thoſe moments, which, if left to myſelf, would have limped tediouſly away. I ſcarce reflected on my ſituation; I anticipated no future puniſhment; but what did not a little ſurprize me was, that I never ſaw M. Doillot. I thought this circumſtance very extraordinary:—when I wrote to him, his anſwers were unſatisfactory, and very far from conſoling me under my unhappy ſituation, yet he appeared to hope, and two words tended to compoſe me.—I recalled my fortitude; I ſummoned up all my

wonted

wonted ſpirits, and I became quite giddy, careleſs, and indifferent. I amuſed myſelf with the Concierge, her huſband, ſon, and all their acquaintance, who found me very ſociably inclined, and ſtrove to amuſe me for the fortnight I reſided in that priſon.

The name of M. Doillot was once brought up at table, when they ſpoke about the proceſs. This raiſed my indignation, and I expreſſed myſelf with all the warmth of oppreſſed innocence ſtriving to combat oppreſſion, and inveighed forcibly againſt the parliament. Remembering what had paſſed during the confrontations, I was excited to expatiate largely upon the injuries I had received, upon the partiality and injuſtice of my judges; in fine, upon the conduct of thoſe who ought to have protected me, ſince my ſufferings were occaſioned from too great an attachment to their intereſt, from too ſtrong a deſire of concealing the enormity of their crimes —thoſe crimes for which I ſuffered.—Hubert, the keeper of the Conciergerie, endeavored to calm the agitations of a mind that could not be unmoved by the ſentence of oppreſſion; he deſired me to compoſe myſelf, to be calm, to be patient. This was indeed the advice of a cool diſin-

diſintereſted ſpectator; it was indeed the advice of a philoſopher. But when that ſtring was touched upon, my ideas ſucceeded in too rapid a ſucceſſion to give me time to philoſophize: I acted frequently from an immediate momentary impulſe. In vain did Hubert beg me to be calm, and compoſe myſelf, aſſuring me that, from what he had heard, he had great reaſon to believe that I ſhould not be long in confinement, "as it is generally underſtood," ſaid he, "that the King will ſend you into a convent by *lettre de cachet*; but perhaps M. Doillot will make ſuch a memorial as will tend to prevent that: and this, I believe, is the reaſon why you ſee him ſo ſeldom, he being fully engaged in your affairs at his own houſe."

This account, which was intended to pacify, was attended with a quite contrary effect.—The word *lettre de cachet* is a ſound too well known in France, and excites the moſt poignant aſſociation of ideas. The word, *lettre de cachet*, rouſed me—the idea made me mad—I knew not what I did—I threw the knives and plates from the table into the air. The good people, who obſerved my agitation, trembled for the conſe-

quences.

quences.—In vain did they endeavor to render me more tranquil—my fury was not to be talked away—it was an impetuous ſtorm that was not to ſubſide ſo ſoon. I flew from my ſeat, ruſhed towards the cloſet, the door of which was open, and ſeizing a Dutch china mug, ſtruck it againſt my head, with an intention of terminating my exiſtence. I effected a conſiderable wound and ſeveral contuſions in my head with this inſtrument, which was too weak immediately to deſtroy me, before it could be wreſted from my hands. "Better," exclaimed I, "and much more eligible is inſtantaneous death, than to be immured and pine away where it will not be in my power to declare my wrongs!" I was covered with blood, and a moſt violent convulſion ſucceeded to this paroxyſm of paſſion, which continued very violently for three hours. As ſoon as it was abated, I was conveyed to my chamber, while my tears flowed inceſſantly. This night was, indeed, moſt miſerable—a thouſand ghaſtly phantoms were conjured up by fear, to torment and harraſs me—through that dark medium I looked at futurity, and every object was magnified by deſpair.

As

As it was thought unſafe to leave me to myſelf, I had two perſons ſtationed to watch me, who were both particularly charged not to ſuffer any pot or knife to come into my chamber—in ſhort, nothing that could expoſe me to the danger of effecting my deſtruction. I was confined a week to my room, during which time many of the keeper's friends came to viſit and bear me company. The keeper's wife, who had been extremely terrified, obliged me to give her my word of honor that I would, in future, be more calm—"for," added ſhe, "what my huſband told you is not certain—it is only hearſay;" of which, ſhe remarked, ſhe was now fully convinced to the contrary—and, the better to ſtrengthen my hopes, ſhe brought me a letter from M. Doillot, which intreated me to be patient, informing me that he had an appointment that ſame day, with the Baron de Breteuil, and hoped to ſee me the day following. This letter tended to render me more calm, and I dined in the ſame apartment with the keeper's wife.—She expreſſed her aſtoniſhment how the public became acquainted with what had paſſed, and endeavored, as much as poſſible, to prevent the attorney-general, M. de Fleury, and the firſt

preſident, from coming to the knowledge of it through the channel of public report.

The day after, M. Doillot, by the window, brought a letter, which I conceived was calculated for the expreſs purpoſe of rendering me more calm. He appeared diſguiſed as a countryman, but could not ſtay a minute, as his carriage and family waited for him. The contents of this letter were, that he had ſeen the Baron de Breteuil, at Verſailles, and was very well ſatisfied with that interview. "Compoſe yourſelf," added he. "He has ſent me to wait upon the Keeper of the Seals. He is now at Paris—but I ſhall ſee him one of theſe days." Two days after, he ſent me another letter, informing me, that he had received no anſwer—"But that," continued he, "is of no conſequence—be calm and compoſe yourſelf."—The keeper's wife brought me theſe letters, which were all unſealed, as well as thoſe which I ſent to him. She read them every one before they were put into the poſt, and queſtioned me as to the meaning of different expreſſions, which M. Doillot made uſe of in ſeveral parts of his letters. "I don't know," ſaid I, "I ſee nothing myſterious."

myſterious." "But," rejoined ſhe, "I will not mention that to ſome people, leſt they ſhould prohibit me from giving you his letters.—But has he no hopes that the Queen will come forward in your favor? Such is, at leaſt, the general report throughout all Paris, where many perſons of the beſt intelligence believe, that ſhe will not ſuffer the judgment to ſtand, which will certainly be the caſe."

I did not much endeavor to ſcrutinize narrowly thoſe expreſſions of the keeper's wife, but could not help making ſome diſagreeable reflections upon not ſeeing M. Doillot for ſo long a time, and was thereby induced to believe that what the Concierge had himſelf ſaid was nearly the truth. From theſe melancholy reflections I became quite recluſe, and no more amuſed myſelf with ſeeing company. I communicated my intentions to the keeper's wife, for whom I had a great reſpect. She ſtill endeavored to eradicate the fears I expreſſed relative to the *lettre de cachet*, which ſhe repreſented as having no foundation. "But why then," interrogated I, "am I detained here?—Who is it that detains me?—It is not the parliament, ſince they have ſentenced me to the Baſtile. It is, therefore, clear, that I am not

kept here by them,—nor can I help fearing that a *lettre de cachet* is certainly iſſued." I muſt here alſo remark that I had written to the attorney-general, to demand of him the reaſon of my being detained in the Conciergerie, ſince I was condemned to exile? "Why then am I not ſuffered to go from the Conciergerie?" ſuggeſting, that I had left my houſe at Bar ſur Aube entirely at the diſcretion of my domeſtics, and that I ſhould be glad to go thither, and from thence, after arranging my affairs, to depart for London. This letter was entruſted to the care of the keeper's wife, who informed me that ſhe had delivered it to the attorney-general whoſe anſwer was, that he could do nothing ſingly—that M. d'Aligre was in the country—but that he would ſee him.

One day, in converſation with the Concierge, I enquired if any perſon belonging to the parliament would inform me that I was ſentenced to exile; how that ſentence would be pronounced; and the mode in which I ſhould be apprized of it? Hubert anſwered me, that it would be by one of the Greffiers, either Fremyn or Breton. "One of theſe," continued he, "will come and read it to you."

I had

I had many times ſpoken to the Concierge concerning the manner in which I ſhould behave at the reading of this odious ſentence; that, if the Greffier came to read it, I would ſnatch it away, and tear it to pieces. Alas! how great was my error! I was very far from expecting the leaſt additional puniſhment: I thought the Judges extremely unjuſt, in the ſimple ſentence of baniſhment alone.—But was this all? Alas! no. A puniſhment far more dreadful awaited me—a puniſhment of which I was not yet apprized; for, if it had been in my power to prevent it, I ſhould not have ſurvived the day of my diſhonor: I ſhould rather have ruſhed out of an exiſtence, which, ſince the day of my diſgrace, has daily become more intolerable. The moment in which my diſtruſt originated, was, when I was prohibited from ſeeing my counſel, and that I was continually alarmed, and conſtantly in fearful expectation of the *lettre de cachet*. I could not conceal my fears: my ſuſpicions appeared both in my countenance and conduct.

The people of the Conciergerie uſed to go to bed at an early hour, leaving me with their eldeſt ſon; they frequently retired without bid-

ding me good night, fearing probably leſt that ſhould induce me to go to bed ſooner than I wiſhed. "Where," ſaid I to the boy, "where is your father and mother?" "They are in their chamber," anſwered he. "Let them alone, and let us play at cards." Sometimes we were ſeated upon one of the windows which looked into the court, to take the air--at other times I went into their chamber, where they were in bed. "Oh, how idle you are!" ſaid I to them—"that you have ſtole to bed without bidding me good-night." Then embracing Madame Hubert, after having converſed with them a little, I left them to go to bed myſelf. It was frequently after twelve, when the young man, in conducting me back, ſtopped to ſee Le Slapin, which was on the other ſide of the houſe, under the great ſtair-caſe, ſhut up by a grate, and left me at the gate oppoſite the entrance of the court-yard, from whence there was but another gate leading to the ſtreet—but what is much more remarkable, the Abbé De Criume, if at this diſtance of time I am accurate in the recollection of the man, a ſcholar and a perſon of general information, who had alſo improved himſelf much by travel, came to the houſe of the Conciergé, with whom he appear-

ed

ed very intimate. He was pleaſed to be particularly polite, and appeared peculiarly to direct his diſcourſe to me. The keeper's wife aſked him to do as we did, to eat a ſimnel and drink a glaſs of beer. He accepted the offer. "This lady," ſaid Madame Hubert, "is particularly fond of cyder. I remember you had ſome very good laſt year." "I will, with the greateſt pleaſure, ſend the lady a few bottles," replied the Abbé politely.

He was as good as his word, and the next morning ſent two dozen of cyder. About ſeven the ſame evening he came himſelf to taſte it.—There were only us three in company.—"I don't like the conſtruction of your apartment," ſaid the Abbé. "I mean thoſe enormous bars of iron, which forms a grate before your windows; and, as I have before obſerved, if there ſhould be a fire here at any time, how could you poſſibly ſave yourſelves?" "Very true," replied M. Hubert, who went to a cheſt of drawers, ſtanding againſt the wall near the chimney, from whence ſhe brought a ſmall round baſket, where the key was—"but there is no danger," ſaid ſhe, "for I always leave this here." The Abbé took the key, unlocked the

iron grate before the window, and took it out again when it was open. M. Hubert then put it back into the ſame baſket, and in the ſame drawer, which always remained open. "You ſee, ladies, that this grate being open affords you more air," obſerved the Abbé. The next morning I found them all open, as well as the two pieces that ſecured the parlour, which the evening before I had ſhut myſelf, before I went to my chamber within the priſon. M. Hubert, finding theſe grates ſhut, enquired one day of her ſon who had ſhut them? "It was the lady," replied he. "Hubert," ſaid ſhe, "I deſire you to take notice that you muſt not give the lady ſo much trouble. We are not at all afraid."

Had I been guilty of the crime with which I was unjuſtly charged—had I anticipated any future puniſhment, ſhould I not have availed myſelf of all thoſe means which were in my power, and I have every reaſon to believe they were intended for that purpoſe—to make my eſcape. But I was innocent—in conſequence of which I could not ſee—I could not hear—I was deaf—I was blind—otherwiſe I ſhould not have continued where I was, when my deliverance might have been ſo eaſily accompliſhed.

Alas

Alas! how many tears—tears more bitter than even gall itſelf—tears that deluge a cheek glowing with the indignant bluſh, which riſes inſtantaneouſly at the recollection of the indignities I ſuffered—indignities which I could never bring my tongue to relate—which my reluctant pen trembles to communicate, while I ——— but I muſt proceed to record my diſgrace: diſgrace! ah, no! let me rather ſay my misfortune. And why ſhould I be aſhamed of being unfortunate? Why ſhould I not rather conſole myſelf under the reflection, that I have not merited what I have ſuffered from the oppreſſion of my enemies, who, like the Manichæan God, are only powerful to deſtroy? In relating their barbarities—in recording my ſufferings, I attend not to the elegance of diction. I am not writing a finiſhed work for critical inſpection. I labor not to adorn the page with theſe elegancies of expreſſion which maturer judgment might dictate, the genuine ſimplicity of nature needs no ornament to affect the heart. Alas! ſo far from improving in my ſtyle as I advance, I fear my expreſſions will be more incoherent, and my diction more inelegant, ſince as I advance in my narration, my miſeries become more complicated, more poignant, and tend to impair

thoſe

thoſe faculties which might enable me to give a more animated picture of ſufferings, which have undermined the powers of expreſſion. Alas! could but my language keep pace with my woes —could it even equal my ſenſations, I would boldly ſtep forward and challenge the minuteſt inſpection of criticiſm—as it is, I requeſt that indulgence, to which my ſituation entitles me, from the humane, who, conſidering the overwhelming griefs of an unfortunate female, will treat her as an object of compaſſionate regard.

On the eighteenth I was quite in deſpair—in a ſtate of agitation difficult to deſcribe. I demanded why they refuſed to let me ſee M. Doillot, which I conceived was very extraordinary, particularly as I was viſited by ſo large a company, and moſt of them ſtrangers? I begged the keeper's ſon to purchaſe me ſome paper for a memoir, and retired into my chamber, where I firſt wrote a packet addreſſed to the King, and a letter to the Baron de Breteuil.

In that deſigned for the King, I repreſented, "That I threw myſelf at the feet of his auguſt Majeſty, and ſupplicated that he would hear me ſpeak for myſelf—that I was perſuaded he had been

been deceived—they had impoſed upon his conſcience, in making me appear guilty in his eyes—intreating him that he would vouchſafe to hear my complaints—that I had no parent, no friend, whom I could charge to kneel at his feet and repreſent my innocence—only that I merited his attention, if I might be permitted to uſe the ſuggeſtion, as allied to Royal blood. Yes, Sire, I am at this inſtant going to write, and I hope that M. de Breteuil, your Miniſter, will ſerve me with your Majeſty, as an advocate, and lay before you an exact repreſentation of the intrigues which are practiſing againſt

"Your ſervant,

"COUNTESS DE VALOIS DE LA MOTTE."

June 18, 1786.

The nineteenth and the twentieth following, I employed myſelf in writing, though I was at that time much fitter to keep my bed.

At length then the twenty-firſt arrived, that eventful day, which will live in my remembrance

brance as long as memory itſelf ſhall live—that day, the moſt accurſed in the calendar of my misfortunes!—that day ———

One of the gaolers came to my chamber, and told me he came from M. Doillot, "who," ſaid this deceiver, "is now in the Greffe, and deſires to ſee you, as he is going immediately into the country, which is the reaſon why he comes ſo early in the morning." "I am very ſorry," replied I, "but I have really paſſed ſo bad a night, and am ſo very weak, that it will not be poſſible for me to ſee him to-day—beg the favor of him to come ſome other day. To-day I am ſure—but I ſhall not have ſufficient reſolution to ſpeak to him." "It is only, Madam, to read you a letter which he has received from Verſailles. I really believe that he is commanded to wait on you. It will be very unneceſſary for you to regard your dreſs, becauſe he is in ſo great a hurry." Theſe laſt words intereſted me much—my curioſity was greatly excited, and I was eager to know from whom M. Doillot had received that letter, and what were its contents. I conjectured that it muſt be from the Queen. My curioſity gave me ſtrength to riſe from my bed. I threw on haſtily a morning dreſs,

dreſs, and followed this impoſtor, who made me deſcend a ſmall ſtair-caſe, which I uſed to paſs every morning to go to the houſe of the Concierge. He went before me, and entered firſt. I puſhed the door from me to get through, which I had ſcarce half effected, when I found the door forcibly puſhed to by a perſon on the other ſide, with as much violence as if they wiſhed to ſecure an ox whom they were fearful would eſcape. A perſon then immediately ſeized me by the right arm, and dragged me into the Greffe, where another laid hold of my other arm, and bound me faſt.

During this odious and inhuman treatment, I exclaimed—Alas! what did I exclaim?—I ſcarce remember what. The firſt thing I obſerved was the Huiſſier Breton holding ſome papers in his hand, which I conceived, as the Concierge had told me, would be read, announcing my pretended exile. "No, certainly," ſaid I to Breton, "I will not endure to hear ſo unjuſt a ſentence—nor fall upon my knees to receive the condemnation of an iniquitous cabal, predetermined to ſacrifice me."—A great number of ſtrange perſons were preſent, many of whom ſeized me rudely round the waiſt,

and

and others by the legs, to oblige me to kneel down—but, not being able to ſucceed, they held me ſuſpended at a diſtance from the earth. While I was in this poſture, the Huiſſier read my ſentence, but the cries I made almoſt drowned his voice.

Overpowered by ſuperior ſtrength, my reſiſtance became more feeble—and, in this condition, I was dragged to the place where the ſacrifice was to be completed. Weary and faint—exhauſted by my cries, and the ineffectual ſtruggles I had already made, intreating thoſe around me to revenge the innocent, and the blood of their good King Henry II. I at length loſt all ſenſe of reaſon. I could ſee nothing—I could feel nothing, which could ſerve to ſhew me what they intended to do. After this, they ſtowed me in the bottom of a coach, ſhut up on all ſides, and conducted me to the Salpetriere, where, quite ſenſeleſs—[I muſt report faithfully, for the ſatisfaction of my readers, the account given by Madam Robin herſelf, called Siſter Victoire, ſuperior general of the hoſpital, a very reputable woman, ſixty years of age, to a perſon who curiouſly enquired into the ſubject.]

" As

" As ſoon as Madame de la Motte arrived," ſaid ſhe, " ſhe was put into the Bureau, where all our priſoners are enrolled before they are ſent to their ſeveral priſons. Here the poor lady remained near three quarters of an hour, apparently without any knowledge of what paſſed, totally inſenſible. A little after ſhe came to herſelf, I begged her to ſearch her pockets, and to take her ear-rings. She preſented to me her right ear—ſhe could not ſpeak, and ſhe was ſo disfigured, that her ſhape ſcarce appeared to be human—yet ſhe ſeemed patient as a lamb going to the fold. The Huiſſiers then crammed her into the ſame hackney-coach, and conveyed her to the hall of the Salpetriere. Before ſhe entered the interior part, ſhe was taken extremely ill, and we thought ſhe would never recover. We all felt very much for her ſituation, and unanimouſly believed that this was the laſt hour of her life. We ſeized the firſt moment when ſhe appeared to be a little recovering, and cauſed her to be placed, by ſome of the ſiſters, in a bed one of the priſoners had given her, which was fortunate for Madame de la Motte,—for, if ſhe had not given her this bed, the poor lady would have been under the neceſſity of laying in a bed with ſix of the poor old women,

full of vermin, and diſorders of wretchedneſs. I have alſo to add," continued ſhe, "that every thing which I had done was by the orders of the Huiſſier de la Chaine, for it is not in the order of our conſtitution to ſearch the pockets of the priſoners. I then aſked Madame de la Motte, a moment after ſhe was in her bed, if ſhe had not reaſon to complain? and in ſhewing her a petticoat of grey woolen, which was upon her bed. 'That, Madam,' ſaid I, 'is the only dreſs 'that you can have: it is the habit of the houſe;' to which this unfortunate lady replied nothing, but caſt her eyes upon an image by her bed-ſide, the crucifix of our bleſſed Saviour—and, claſping her hands together, I ſaw that ſhe was deſirous to ſpeak, but could not. Her tongue and lips were ſo ſwelled that ſhe was unable to utter a word. The manner in which ſhe was treated was told me by the Huiſſiers and M. Breton, who were waiting for me at two paces from the chamber of Madame de la Motte, and I have told them what ſince paſſed relative to that unfortunate lady, for which they thanked me, and appeared intereſted in my narration."

Such was the relation of Madame Victoire, during the time in which I continued inſenſible.

The

The next day a number of girls, habited in the dreſs of daughters of Charity, which we have in all pariſhes, came to viſit me in crouds; they appeared, and diſappeared, like lightning. The officiating ſiſter, Genevieve, whom I ſhall never forget, conducted me to a ſmall court to take the air, and left me to return to her buſineſs. I was ſcarcely ſeated, when I ſaw a very great number of poor women coming out of a gate into this ſame court, making a moſt dreadful clattering with their wooden ſhoes. As ſoon as they ſaw me, they exclaimed, "Oh! there ſhe is; there is the lady in the court."—Theſe poor creatures, whoſe appearance ſpoke a variety of wretchedneſs, approached, and invited me to ſee the place deſtined for my reception, adding, that I ſhould find myſelf amongſt good people, who would take great care of me. "Come, good lady," ſaid one of them, "come and ſee us."—Alas! I then knew not where I was, nor what could be this troop of misfortunes which now aſſailed me in a form ſo new. Alas! I had indeed miſeries in the moſt painful variety. I was unable to make any anſwer. I opened my eyes, and looked all round me, as if I had been quite in a ſtate of ſuperannuated dotage, or childiſh inſenſibility, incapable of perceiving my

real ſituation. Some of theſe women took me by the arm, and led me into a place which they call the Dormitory, the place where they ſleep, and where they work. I had no ſooner entered the door of this infernal manſion, than I recoiled with terror; but there were many women behind, who prevented me from running back, otherwiſe I ſhould have fallen. My horror at ſight of this hall, containing one hundred and twenty-ſeven women, whoſe wretchedneſs may more eaſily be imagined than deſcribed.—Good God! aid me by thy bounties, and give me reſolution to retrace my own diſgrace!—Unfortunate Valois! what, wouldſt thou not intereſt the ſenſibility of the public, who are naturally ſo good, ſo humane?

I ſhrunk back at the ſight of this hideous ſpectacle, while the big tear rolled down my cheeks, and, with a voice ſtifled by the effect of grief, I ſaid, like a child inſenſible to what paſſed around me, "Poor Valois! oh, poor Valois!"—This was all I was capable of uttering: they could not get out of me any other expreſſion. I loſt all my ſenſes, and remained in this pitiful condition, in this ſituation, at once mingled with apprehenſion and diſmay,

till the Wedneſday following, when, by the intreaties of many ſiſters, I was induced to riſe; and about three in the afternoon the Superior General of the hoſpital came towards me, as I was lying in an infamous dungeon, which continued for eleven months to be my chamber. She engaged me to accompany her. "Come along with me, and have patience, my dear lady! Truſt every thing to Providence. God will come to your relief. Come along with me, and, Madam, you will immediately find ſufficient proof that God does not abandon the innocent!"—I did all that the good and virtuous Superior wiſhed me: I followed her, and arrived at the apartment of the Superior of this Salpetriere, who was abſent. She preſented me to a venerable old man, whoſe air and manners prevented the leaſt agitation. "Behold there, my dear, the moſt religious of fathers, whom propitious Providence has ſent to be your conſolation."—This gentleman, whoſe memory I ſhall cheriſh till my death, is called M. Tillet. From the firſt moment, he endeavored to inſpire me with confidence: he told me that he came from the town of Troyes, in Champaigne, where he had had occaſion to ſee the family of Valois, for whom he profeſſed great eſteem;

that he had learnt my misfortunes upon his arrival at Paris, and that he felt himself affected.

We then entered into a discourse adapted to my circumstances and situation, and he strongly inculcated patience—after which, he made me the most obliging offers to provide for all my necessary occasions, and begged permission to come frequently to see me. I assured him that I should always be glad to receive him—at the same time I took occasion to inform him, that, if the lively interest he expressed for my concerns was occasioned by the respect he had for the family at Troyes, he was mistaken—that I was no relation of theirs, and convinced him of this from the report of M. d'Ozier de Savigny, who had granted my pedigree, but that this family was capable of tracing their alliance. M. Tillet answered me, "That it was no matter.—It is the same thing, Madam," continued he—"you are unfortunate, and that single circumstance entitles you to my protection. First ideas are not altered," said that venerable old man, at the same bathing my hands with his tears, and from this moment I stiled him my father.

On

On the Monday he returned again, and I had an interview with him, in the preſence of the two ſuperiors. He careſſed me as much as if I had been his daughter. In the courſe of converſation he touched upon my affairs, at which I could not help growing warm, and anſwered him ſharply, that the Queen was to blame.—"She ought," added I, "to be in my place, ſince I have been her confidant, and but too much attached to her intereſt." M. Tillet replied to calm me.

This good old man gave me money to buy victuals, part of which I generally gave to ſix women, who were all very old and very poor—ſome of them more than ſeventy years of age, and the others nearly as much. They had been confined more than forty years in this odious priſon, every day living in hope of being liberated, and in conſtant expectation that they ſhould not end their days in ſo odious an habitation. It was this hope that made them ſuſtain with more patience this horrible confinement. I deſcended a ſecond time into this hall, where I was obliged ſometimes to appear, ſince I was condemned to die there. When I was ſeated in the midſt of this aſſembly, they all appeared

greatly affected at ſeeing me, and obſerved a ſtill ſilence. As for me, I ſaid not a word, but my appearance ſo ſimple, ſo unaffected, did not eſcape their notice. Tears—big tears dropped copiouſly from my eyes—the women perceived it, drew near, and addreſſed me in terms, which, in my ſituation, was no great conſolation.—"Ah, good lady! how do you do?" ſaid they. "Without doubt you are uneaſy. It is very hard for you to be amongſt us—but you need not be under any fear from our reproach, for we are all more or leſs guilty, and we are all under puniſhment for our crimes, therefore we are all upon a footing, and cannot reproach you." "Mighty God! what words were theſe! How keener than the dagger's point—more venemous than the ſerpent's tooth:—*We are all culpable, and cannot reproach you.* Alas! Heaven have mercy upon thee, innocent and unfortunate Valois!"—My tears at that time ran copiouſly down, and I fell into a ſtate of deſpair. I was even in a ſtate of delirium—I raved—I tore my hair—and, the moment I could get my hands at liberty, I gave myſelf ſeveral blows on the breaſt and on the temples—in fine, whereever I could, to put an end to my miſerable exiſtence. "Oh, good God!" exclaimed I,

"what

" what have I then done? Suffer me rather to die than thus to languiſh out a miſerable exiſtence with thoſe criminals, who could compare me with them in point of criminality?" This continued to abſorb all my ideas—with ſuch company, and with ſuch an horrible place before my eyes. Theſe women, who acknowledged themſelves guilty, might ſupport their puniſhment with greater patience than I, who was innocent and guiltleſs of any crime. They were, indeed, more circumſpect, in future, in what they ſaid reſpecting me. But it is neceſſary that I ſhould give the reader ſome few traits of this houſe of penance and its inhabitants.

It will be extremely difficult for me to paint the horrors of this dreadful manſion—every effort is inadequate to give, with ſufficient ſtrength of coloring, the interior deſcription of this houſe of horror, and the wretched inhabitants—for thoſe who have, indeed, been guilty of the crimes for which they are puniſhed, they could not ſuffer—but thoſe who are not, ſay, as they had ſo ſtrong an example, that thoſe who are really innocent have frequently been abuſed and ill-treated by the guilty—ſo that when any new priſoner comes amongſt them,

they endeavor to teach them their leſſons, and one would be led to imagine, from their conduct and behaviour, that theſe women had been reared in the foreſts, for they were almoſt as wild and ſavage as tygers, having always in their hands either ſtones, bottles, or chairs, ready to throw at the head of any that diſpleaſed them. Every day teemed with new ſquabbles, and they frequently fought, and would ſometimes beat one another almoſt to death. A virtuous and quiet woman ſtood but a very bad chance, encompaſſed by theſe furies—the lamb would have met more mercy from the wolf. If, however well inclined ſhe might have been at her entrance, ſhe did not ſoon aſſimilate herſelf to the conduct and manners of thoſe wretches about her—if ſhe was not ſoon as bad as her neighbours, ſhe would ſoon have been deſtroyed by thoſe harpies, unleſs ſome charitable perſons, inclined to pity, ſhould take her under their protection, and prevent their outrage. This priſon was a ſeminary of vice and depravity, even too ſhocking to mention—and, inſtead of a houſe for the ſalutary correction of their ſouls, may more juſtly be denominated the place of their deſtruction. When the rector of this houſe aſked me, the ſecond time I went

to

to confeſs, if I had not been already a witneſs to, and offended at what I ſaw paſſing among the creatures, (whom, for the credit of the ſex, I will not term women; nor inſult the dignity of human nature, by claſſing them among human beings).—I did not at firſt comprehend his queſtion, and anſwered him, as underſtanding that he only ſpoke of their quarrelling and fighting. "No," replied he; "I ſpeak of the ſin of the houſe." After this explanation, I did not comprehend it better—but, at my return, I ſoon made myſelf acquainted, becauſe I wiſhed to inform the rector truly. "Oh, horrible!" ſaid I to myſelf, "and ſhame to the government that ſuffers ſuch a priſon to exiſt. Siſter Martha communicated my aſtoniſhment to M. Tillet, for he is alſo well informed what all thoſe who inhabit this priſon have ſaid concerning the dreadful debauchery of this houſe.

M. Tillet was not leſs indignant than I was at what ſhe told him, and had the prudence, or rather the delicacy, to drop the converſation. It is very true that I did not here reſtrain my tongue from ſpeaking of the abuſe which I was daily a witneſs to, and I had much leſs reaſon to ſpare my reprehenſions, ſince I had the fulleſt

conviction

conviction that in England they managed ſo much better, and I uſed frequently to remark, that the government of France would ſhew their wiſdom in imitating the Engliſh in their priſons and priſoners—for, perhaps, added they, in the ſame people's habitation, there would be much fewer crimes, if there were better regulations in places of confinement and houſes of correction, by making them uſeful either to themſelves or the community—but in the Salpetriere, which deſerves reprobation, the priſoners are good for nothing, but a burthen to the King and the public, and a diſgrace to their friends. Scarce a minute paſſes in the day but they uſe the moſt horrid oaths, calling upon the ſacred name of a long-ſuffering God, and venting the moſt bitter imprecations againſt their judges. This horrid manſion is not an improper reſemblance of the infernal abodes, peopled by malignant ſpirits, who torment and prey upon each other. It is their continual cry to every perſon who approaches this houſe—"Oh, that our King would give us," ſay they, "our time!—that he would ſend us into the uninhabited towns!—We ſhould find ourſelves then happy.—We ſhould pray for him." When theſe miſerable creatures read, in the Gazette de

France,

France, the article relative to the tranſportation of Engliſh priſoners to Botany-bay, they were ſcarce able to contain themſelves—they wept, they ſighed, and were quite in deſpair. They gave a thouſand benedictions to the King of England, and to all who had eſtabliſhed ſuch good laws—but they are perſuaded that their own good King is ignorant of all theſe evils that they complain of, and that, if he could really come to the knowledge of their ſufferings, he would not fail to relieve them. It is in this perſuaſion that they live, and all their packets are conſtantly addreſſed to the King. It ſeems they feel a pleaſure even in pronouncing his very name. They ſay, their heart tells them that he is a good King, and that they want nothing but ſome good friend to acquaint their Sovereign, and their grievances would immediately be remedied.

If my ſex did not reſtrain me, relative to the enormities which paſſed in this priſon, I could ſpeak what would ſtrike all my readers with aſtoniſhment and horror, but delicacy forbids the communication which would wound the ear of modeſty to mention—I am, however, warranted in the remark, that, inſtead of a houſe of correction

rection to diminiſh crimes, this place may be properly termed a ſeminary for their propagation, the multiplication of vices of every ſpecies, and the blackeſt degrees of enormity.

To ſatisfy the curioſity of ſome of my readers, I will attempt to give a deſcription of this abode of horrors—I ſay, I will attempt to deſcribe, for it is impoſſible to give an adequate deſcription. The entrance is by a very ſmall court, about twenty feet broad and forty-four in length.—Oppoſite the entering doors are ſeven dark cabins under a gallery, built upon pilaſters.—Cabins, or rather dungeons, are, in general, between five and ſix feet long, and four and an half broad, in each of which is a ſtraw bed, a mattraſs without any furniture, and not ſo much as a ſingle chair withinſide. Thoſe women who come thither and have money may purchaſe theſe cabins of the old priſoners. In each of theſe cabins is a window about a foot and an half ſquare, with no glaſs, but very thick wooden ſhutters, faſtened with maſſy iron bolts. Below theſe doors is another ſmall opening to let the air into theſe cabins. At the bottom of this court, to the right, are four ſtone ſteps, after which is a little paſſage which divides the great

great dormitory from the little court. On the right is a ſmall court leading to the great one, to ſerve as a walk for one hundred and twenty-ſeven females, eighty feet long and near ſixty wide—the walls about ſixty-two feet high. Oppoſite the entering gate of the court leading to the dormitory, is a chamber for one ſiſter, to which there is an aſcent of five ſteps and a little window. Oppoſite the little court is the gate of the dormitory, which is alſo very low. This dormitory is ſixty feet long and thirteen broad—the ceiling fortified with large ſtrong joiſts—the wall round this dormitory is ſtrengthened in the ſame manner. In this dormitory are ſix beds, about five feet in length, compoſed alſo of a truſs of ſtraw, a mattraſs, and two coarſe cloth coverings. Round the bed are benches and ſome chairs—the right ſide of the window is filled with women at work, who have purchaſed theſe places, as I alſo paid for mine—for I had been before obliged to ſit down on the ground in the court, all the places being occupied, which are to the number of forty, all of a row, in which ſituation they may be ſeen very eaſily, having the dark walls before them. The places oppoſite the windows are the moſt eligible. The walls are entirely ſurrounded with thick

planks from one diſtance to another, where they put their victuals. Beneath this dormitory is another, the half of which is below, where there are three or four beds, in a better air than the others. Upon the right of this dormitory is a corridor, three feet broad and about ſeventy-five feet long, in which there are thirteen cabins much the ſame as the firſt, of which I have before ſpoken, which are but low windows, with iron bars—ſo that the miſerable inhabitants have no defence from the inclemency of the ſeaſons, but the rain, wind, hail, and ſnow beats in upon the cabins. By mounting upon the windows you may ſee even to the fourth court, which is called the Court de St. Claire, where there are always a great number of people. Oppoſite the dormitory is a ſmall ſtair-caſe leading to a particular little court, which leads into a ſquare oppoſite to the chapel of this ſame priſon. On the right is the cell of the ſuperior ſiſter Martha. Going out on the right is a court leading to the kitchen, where are three doors to enter the Salpetriere—on both ſides there are porters. As you come from the Salpetriere to go out of the hoſpital there are ſeven courts, and in every court is a great number of porters, and on the left, oppoſite the entering

entering paſſage by the Court St. Claire, are two porticoes leading to the entry of the three gates of the Salpetriere, and there are nine courts to paſs before you can go out of the hoſpital.

This is the moſt accurate deſcription I can give of this infernal abode, where the deſcendant of Henry II. was confined, to expiate the crimes of others. This is the deſcription of that horrid houſe of bondage, where ſhe ſojourned the tedious period of eleven months and ſeventeen days.

The inhabitants of this den have an old petticoat for cloathing, and a gown of coarſe grey cloth, ſtockings of the ſame kind, a coarſe ſhift, a pair of wooden ſhoes, and a cap. They are cloathed in this habit as ſoon as they arrive, and it is cuſtomary for the ſiſter who performs this ceremony to take the apparel of every priſoner, which ſhe puts in a bundle, with the name of the woman, below, and carries it into a place which they call the Magazine. If ever theſe women ſhould be fortunate enough to obtain their pardon, which hardly ever proves to be the caſe, as moſt of them, dead to the world, have no friend to plead their cauſe,—they are then reſtored—

reſtored—but if they die there, which is the moſt probable, they are then divided between four ſiſters of the Salpetriere, including ſiſter Martha, ſuperior—who, beſides what ſhe takes from theſe poor women, at their firſt entrance, finds means to extort and ſcrew from one and the other the little pittance which the ſtate affords, merely for the purpoſe of juſt keeping body and ſoul together. By the regulation of this houſe, every woman is allowed, thrice a week, three ounces of boiled beef—on the other days, about two pennyworth of cheeſe, with fat broth and five quarterns of bread, each day. Such is the regulation allowed for the ſuſtenance of theſe wretches. Their bread is, indeed, given them, but provident ſiſter Martha gives them but one ounce of meat, taking care to appropriate the reſt to her own uſe—and, for the cheeſe, ſhe keeps that to ſell, to realize a little fortune from the morſels wrenched from the jaws of famine, ariſing from the hard hand of labor. It is thus that many of theſe poor creatures, who will not work, are frequently ſtarved to death. It is a very remarkable circumſtance that thoſe females, who before have ſcarce ever had a needle in their hands, are here taught to work in a ſhort time. Some are taught to ſtitch wriſtbands, others to make

make ſhirts, and all kinds of plain work:—but their labors to them are of trifling advantage—they have not that hope of appropriating to their own uſe the reward of their induſtry—they have not that ſmile which chears the countenance of the induſtrious peaſant, amidſt the rougheſt exerciſe of labor—they have not that confidence that they are laboring for themſelves, or relations more dear than themſelves, and that the reward of their labors will be at their own diſpoſal. Every thing is laid up in the hoſpital.—Theſe unfortunate women receive conſiderable donations from charity; I ſay conſiderable, for they would be ſo at the end of the year, but for the interference of ſiſter Martha, who levies her contributions upon them, for the benefit of her own private hoard.—But I will give a picture of this odious woman—how ſhe impoſes upon the unfortunate—how ſhe loads them with yet greater miſery than they have before experienced.

That reverend old man, M. Tillet, whom I have before mentioned, was particularly punctual in his viſits to me. To his generoſity, to his kind attentions, I am particularly indebted. He ordered the governeſs, Rebrin, to give me

a good bed, quilt, &c. all new; after which he ſent into my cabbin the portrait of the penitent Magdalen, a large engraving, with a ſuperb ivory crucifix about ſixteen inches high, which was tied to the head of my bed; the Magdalen was placed in a central ſituation; on the left ſide of the bed was a Bible, a ſmall table, two ſmall chairs, and ſome ſmall pictures which ſerved as tapeſtry. This ſmall cabbin, which formerly inſpired with horror, was now, by the beneficence of M. Tillet, converted into a little chapel, which was admired by all the ſiſters. —Here did I often remain, ruminating on the hardſhips of my ſituation, lamenting the injuſtice of my enemies, and bedewing the pavement with my tears; here too I was often ſorrowful even unto death, ready to give up my laſt ſigh, and reſign my ſoul into the hands of Him that gave it.

In theſe melancholy moments, M. Tillet has frequently afforded me much conſolation: to that reverend man I am indebted for many moments of comfort, for many hours of eaſe, while a ſojourner in this houſe of bondage, and lying under the ſhadow of death. To this kind old man I owe the prolongation of my days; it

was

was through his care, and by his order, that the firſt ſurgeon attended, and brought me medicines; and fearing leſt the other women ſhould be jealous, and treat me ill, in conſequence of his attention to me, he paid them many viſits, and gave them money. They had always the greateſt reſpect for him. One day in particular, when he was there, they threw themſelves at his feet, before ſiſter Martha and the other ſiſters, and exclaimed, "You are indeed, Sir, very reſpectable, very good; you act as father to a lady whom we regard, and who ought not to be amongſt us. Ah! Sir, ſhe ought to be more fortunate! She was not formed to live here; and we have been more miſerable ſince ſhe came, for ſhe has excited our pity."—M. Tillet found it difficult to diſengage himſelf; and the ſcene ſo affected him, that he determined to ſee them no more.

"Never has the Salpetriere," ſays the Leyden Gazette, "received ſo many brilliant viſitors as ſince the confinement of Madame de la Motte; however, very few perſons who have permiſſion to penetrate into this criminal and dreadful houſe of correction, can gratify their curioſity by a ſight of this unfortunate lady.

Sometimes this priſoner ſhuts herſelf up in her cabbin; at other times ſhe ſits down on the ground, with her face ſo concealed as not to be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, particularly as ſhe wears the habit of the houſe.—A few days ago, a lady of the firſt diſtinction, impatient to gratify her curioſity, remonſtrated warmly with her conductreſs ———"

I ſhall not, however, proceed to record what might highly gratify my own vanity, but would be indelicate, as it is ſo much in my favor. Thoſe who are curious to enquire, may peruſe the above in the Leyden Gazette, (*Extract of a letter from Paris, Auguſt* 14.) where they will ſee what I have juſt mentioned, and alſo what follows in that paper, which leans ſo much on my ſide, that I cannot with propriety relate it here.

One day, the poor creatures confined in the Salpetriere having intreated me to write a memoir, expreſſive of their miſery, and how they were treated by the ſiſters, they urged me to give the packet to the firſt company that entered to ſee them. I accordingly wrote two. The firſt company that viſited them was compoſed

poſed of four ladies and two gentlemen, who, having caſt a haſty glance round the Dormitory, were preparing to depart, when one of the oldeſt women watched the opportunity of ſliding one of the packets into the hands of one of the ladies, who expreſſed the greateſt compaſſion for the miſeries of the ſurrounding objects. The old woman took care to make a ſign to the lady to be cautious of the ſiſters; but, notwithſtanding every precaution, one of them obſerved what paſſed.

I ſhould previouſly have remarked that ſiſter Martha, fearful leſt the public ſhould be acquainted with her conduct towards theſe unfortunates, and ſhould make intereſt with his Majeſty to ſcrutinize into her conduct, and remedy thoſe grievances under which they labor, in order as much as poſſible to prevent diſcovery, charges three ſiſters conſtantly to watch the company whom they conduct into this manſion of diſtreſs: towards theſe they have a ſharp eye, that they receive nothing from the poor women, and are particularly careful alſo to hinder their too near approach.—To reſume my narration, this ſiſter communicated to ſiſter Martha the diſcovery ſhe had made, and ſiſter Martha in-

treated the lady to ſend her the paper ſhe had received. The lady aſked her, "Why?" She replied, that ſhe might puniſh thoſe wretches. "Are you then fearful that they ſhould explain their ſituation? I ſhall ſee to that!"—"Oh, ladies," replied ſiſter Martha, "you are not acquainted with the priſoners; they are never contented!"—Such is a picture of the charity one ſiſter has for another—for the unfortunate who are detained here.

Another day, there was a company excited by curioſity to viſit theſe manſions. It was a party of four, two ladies and two gentlemen, who were very much affected by the picture of miſery which preſented itſelf. As they were departing, they met M. Tillet, and in his preſence they each of them gave a louis to ſiſter Martha, for the uſe of theſe poor creatures. This company conſiſted of the Duc de Guigne and the Count d'Oſſman, the Baroneſs du Bourg de Barabe, and the Marchioneſs de Guigny, niece to the Archbiſhop of Paris.—Madam du Bourg requeſted the ſiſter Martha to let me often ſee M. Tillet, who would engage me to patience and hope. "Well," ſaid theſe ladies, "we wiſh to make a viſit in all the cabbins;

ſhe is perhaps ſhut up there."—Siſter Martha, in order to diſſuade them, conducted them herſelf to ſee theſe dungeons, and, while they were employed in viſiting thoſe below, one of the ſiſters came to conduct me into her chamber. Siſter Martha aſſured them, that ſhe did not know where I was; that, as I would abſolutely ſee nobody, I always concealed myſelf whenever any company came. She then ſhewed them one of the darkeſt and narroweſt of theſe dungeons. "There," ſaid ſhe, "ladies and gentlemen, that is the place where ſhe lies." And then ſhewing them a woollen petticoat and a ſhift, "Look at this petticoat and ſhift, ladies; ſhe has no other."—This was to excite the compaſſion of the ladies, and ſiſter Martha had her reaſons for it; the more their ſenſibility was affected, the larger would be their charitable donations; and I ſhall hereafter mention, for the benefit of thoſe unhappy wretches who have long groaned under the oppreſſion of this female tyrant, how much the charitable contributions of the public were miſapplied.—Theſe ladies, not being able to find me, and fatigued with the melancholy horrors which ſurrounded them, returned to the gentlemen, who were waiting below in ſiſter Martha's apartment.—

Madam

Madam du Bourg imagined that, by writing her name, and the names of the company, I might be prevailed upon to ſee them, or at leaſt, added ſhe, in her note, that I would ſee her alone.—I was in ſuch trouble at reading this billet, ſo worn down by reflections on my ſituation, that I could not immediately recollect the name, and returned by ſiſter Genevieve the ſame note. "It is no ſuch thing!" ſaid I. "This perſon has never been my acquaintance; I do not recollect theſe names. This is but a pretext to lead me to yet greater humiliation and diſgrace. But theſe ladies ſhould reflect, that if they were in my ſituation, they would experience far different treatment: I ſhould never wiſh to oppreſs my equals in ſimilar circumſtances."—Theſe ladies replied, when my anſwer was delivered, that nothing was further from their intention; they were much diſappointed, and hurt by my anſwer,

M. Tillet, who quitted this company, came to communicate to me what had paſſed. He told me, with a ſmile of ſatisfaction, which ſpoke the benevolence of his heart, that the company had given four louis, with which he doubted not but the poor women would be very well

well pleaſed. This news alſo gave me great pleaſure, particularly as having been the means of procuring it for them. M. Tillet communicated this before one of the ſiſters, who immediately went to find ſiſter Martha, to whom ſhe recounted what M. Tillet had ſaid. "Oh, what imprudence!" exclaimed ſhe, "when my intention was only to have given theſe vile women but a ſingle louis; it is quite ſufficient for them. How very imprudent M. Tillet has been! however, ſiſter Genevieve, ſince he has been ſo very indiſcreet, charge Madam de la Motte to ſay nothing to the women about what has paſſed, and tell her ſhe ſhall have a louis for herſelf."—"Oh!" exclaimed I, with indignation, "what infamy! Yes, this woman, this baſe woman, is meaner than the very earth ſhe walks on, that ſhe ſhould dare to charge ſiſter Genevieve with ſuch an humiliating commiſſion, which ſhe would not have undertaken, had ſhe not been in fear of ſiſter Martha." She could not, even in her preſence, help ſhewing her indignation, and aſſured her that ſhe would entreat me only, for the reaſons given by ſiſter Martha, to ſay nothing to the women, but that ſhe could never bring herſelf to make me this offer.—Thus had this ſiſter Martha, this worthy

governeſs,

governeſs, the impudence to inſult me with ſuch a degrading offer, which I rejected with diſdain.—But I ſhould weary the patience of my readers, were I to ſtain my page with a catalogue of the iniquities of ſiſter Martha, of which there is every reaſon to believe ſome perſons have had intelligence, how ſhe and the ſiſters have defrauded theſe poor objects of their charity, particularly ſiſter Martha, the governeſs of all, as the directreſs, the prime mover of this ſyſtem of abuſe. I ſay, there is reaſon to ſuſpect that ſome perſons have had ſuſpicions how their donations to the Salpetriere have been miſappropriated, and their charitable purpoſes have been defeated, by the ſiniſter attempts of this ſiſter Martha.—For the honor of the charitable donors, I will record their benevolence; to the diſgrace of ſiſter Martha, and for the benefit of the ſeminary under her juriſdiction, I will ſlightly glance over ſome of the moſt notorious miſappropriations.

Among many other charitable contributors, was an old gentleman, between ſeventy and eighty years of age. The ſtory goes, that this old man was during a year at the Salpetriere, and, after having complained that the governeſs had

had not fulfilled his charitable intentions, he conceived the idea of diſtributing his charity himſelf. For this purpoſe he was conveyed thither in his chair, taking with him an old domeſtic: he then put into his hat as many twelve-ſous pieces as there were women, for which purpoſe he was furniſhed with a liſt of their names, and called them all over one after the other. Thus was the avarice of ſiſter Martha for a time defeated; but the unfortunate objects of his charity loſt their beneficent patron a few months before I was acquainted with this horrible priſon.—Another inſtance was, an old widow lady, who, actuated by the ſame charitable motives as her predeceſſor, uſed to put her calaſh upon her head, and muffle herſelf up ſo cloſe that ſhe could ſcarce be diſcovered, and every month, for the ſpace of ſix months, gave twelve ſols to every priſoner.—In a word, the charitable gifts to this houſe were ſo conſiderable, that the Confeſſor of the Salpetriere congratulated them one day upon the alms they received by the hands of ſiſter Martha, their Superior; at the ſame time informing them, that he knew ſeveral perſons who thus contributed their charity: he even went ſo far as to mention the ſums they gave, at which the poor

creatures

creatures unanimouſly exclaimed, that this ſiſter had not given them a farthing.

Theſe women were violently enraged, and exclaimed againſt the rapacity of ſiſter Martha ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe dared not for ſome time ſhew her face among them in the Salpetriere; but ſhe cheriſhed the moſt eager deſire of revenge in her boſom againſt the honeſt Confeſſor, who had the imprudence to ſay ſo much on this occaſion. He is too an Abbé, but, indeed, a ſtrong exception to what I have elſewhere ſaid relative to the conduct of Abbés; for he is, on the contrary, a very honeſt man, who, far from thinking he was acting wrong, was actuated by no other principle than the pleaſure of communicating the good news to theſe unfortunate women. Happy for him, that his character was eſtabliſhed. Siſter Martha could not, indeed, materially injure his reputation with the world; he was, however, neceſſitated to remove from his place, through the groſs miſbehaviour of this wicked woman; but his preferment is much better, as he is now Vicar of Saint Paul's.—But why need I enumerate every ſpecific act of the meanneſs and cruelty of ſiſter Martha, who is in this houſe

held

held in univerſal deteſtation. I have given ſufficient inſtances of her fraud; I will only add a word or two concerning the five poor old priſoners, who were ordered by this miſcreant into the caves of the Bicêtre, for the heinous crime of having accidentally trod upon the toes of a favorite dog.

Theſe caves are about four feet in height, ſo that thoſe who happen to be tall, are obliged to be almoſt in a kneeling poſture; they are loaded with irons and chains which faſten them to the wall, iron fetters, handcuffs and collars; thus they remain, in this terrible and barbarous poſture, ſome for ſix months, others for three weeks.—But who is the cauſe of this abuſe, this violation of the laws of humanity? Their Majeſties are not to be blamed; they are deceived. It is not for them to ſcrutinize into theſe dungeons of diſtreſs; they are ignorant of the conduct of this unfeeling woman, who practiſes theſe enormities. Can they poſſibly ſuppoſe that a woman, who is at the head of a houſe, ſhould be ſo inhuman as to divert the gifts of charity from their channel, and enrich herſelf by grinding the poor? His Majeſty cannot believe that ſuch a monſter can exiſt. But let the

police

police (and I aſſert that it is indubitably the duty of the police to examine whether I have ſpoke the truth) let them enquire, if, from a ſpirit of revenge, I have uttered a falſity. If I have, let me be condemned by the public; but if, on the contrary, I have wrote nothing but the truth, for the benefit of thoſe injured women, for the credit of the police, for the honor of humanity, let theſe abuſes be immediately rectified. Well would it become the National Aſſembly, now actuated by the ſpirit of freedom, to examine into the allegations of the injured; let them weigh the cries of the oppreſſed and friendleſs, which is with my own a common cauſe, before they precipitately reject my repreſentations—before they countenance the oppreſſion of this inhuman Superior, who has ſo long impoſed upon the public with impunity. —Well I am perſuaded, if their Majeſties were once acquainted with what I have advanced, they would not ſuffer ſuch infamous abuſes; they would, on the contrary, ſuperſede her, and appoint as Superintendant ſome virtuous woman, whoſe ſenſibility, whoſe education, would render her attentive to the cries of the wretched—ſuch a Superior as that worthy woman Victoire (commonly called Robin) who poſſeſſes

poſſeſſes a feeling heart, and every hour of the day applies her kind aſſiſtance with a diſcerning judgment, to aſſiſt where that aſſiſtance is moſt neceſſary, and with a degree of tender anxiety that renders her ſervices doubly valuable. Contraſted with ſiſter Martha, from the dark ſhade of that vicious woman her virtues become more conſpicuous, and, as the light ſhines in darkneſs, ſo the good deeds of ſiſter Victoire in ſome degree compenſate the malevolence, the avaricious meanneſs of ſiſter Martha, which is almoſt incredible;—ſhe that can have the audacity to beg for theſe poor priſoners the charity of every perſon who comes to the place: "The poor priſoners!" ſays ſhe, in a tone of the moſt conſummate diſſimulation, expreſſive of the kindeſt concern, while this canting Mendicant is begging for herſelf.

The gloomy cabbins, or rather dungeons, which I have before mentioned are ſhewn by this ſiſter Martha to all the company who come to viſit this houſe—theſe were ſhewn to work upon their feelings, by ſuch ſpectacles of miſery, that they might give money to purchaſe a bed, cloaths, and other things. Yes, I have known that ſhe has received much; and even M. Tillet has

has told her, but a very ſhort time before my departure, that a great number of perſons had ſaid this, nay, that it has even been reported in the public prints, and which have obſerved that this ſiſter had put this trick upon all the world. —At the ſame time M. Tillet himſelf remarked all which he had given me, and the dark dungeons which ſiſter Martha had ſhewn to all the company whoſe curioſity had brought them thither, was nothing but with the intent to get money; that the company which came with Madam du Bourg, gave amongſt them ſeventeen louis, to buy me a bed:—all was for herſelf.

That it may be well known how much this odious woman has deceived the world, I aſſert, that during my continuance there, not leſs than fifteen hundred perſons came to the Salpetriere, with an intention of doing me ſervice, of whom Madam Robin has given the liſt to the Police. Of theſe, I have myſelf obſerved many juſt entering within the Salpetriere, and ſome who went to find ſiſter Martha, or called her to their coach, whom ſhe prevented as much as poſſible from ſeeing me, aſſuring them that I had refuſed all my friends, not excepting my ſiſter, and that ſhe was perfectly aſſured their

trouble would be to no purpoſe in going to the priſon, in conſequence of which they then deferred their intention.—But, at a different time, it was reported that another company of ladies begged Madam Victoire, the Superior, to conduct them to the place where I was, that they might ſee me, when Madam Victoire replied, that I was ſubject to obedience in that houſe, but that I had myſelf the ſole liberty either of ſeeing people, or refuſing to ſee them, at my own diſcretion; that I had declared I would ſee nobody, and that they had, in conſequence of ſuch declaration, no power to force my inclination.—The voice of ſiſter Martha was here as abſolute even as the Royal edict, which ſhewed the power ſhe had; and ſhe reproved all thoſe who wiſhed to force me to make myſelf viſible, that they might gratify their curioſity. She added, that I was by no means to blame for not ſeeing any body, which was, in her judgment, a ſtrong proof of my delicacy.

Every circumſtance which I have here recited has been read by M. Tillet, in the Paris Journal and other newſpapers, particularly in another Gazette of the 22d Auguſt, 1786, of which I ſhall hereafter have particular occaſion to take

notice; and in ſome other place to make obſervations upon what has been ſaid of me in this Gazette, during the time of my proceſs.

During my confinement in this moſt inhoſpitable manſion, I was frequently afflicted with ſevere fits of illneſs. My conſtitution was never ſtrong, but the diſorder of my mind, reflection on my ſituation, and all that bitterneſs of ſoul which defies medicinal art, had ſo racked my frame, had ſo unſtrung my nerves, that I was not even the ſhadow of what I once had been. My ſituation, indeed, would have attracted the notice of the compaſſionate, in which claſs M. Tillet ſtood very high. In this religious and venerable man I found a comforter, and, if my troubles could have been huſhed, his voice would have ſtilled the ſtorm, his conſolation would have quieted my breaſt; but it was not poſſible yet. Reverend father, what thou couldſt, thou didſt. With comforts drawn from the ſacred fountain of the Goſpel, he eſſayed to calm my ſorrows, and to whiſper peace. Struck with the ſpear of the hunter, his gentle hand ſolicited the darts, and ſtrove to draw them forth; but they were pierced too deep—and deep they muſt indeed be, not to yield to his applications!

applications! He ſaw me blaſted by diſeaſe, and fearing leſt death ſhould ſurprize me without confeſſion, without the ſacrament, he exhorted me inceſſantly, and mildly begged me to forgive my enemies, and to reſemble the penitent Magdalen—to imitate Madam de Valiere, whoſe life he had given me for my peruſal—whoſe life he pointed out as worthy of imitation. I had read this book, in which I perceived nothing more than a ſimple jealouſy on her part, which led to her converſion. The firſt time I looked it over, M. Tillet aſked me if the converſion of Madam la Valiere had made any impreſſion upon my feelings, and whether the troubles with which that virtuous woman had been afflicted had not affected me?—"I have read, my dear father replied I, the book you mention, but I do not find that ſhe has ever been diſgraced. It is very true, replied M. Tillet, but ſhe has been thus chaſtened for her ſins. Yes, anſwered I, my dear father, for the ſins which were peculiarly her own, but not for the crimes of another. How different my ſituation, how much more poignant my diſtreſs! I am a ſacrifice, a victim, not for my own crimes, and when I think of their injuries, when I reflect on my ſufferings, I ſcarce know how to pardon them.

But, my child, replied this good man, you have ſinned, and perhaps your heavenly father, whoſe mercy is unequalled has ſent you this affliction to chaſten you, to recover you to himſelf, to wean your affections from the lying vanities of earthly life, and to fix them in heaven, upon that rock where they ought to be placed.

Oh, my dear father! exclaimed I, think of the diſgrace not of myſelf, but of my family, they are at leaſt guiltleſs of my ſins. But, Madam, though unknown to you, theſe afflictions may perhaps be to puniſh the ſins of your anceſtors. At this laſt argument, I at once forgot my dependance and my captivity—do you remember, father, that paſſage in our prayers, where we ſay pardon our offences—" Vengeance," ſays the Prophet " is his, for he made it, and he will have mercy and not ſacrifice; he will not confound the ungodly with the righteous, he will not ſtrike the innocent for the faults of the guilty—it were almoſt blaſphemy to ſuppoſe that a being of infinite wiſdom, of ineffable mercy, will not diſcriminate in dealing out his puniſhments—he will not avenge the ſins of the father upon the children, I will not believe ſo, my ſoul revolts at the idea. Can the governor of the univerſe

employ

employ his power to puniſh, where even human juſtice would heſitate to ſtrike.

M. Tillet replied not to my argument, but earneſtly enjoined me to ſee the Abbé rector of the hoſpital the ſucceeding day, that he might exert himſelf in exhorting me to repentance—I promiſed to comply with his requeſt, not that I had any very high opinion of Abbé's in general, but more in compliance with the deſire of the venerable exactor of the promiſe;—for I foreſaw that the Abbé would have ſome trouble. I alſo wiſhed to be convinced if he was really competent to vanquiſh my ſcruples, and by the ſtrength of his reaſoning, induce me to change my opinion.

With ſuch ideas, I had an interview with the Rector, whom I found more an Abbé in appearance than in principle; a man of an aimable diſpoſition and well reſpected. I remained at the confeſſion with him the firſt time two hours and a half. Upon the firſt interview I was not ſufficiently acquainted with the man to form a decided judgment; I made a general confeſſion of the moſt material circumſtances of my life ſince the age of ſeven years, to which he enjoined

me. When I made mention of a certain perſonage, without name, according to the uſage of our canon, he was particularly attentive, and in that part of the confeſſion commenced a very ſerious converſation. Upon mentioning alſo another perſonage, I entered very minutely into circumſtances which I related, and deſcanted upon with all that energy with which grief and indignation, and the fear of being ſacrificed had inſpired me—the Abbé was curious to enquire—and ſift to the bottom of every thing.

But, Madam, ſaid he, is it poſſible that the Cardinal has been ſo very intimate—I could never have thought it, and ſhe has availed herſelf of his aſſiſtance. I have heard that ſhe is not only very timorous but alſo very religious —and has ſhe made uſe of you—to be inſtrumental in his deſtruction.

The freedom of the Rector did not much ſurpriſe me—yet I conceived that there was ſomething more in this than I could well fathom. I was obliged repeatedly to give the Abbé the key to this article, and to explain every thing very fully; and he was well paid for the trouble of his commiſſion, by being furniſhed with authentic

thentic materials to gratify curioſity of his friends, and to give proof that I never deceived the Cardinal with the Queen. I then propoſed to this Abbé to charge himſelf with a letter to Verſailles which I would previouſly read to him, and which I begged him to deliver to the Queen, but he refuſed, pleading the ſame excuſe as the Abbé Le Kel. Why, replied I, when you have it ſo much in your power, will you not convince yourſelf of the intimacy between the Cardinal and the Queen, but I can never pardon thoſe who have been the cauſe of my ruin; as well as the parliament, for paſſing that iniquitous ſentence; at the ſame time obſerving, that it was totally unneſſary for him to give himſelf any further trouble, as it was all to no purpoſe—that he had not effected any change, and my ideas remained unalterably fixed. Fie upon the prieſts, who can devour with avidity, circumſtances ſcandalous, and replete with miſchief, but never employ themſelves in promoting that which may be productive of good!

Why ſhould I lean upon ſuch broken reads—my confidence is fixed above in God, my ſhield, my refuge and my rock.

Thus ended my general confeſſion—why ſhould I daub this paper with any further deſcription of French catholic prieſt's, thoſe wolves in ſheep's cloathing, who conceal their crafty and ambitious deſigns, under that ſpecious garb which impoſes upon the ignorant and the timid, to enjoy the good things of this life, and inwardly laugh at the credulity of their adherents, who, in the darker ages, armed with the dagger and the pall—deluged the land with blood? I now take my leave theſe Abbé's, and as I have promiſed the reader ſome circumſtances in my life, which cannot fail to excite curioſity, I perform my promiſe by reciting occurrences which will afford an ample field for ſpeculation.

It was nearly about the latter end of November, or the commencement of December 1786, I am uncertain which, that one of the ſoldiers, doing duty as a centinel, in the court of the Salpetriere, to ſee that the women make no holes in the dormitery, to eſcape by the aqueducts which the ſiſters could not diſcover. The ſoldier I ſpeak of paſſed the end of his fuzee through a broken part of the wall, and attemped to touch Angelica, who waited upon me as a ſervant, and who was ſentenced to be confined

for

for life in the Salpetriere. I had intereſted myſelf in behalf of this poor girl and wiſhed to ſerve her, and if poſſible to obtain her liberty. —I had for this purpoſe endeavoured to gain for her the good opinion of Mr. Tillet, giving him the beſt character of her that I poſſibly could; that good man had already ſpoken to many perſons to induce them to uſe their intereſt that Angelica might obtain her pardon—the name of this girl was familiar to all Paris, and every perſon who came to ſee me expreſſed a deſire, ſince her Miſtreſs would not be ſeen to ſee the ſervant, who was always particularly intereſted, and aſked a variety of queſtions reſpecting me; but before ſhe was permitted to ſee company—the ſiſters inſtructed her in her leſſon, particularly enjoining her not to repeat a ſyllable of what ſhe had heard me ſay, either reſpecting the Queen or the Cardinal. Thus cautioned, this poor girl could frequently by tears alone, expreſs that languid ſtate of ſickneſs and deſpair to which I was reduced.

As ſoon as the ſoldier touched her with an attempt to wake her.—" What do you want with me?" ſaid Angelica. " Is not your name Angelica,

Angelica, ſaid he, ſoftly; are not you the perſon who waits upon Madam de la Motte?" "Yes," replied ſhe—"Very well"—ſaid he, "I heard many lords and ladies yeſterday in the *Palais Royale* mention your name, as being the perſon who is ſo attentive to her; they have ſpoken much in your commendation—only have patience, Mademoiſelle Angelica, and you will be ſet at liberty as ſoon as poſſible ---in the mean time, tell me, Mademoiſelle Angelica, if you want any thing that I can do for you.—Be not afraid of my diſcretion, this inſtant put it to the proof, and convince yourſelf that I have a ſincere deſire to oblige you.—I always carry about me an inkſtand, paper, &c. all of which I will furniſh you with, becauſe I know that you have not permiſſion to write, and the next time I come, I will bring you many things; here is alſo a pen-knife; prepare your letters, if you wiſh to write to any body, I will with pleaſure take charge of them."

Angelica thanked him for his kindneſs, but frankly confeſſed that ſhe could neither read nor write.

No

"No matter for that, replied he, there is your miſtreſs, Madame de la Motte, I would adviſe you to get her to write for you, to the different ladies who come here—you may very eaſily learn their names, and beg her to recommend you to their goodneſs."

Angelica approved of this advice, accepted the offer of the ſoldier, and about half paſt five next morning, when the dormitory and cabins were open, the poor girl came quite delighted with her conqueſt, and told me every thing that paſſed between her and the ſoldier. ---I inſtantly conceived, from Angelica's recital, this was ſome contrivance for my advantage, and that the ſoldier was ſent to my relief, and to render me ſervice---I indulged theſe ideas, but took particular care not to communicate what I thought to Angelica; whom I applauded, and congratulated on her conqueſt.

Two days after this, about three in the morning, the ſame ſoldier touched Angelica with his muſket, in the ſame manner as before, and gave her ſome gilt paper for a packet, a large bundle of quils, a bottle of ink, and a letter

letter for herſelf:----" But, ſays Angelica bluntly, I told you before that I can't read." " Madamde la Motte will read it to you, replied he, don't ſay any thing to her that you have told me you can neither read nor write, for whether ſhe knows this or not ſhe will not make any difficulty in writing your letters, and will alſo have the goodneſs to read mine to you"---this ſecond time he took charge of two letters to put, in the poſt but theſe were in themſelves indifferent.

The next day Angelica brought me her letters to read, and at the ſame time informed me that this young man ſaid he would come often, and even take ſome letters for other perſons in the Salpetriere, and that he would eaſily be induced to do any thing to ſerve her. I then proceeded to read her letter, at every line of which I was ſtruck with ſuch aſtoniſhment, that I could ſcarce believe my eyes---this myſterious letter was as follows:

" *Aſſure yourſelf Mademoiſelle Angelique that*
" *I ſhall be extremely happy if I can be inſtru-*
" *mental in procuring your liberty. Command*
" *me, and believe that I ſhall ſeize every opportunity*

" *of*

" *of being uſeful to you---and immediately preced-*
" *ing the laſt line*---UNFORTUNATE---*put*
" *this letter before the light*---'TIS UNDER-
" STOOD---*be ſure to be diſcreet.*"

After having read to Angelica ſo much of this letter as immediately regarded her, I made uſe of ſome pretext to ſend her to the dormitory, and ſhut myſelf up cloſe, telling her that I wiſhed to repoſe myſelf, as I had had very little ſleep in the night, and that I ſhould not go to maſs.---The moment I was alone, which I had long moſt impatiently deſired, I put this letter to the light, and writing began to appear, as if by the power of magic; at length all was perfectly viſible, and the following words aſtoniſhed my eyes:

" *You are earneſtly exhorted to keep up your*
" *ſpirits, and to take proper nouriſhment,---that*
" *you may have ſufficient ſtrength to ſupport the*
" *fatigue of your journey.*---PEOPLE *are now*
" *intent upon changing your condition.---Speak*
" *your wiſhes, and mention the day when you are*
" *willing to depart, that a poſt-chaiſe may be*
" *prepared, which you will find at the corner of*
" *the King's Garden---be diſcreet, 'tis your intereſt*

" *to*

" *to be ſo.---Conſide implicitly in the bearer, with-*
" *out entertaining the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion.*"---

Judge of my aſtoniſhment on peruſal of this myſterious paper, whoſe contents had chained down my attention, and engroſſed all the powers of my mind.----Totally abſorbed and loſt in thought, I conceived that all was a deluſion of the ſenſes; my eyes, ſaid I to myſelf, certainly deceive me---'tis all a dream.---I read the paper again, again, and again---ſurely ſaid I to myſelf I am awake, and in ſober certainty of the truth of what I ſee.---But who, thought I can be the perſons who have thus intereſted themſelves ſo much in my misfortunes.---This ſingular expreſſion *It is underſtood*----was never uſed by any perſon but myſelf, the Cardinal, and the Queen---perhaps they both, repenting of what they had done, aſhamed of having the weakneſs to ſuffer me to be ſacrificed, at this moment wiſh to give me liberty.----A thouſand conjectures entered my brain; at length then I ſhall procure my liberty; my boſom glowed at the thought---this letter deſires me to appoint the day of my releaſe, and to fix upon the day of my departure,---the means of

my

my eſcape are alſo provided, a poſt chaiſe will attend me.

Thus did I for ſome moments---draw comfort from hope, in the anticipation of future felicity ---but fear alſo had an influence over my thoughts, and ſome terrible imaginations ſhot through my ſoul---how if they mean to diſpatch me---to ſacrifice me to their future ſecurity. I delivered myſelf up to the moſt horrible reflections all this day, and the following night, ſleepleſs I conſulted my pillow.--I firſt conceived the idea of writing an anſwer to this letter, and to keep myſelf in readineſs againſt the time when the ſoldier ſhould return, and to deſire Angelica to deliver it to this young man, as her anſwer to the obliging letter which he had written to her. I reſolved upon this, and amuſed Angelica with reading a letter calculated for the occaſion, and the credulous girl was almoſt out of her ſenſes with joy.

The anſwer which I ſent was to the following purport:

" I cannot at this moment comprehend the meaning of the letter; if it is written to give me

me conſolation, on account of that myſterious veil which envelopes it, and totally conceals its meaning and purport, it is very far from making me tranquil; and inſtead of giving me conſolation, makes me much more uneaſy than before—but perhaps you may ſuppoſe that I can eaſily find means to eſcape—no—I ſee none; no foundation upon which to ground a hope of being able to gain over any of the ſiſters—*keep yourſelf in readineſs*—tell me, I entreat you, if you are really ſincere, and I will immediately mention my day, and, feeble as I now am, the moment in which I recover my liberty, my courage will be the guarantee of my ſtrength; but I am certain that neither the ſiſters nor the porter, whatever rewards might be offered, would connive at my eſcape.

About eleven in the evening, the ſame ſoldier came again and gave Angelica many letters, and a livre for herſelf, which ſhe would not accept; he remained a ſhort time with her, and ſhe gave him my letter, to be ſent by the poſt. The two letters which he brought me, gave me much information concerning what had paſſed; that which was ſaid in this had engaged me to

write to all my friends, without truſting them with the ſecret. The writing of this letter appeared diſguiſed, but the ſtile was exactly the ſame as the firſt.

" PEOPLE *have reflected—endeavor to procure the model of the key that will open eaſily that ſide where you wiſh to go out—do for the beſt, and compoſe yourſelf.*"

A model, ſaid I to myſelf; this ſecond letter confirms me in my opinion, that they wiſh to inſpire me with courage, and I will make the attempt. Reſolved upon the experiment, I aſſociated my ſervant in my confidence, and redoubled, from this moment, my promiſes that ſhe ſhould obtain her liberty. Every time any of the ſiſters came to pay me a viſit, I earneſtly fixed my eyes on the key, which they held in their hands; but at the ſame time, ſaid to myſelf, how ſhall I procure a model?—'tis certainly impracticable, as they conſtantly take away their keys; how ſhall I be able to effect my purpoſe? it will be impoſſible. I was perplexed in the extreme, I thought I ſhould die in this horrid houſe, and my ſecrets be buried with me: Alas! unfortunate as I am, exclaimed I, with all the

agitation of deſpondency, here I muſt ſtay and die—here I muſt reſt for ever—in a few days I ſhall be worſe than I am now—which would not have been the caſe, perhaps, if I had not received theſe perplexing letters. The agitation of my mind, the depreſſion of my ſpirits, added to the horrors of captivity, materially injured my health,

I kept my bed for the ſpace of a fortnight, agitated by the alternate whiſpers of hope and fear. Alas! ſighed I to myſelf, if theſe be the ſervices which they purpoſe to render me, will they not avail but little. Oh no! I ſee all will terminate in finiſhing my days in this miſerable dungeon; my reflection encreaſed my weakneſs, and every nerve vibrated in pain. My diſorder became ſeriouſly alarming—poor Angelica was quite diſconſolate, and the ſiſters feared that I ſhould die in the nervous fever which had reduced me ſo low; the confeſſor, the phyſicians, governeſs, all were at my door, and when they found me a little calm, they eſſayed to comfort me.

During this ſtate of indiſpoſition Angelica frequently ſaw the ſoldier, who informed her it was generally believed that I was really dead,

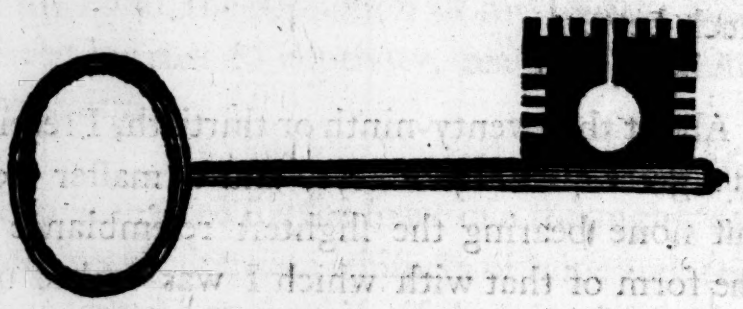
but

but that the ſiſters and the ſuperior wiſhed to conceal it—this, added he, was the current report of the day. Angelica convinced him of this miſtake, gave him a faithful account of every thing that paſſed, and informed him that I was much better.

About the twenty-ninth or thirtieth, I received a great quantity of keys, and a maſter key, but none bearing the ſlighteſt reſemblance to the form of that with which I was locked up; they were returned. One night, when I was a little more compoſed, a ſudden idea ſtruck me of the form of that key which I ſaw in the hands of the ſiſters, I inſtantly laid down my lamp upon upon a book which I put upon my bed, and attempted to deſign this key with my pencil, although I had never in my life learnt to draw.

I laboured almoſt for the ſpace of two months in the attempt, and at length ſucceeded in making two deſigns; one ſmall, and the other a large one, in which I thought I had fortunately delineated the wards of the key; during this ſpace and as ſoon as the ſiſters were gone, I reſumed my efforts to complete my deſign, which the moment I perceived to be perfect, I encloſed in a

letter, which I gave to Angelica to convey to the ſoldier, who, about a fortnight after, brought a key, made exactly after the paper model, and of which the following is a juſt repreſentation.



As ſoon as I received this precious key, I leaped with tranſport from my bed, throwing my arms round Angelica's neck and embracing her, at the ſame time kiſſing the inſtrument of deliverence, the key which ſhe had brought me. I exclaimed with rapture, Oh yes! Angelica, it will ſucceed!

I had the patience to wait two whole days, without ſufficient reſolution to make the experiment; but on Sunday, between ſix and ſeven in the morning, when Angelica and myſelf were together in the gallery, the opportunity ſeeming favourable, with a trembling hand and palpitat-

ing heart, I applied the key to the lock; when, gracious heaven! what was my ſurpriſe and joy, at finding the door open. I ſcarce knew how to reſtrain that extacy which almoſt deprimed me of my ſenſes; I yet had, however, ſufficient preſence of mind to ſhut the door again, which I found would eaſily open at pleaſure.

Tranſported at this diſcovery, I again threw my arms round Angelica's neck, and embraced her; we both attempted as much as poſſible to conceal our emotions, and proceeded to try whether this ſame key would open the three other doors. In the afternoon of the ſame day I pulled off my ſhoes, and crept ſoftly along to open the ſecond door, which alſo, to my great joy was obſequious to my touch. I ſhut it again, aſcended the ſteps ſoftly by three at a time, all in a tremble for fear of diſcovery, found, as I wiſhed, all was faſt, and every thing quiet. I then attempted to open the other ſide of the gallery, near the ſecond dormitory, with wonderful facility, and with as little trouble as I had opened the others.

Finding every thing ſucceed ſo well to my wiſh, I retired to my little chapel, and in the

effuſions of gratitude, proſtrated myſelf before the crucifix which ſtood at the head of my bed, and thanked it with all my ſoul--kiſſed fervently the hands and feet, and put up another prayer, earneſtly entreating that God would vouchſafe to grant me ſufficient ſtrength and reſolution to accompliſh my purpoſe.

About ſix the next day I went to the maſs, and from this day I never failed to go thither---I now prepared a letter for Angelica to give the ſoldier, announcing my ſucceſs, and expreſſing my acknowledgements. A few days after he returned with another letter. Angelica gave him mine, which was all he required. I had promiſed this poor girl to procure her liberty; ſhe earneſtly wiſhed that I would ſuffer her to remain with me till I ſhould eſcape myſelf, but her ſimplicity, and her being ſo eaſily known, rendered her very ill adapted for my deſigns; I therefore determined not to make her the companion of my future fortune; obſerving, at the ſame time, that if I could ſucceed in procuring her liberty, ſhe might go back to her family or remain in ſervice at Paris---In order to effect my purpoſe in gaining her pardon, I made freſh applications to Mr. Tillet, who had himſelf great

great hopes of procuring her liberty, and even at this time many people at Paris had received letters from me, expreſſing to all thoſe ladies of my acquaintance whom I thought had a ſufficient ſhare of ſenſibility, the ſingular misfortunes of this poor girl, at the ſame time ſtrongly recommending her to their notice and regard; beſides theſe letters, I paſſed many of thoſe hours in the night, which ſhould otherwiſe have been devoted to reſt, in writing three memoirs, each containing about one hundred and eighty one pages, and ſerved her in the capacity of an advocate with every one, at the ſame time that I did not ſay one ſyllable reſpecting myſelf, expreſſing only the good diſpoſition and ſenſibility of Angelica.

Theſe three memoirs were all ſent away, one to the military coffee-houſe, in the rue de St. Honore, another to a houſe near the Palais Royal, and the third to the Baroneſs du Bourg.---I paſſed almoſt ſeventeen nights in preparing theſe memoirs, not lying down to reſt till half paſt five when the doors were opened.---As M. Tillet uſed frequently to viſit me, I enquired if he yet entertained any hopes of gaining Angelica's pardon? he replied, before the ſiſters and the Superior

Superior, that he had no hopes;---that M. de Miromeuil, keeper of the ſeals, had refuſed every one who had made the requeſt, as well as M. de Bretueil, who prohibited me from ſpeaking of this poor girl.

Anticipating the ſhock Angelica would receive from this bad news, I remonſtrated with M. Tillet.---Nothing at all can be done for her, added he, peremptorily.---M. de Miromeuil ſays that the King will poſitively hear nothing relative to this houſe of the Salpetriere.---I mentioned theſe circumſtances to Marianne, who, notwithſtanding my expreſs prohibition communicated it to Angelica, and the poor girl was quite in deſpair; at the ſame time moſt of the priſoners, who were before jealous of her expectations, were more delighted with her diſappointment.---I endeavoured as much as poſſible to compoſe her by perſuading her that ſhe would yet recover her liberty in a very ſhort time, aſſuring her that I would not depart myſelf, without accompliſhing my purpoſe.---I made this promiſe with a degree of confidence, conceiving that thoſe who had power to liberate me, would alſo at my requeſt, releaſe Angelica,

I ruminated much upon the myſterious peculiarities of my preſent ſituation, pondered deeply in my mind who this perſon could be that had thus befriended me. Can it be the Queen?---if ſo, ſhe has only to give orders, and all will be right.---Can it be the Cardinal? M. de Miromeuil I know to be the particular friend both of himſelf and his family; but ſurely it cannot be the Cardinal.---I conceived that it muſt certainly be no other than the Queen---with this conjecture all difficulties were removed, and the myſtery began to vaniſh.---In the courſe of the month of March I wrote the following letter to be conveyed as before to the ſoldier.

" *The poor creature who has taken ſo much care*
" *of me, without whoſe attentions I ſhould probably*
" *have died, deſerves your notice, and I wiſh to*
" *teſtify my acknowledgments by being inſtru-*
" *mental in reſtoring her to liberty.---I dare not riſk*
" *the hazard of aſſociating her with myſelf, as ſhe is*
" *too well known, and is not ſufficiently intelligent,*
" *though well enough for an uneducated peaſant.—*
" *It is not therefore in my power to fix upon any day*
" *for my departure, becauſe there is nothing deter-*
" *mined for this poor girl, whom I ſhould be very*
" *apprehenſive of leaving behind me, though ſhe*

" *might*

" *might not be abuſed by the reſt of the ſiſters, but*
" *ſiſter Martha the Superior, would probably ſend her*
" *to the dungeons of the Bicetre, for not having*
" *given them intelligence.---Vouchſafe to have com-*
" *paſſion on her, and as ſoon as ſhe is gone, I will*
" *give my day.*"

About a fortnight after I ſent this letter, M. Tillet came to pay me a viſit, and gave me information that the King had been brought to ſign a pardon for Angelica; he then communicated to me the letter which M. de Miromeuil had ſent to the Baron de Breteuil, who alſo wrote to Mr. Tillet, announcing that the perſon he protected had found favor, and aſſuring him that the pardon was ſigned. M. de Breteuil deſired him to ſhow this pardon to his child, meaning me, to perſuade me of the truth, and to induce me to compoſe myſelf.

Poor Angelica felt equal joy at this intelligence, as I did when I was in poſſeſſion of my key, and found that it would ſucceed to my wiſh; her emotions were ſo ſtrong, that in learning her good fortune from Mr. Tillet, ſhe leaped upon his neck and flew into the arms of the Governeſs, and embraced them, while the change

change of her countenance expreſſed her emotion. This revolution had ſo great an effect upon her, that ſhe remained for a long time ſo delighted, it was feared her extacy would materially affect her health---ſhe had abſolutely loſt what little underſtanding ſhe then poſſeſſed, as in ſpeaking ſhe could not articulate four words without diſcovering her inability, ariſing from an exceſs of joy. She left the Salpetriere the firſt of May following, as ſoon as her pardon was recognized and legally authenticated in the regiſter of Parliament and the Hoſpital. It muſt be obſerved that this unfortunate creature was confined to this priſon from the age of ſixteen, and ſhe was thirty-four when ſhe acquired her liberty; ſhe had been ſeven times ſtruck out from the books where ſhe had been placed by thoſe who wiſhed to gain her pardon.

All the nobility in Paris were intereſted in her ſituation, and every body who interfered in her favour had been refuſed until the time when I undertook her cauſe. Mr. Tillet and a thouſand others have ſeen her name marked in the regiſter—this poor Angelica knew very well before my entrance into this priſon, that ſhe owed this good turn to ſome perſon from the

ſame

ſame neighbourhood who had given her a very bad character to the keeper of the ſeals, entreating that ſhe might not have her liberty, on account of the young people of the pariſh. She was accuſed of having intended to deſtroy her child, but this charge which had no other ſupport than that of malice and falſe teſtimony, was the cauſe of all her misfortunes----her child was then alive, and this girl was of a very good diſpoſition and incapable of perpetrating a crime ſo horrid as that which they had thought proper to charge her with. This poor girl departed about eight or ten days after ſhe had recovered her liberty, for her own country, to ſee her mother and daughter, whom ſhe had not ſeen during the long period in which ſhe was dead to the world. The principal people of town had determined to ſend her back to priſon, believing that ſhe had made her eſcape from the Salpetriere, but ſhe was amply compenſated for her long confinement, for the malignity of her accuſers, by the pleaſure of embracing her child, to which her ſufferings had yet more endeared her. I was myſelf ſo ſtrongly impreſſed with the pleaſure I ſhould communicate to her, and felt thoſe pleaſing ſenſations ever attendant on benevolence, on being able to procure the liberty

berty of this unfortunate, that I almoſt neglected to proceed in my own myſterious correſpondence.

I reflected within myſelf, that if I ſhould run the hazard of going out in the dreſs of the Salpetriere, I ſhould be eaſily diſcovered, ſhould be met by any of the ſiſters. I conceived alſo that a male habit would be much more favourable for my eſcape.

I communicated this to my unknown correſpondent, deſiring to be in a male habit, to which the ſoldier brought the following anſwer:

" *Give me your meaſure, and as ſoon as every* " *thing is ready, write and explain what you wiſh.*" To which I anſwered to the following purport.

" *I wiſh to have a large blue coat, a flannel* " *waiſtcoat, black breeches, a pair of half boots, a* " *round high crowned hat, to make me appear* " *taller, a ſwitch, and a pair of leather gloves.*"

All theſe the guard brought me about ten or twelve days after, and theſe he conveyed in the following manner: he carried the great

great coat under his cloak, the waiſtcoat in his pocket, and the ſwitch in his fuſee, and about two nights after he brought the half boots, and a man's ſhirt. Thus furniſhed with wings for my flight, I was wholly intent on my game, and what is not a little ſingular, without the leaſt fear of being able to effect my eſcape, not one ſhadow of doubt preſented itſelf to my imagination—nothing gave me the leaſt uneaſineſs, I felt myſelf quite confident of ſucceſs, and I found myſelf much happier than I had been for a long time. I reflected that I was then under the immediate protection of the Queen, becauſe I could not then ſuffer myſelf to entertain a doubt but that it was no other than the Queen herſelf who thus intereſted herſelf in my behalf; full of the idea that ſhe felt and pitied thoſe miſeries which I ſo long had ſuffered, and which ſhe now wiſhed to relieve, it was ſhe herſelf who wiſhed now to compenſate in ſome meaſure the injuries I had ſuſtained on her account; it was ſhe who had already given, it was ſhe who would now give all the aſſiſtance I wiſhed. Certified by theſe ideas, animated, inſpired by theſe hopes, all my difficulties began to vaniſh, and my boſom glowed with all that fortitude which the peculiarity of my ſituation ſo energetically

inſpired;

inſpired; but theſe pleaſing ſenſations were too delightful to be of long duration.

Angelica was ſcarcely gone, when for the firſt time, an idea of apprehenſion came acroſs my mind, and led me to ſuſpect the ſincerity of my unknown correſpondent. M. Tillet had frequently told me that I ſhould be ſent to a convent in the ſpace of ſix weeks; at this information I could not in his preſence conceal my anxiety, I could not help appearing to be diſquieted; I was apprehenſive I had ſaid too much, and perhaps thought I they will eventually ſuſpect me, particularly as they muſt obſerve ſuch a difference, and muſt have taken notice that I am more lively, and my health ſo much better; perhaps too this girl Angelica might betray me—in ſhort, all theſe ideas determined me to haſten my departure. In the mean time the ſoldier always remained upon the ſame poſt, and Marianne ſupplied the place of Angelica.

Surely ſaid I to myſelf this cannot be a plot concerted to lull me to ſecurity, that I may afterwards be more eaſily diſpatched. Certainly this cannot be ſo, they really wiſh to render me ſervice, there can be no doubt of it, ſince I have

the key and the proper dreſs—but whither will this poſt-chaiſe conduct me? probably to ſome Convent, and does ſhe ſuppoſe that I can ever be happy there?---The perſon who thus wiſhes to relieve me can never be the Cardinal---tis impoſſible to ſuppoſe it---it is then indiſputably the Queen herſelf who thus acts through the agency of the Baron de Bretuiel, who formerly appeared ſo much intereſted in my behalf——---yet I will never conſent to go to a convent, but to ſome place where I can be free, where I may be at liberty.

Such was the ſituation of my mind, agitated by hope and fear, toſſed by various conjectures, when I received the following laconic note.

" *At length your favoured Angelica is at* " *liberty, only mention the day when you will be* " *ſo too.*"

On the receipt of this billet, I ſent word that I was at preſent very miſerable, and had a very dangerous fever, in which ſituation I could attempt nothing, but that as ſoon as I found myſelf better, I would communicate the intelligence.

About

About the end of the week I was not a little ſurpriſed by a viſit from M. de Crome, Lieutenant of the Police, who had buſineſs at the hoſpital; ſcarce had that gentleman entered the apartment of Madam Victoire, than he made many enquiries about me; he ſaid he wiſhed much to be admitted to ſee and ſpeak to me; he ſtaid to dine, and after dinner reſumed the converſation, begging ſiſter Martha not to forget what he had told her to aſk me, if I would permit him to viſit me. Siſter Martha then came to me, and told me, word for word, what M. de Crome had ſaid, aſking me if I would conſent to ſee him? "Moſt certainly," replied I, "he was very polite to me when I was in the Baſtile; tell him I ſhall not ſoon forget his civilities, and ſhall be happy to ſee him."

It was about ſix in the afternoon when the ſiſters conducted me to ſiſter Martha's apartment, where M. de Crome was, with M. Martin, the Secretary, and another perſon, who appeared to be a ſtranger. M. de Crome at firſt did not know me, and he looked back to ſee if I was coming; when he ſaw me, he appeared much ſurpriſed and affected, to find me ſo much reduced, ſo greatly altered for the worſe, and

the ſenſibility of this gentleman affected me alſo; I read in his face as in a mirror, how different I then was from what I had been when he formerly knew me. Affliction had worn me down almoſt to a ſkeleton; my eyes languid and inanimate, and I was as it were but the fleeting ſhadow of what I once had been, in the days of my proſperity. I ſtood for ſome moments in a ſtate of ſtupidity, unable to articulate a ſingle ſyllable; at length, awaking from my reverie, I ſaluted him, and we remained for ſome minutes ſilent, after which this amiable man kindly enquired if I wanted any thing, adding that he would give orders.—

Pleaſed as I was at ſeeing him, I quite loſt myſelf, and forgetting every conſideration which ſhould have reſtrained me, I was not miſtreſs of my tongue, and drawing near to him, repeated, "Oh! ſir, I want any thing?" it is too much, to bear—that I ſhould be thus confined. M. Martin left his ſeat and quitted the company; I know not what I was going to ſay to him; in extreme agitation, I went towards M. de Crome, whoſe ſenſibility was too much affected to ſuffer me to recite the melancholy catalogue of my woes, which I was entering into with all the

the energy which grief inſpired—my language was perhaps more affecting from being interrupted by tears—yet it was ſufficiently intelligible, and ſenſibly affected this reſpectable M. de Crome. All the crowns in the univerſe would afford me no conſolation, ſince nothing could waſh away the ſtain of my diſgrace. I am diſgraced, I am diſhonoured, ſaid I, all the pleaſures of this world to me are nothing. What is pleaſure without an appetite to enjoy it? I have loſt my reputation, I have been moſt unjuſtly diſgraced and ſhall always loſe the enjoyment of fortune, in the overwhelming memory of my diſhonour."

I could not help thinking that M. de Crome was ſent thither expreſsly to ſee me; ſuch obliging offers as he had made; from a Lieutenant of the Police, who from his ſituation would not compromiſe without ſufficient authority, and particularly, had I been guilty, he would have been cautious how he came perſonally, upon ſuch an errand of benevolence as to endeavour to accommodate me—but he could not have done equal ſervice without abſolutely appearing himſelf, and particularly in the capacity of a Lieutenant of the Police.

The more I reflected upon this viſit of M. de Crome, the more I began to be ſuſpicious, the more I began to ſee that they were fearful I ſhould ſay too much, and that it was judged expedient rather to endeavour to ſoothe than drive me to extremities; for if I had really any ill will, any grudge towards the Queen, ſaid I to myſelf, neither the Baron de Breteuil, nor the Lieutenant of the Police, would take the pains to favor me with the ſlighteſt attention; for the Queen, without doubt, would be outrageous againſt me, to have been thus brought forward before the public—it is on her account then that I receive theſe attentions, otherwiſe they would never hazard her diſpleaſure, in a matter where they could gain no advantage; but, on the contrary, they now both wiſh to pay their court to the queen.---It is this which influences their conduct; it is known that I have ſerved her to the utmoſt of my power, and it is for theſe reaſons that ſhe wiſhes to ſooth me under my miſfortunes. It is not me, however, that they wiſh to ſerve, but their Sovereign; they are fearful that if they reduce me to a ſtate of deſperation, I ſhall complain of the hardſhips and indignities I have ſuffered, and explain the true cauſe of my calamities. The ſiſters too have not

failed

ſailed to repeat every thing I have ſaid; it is their wiſh to place me in a convent, and Siſter Martha has herſelf told me, that they were fearful of my making any confidents in the convent where I was---that I muſt not name - - - - but is there then any danger lurking under this latent kindneſs, which I do not ſuſpect; under this myſtery, this hope of liberty, is there not a dagger?---is there not poiſon?---they wiſh to be ſecure, and will they not take my life?--- Theſe were the buſy fears which paſſed within my boſom, but which I kept concealed, thinking it more prudent to take what was offered me, and not appear ſuſpicious.

The Monday after this viſit, I ſaw M. Tillet, who I thought appeared unuſually reſerved, which I attributed to the refuſal which he conceived I had given him, which indeed Siſter Martha was the real cauſe of. Mr. Tillet had requeſted me to write the whole affair between the Cardinal and the Queen, from the commencement to the concluſion, for executing which purpoſe, he had ordered them to give me all the neceſſary apparatus, and quitted me, telling me, that he ſhould not call again for three weeks, in order that I might not be interrupted in the

completion of my deſign. Sifter Martha however, not only refuſed me pen, ink, and paper, but treated M. Tillet, at his return, very roughly. This woman had the aſſurance to deny me, that ſhe might oblige the Cardinal's friends, who were in a conſtant panic, leſt the public ſhould be undeceived, by finding that he had been intimate with the Queen, and that I had been ſacrificed by both.

Three weeks after this I took my final reſolution, though I was not a little perplexed in appointing my day, which however I at length reſolved upon.—I firſt conſidered the means of removing from my watch all cauſe of ſuſpicion; the laſt billet told me it would be ſufficient to give the day and the hour, and it was then agreed between us, that the ſoldier ſhould be removed from this houſe about ten or twelve days before my departure; he had been told ſix weeks before he withdrew himſelf, but remained three weeks longer, under the pretext of its being agreeable to his orders. I fixed with my unknown correſpondent for the eighth of June, at eleven in the morning, or at ſix in the evening; the arrangements pre-concerted between us were as follow: That the guard ſhould diſ-

guiſe

guiſe himſelf like a waggoner, and with a whip in his hand, walk round the King's Garden, for the ſpace of three or four days. I took a firm reſolution, however, to go out on this day alone, which was the fifth, as my health was conſiderably better than it had been for a long time. I had not taken any nouriſhment, properly ſpeaking, for three days, and kept my bed; I could get no ſleep, became extremely faint, and very much altered in my complexion. M. Tillet came the Monday afternoon, with Siſter Martha, and the other ſiſters, into my chamber; they found me in bed. M. Tillet felt my pulſe, and found me ſo feeble, that he ordered Siſter Martha to ſend for the phyſician, who came a moment after: he found me in the ſame condition, ordered me ſome medicines, and I judged from the behaviour of thoſe about me, that they did not think I ſhould live many days longer.

The good Monſieur Tillet, endeavoured to comfort me. "Come, chear up, my dear child, take courage, you muſt recruit your ſtrength, and not die here; you will not have above three weeks longer to remain in this houſe, that I can aſſure you; there is a dutcheſs, an Engliſh lady, very intimate with the Queen,

who greately intereſts herſelf in your misfortunes;—therefore, reſume your courage, and if you are better to-morrow, and avail yourſelf of your good underſtanding, I promiſe to come and ſee you either Wedneſday or Thurſday. Madam the governeſs will give me this intelligence."—This dear father then embraced me tenderly, and reluctantly departed; he ſeemed as if he was taking his laſt tender farewell, perſuaded as he was that he ſhould ſee me no more, that I ſhould die in the courſe of the week, and a miſerable ſpectacle I really was.

Scarcely had the company deſcended to the bottom of the ſtair-caſe, when, finding myſelf alone with Marianne: "Quick, quick, Marianne," ſaid I to her. "Bring me my ſoup." She got it ready, and I eat two plates full with remarkable eagerneſs, and about a quarter of an hour after an amlet of four eggs. In the courſe of the day I ſaw the ſiſters, in whoſe preſence I appeared very ill; they deſired me to go to bed; I believed their advice very prudent, and therefore pretended to yield to their deſire, and they left me apparently more compoſed.

In the afternoon, Marianne threw herſelf at my feet, communicated her anxiety, and fear of being

being ill treated by ſiſter Martha, who was by nature cruel, expreſſed her deſire to accompany me, and ſaying, that if ſhe remained behind, ſhe ſhould be certainly made unhappy. This poor creature had the misfortune to be aſthmatic and was ſcarce able to come up the ſtair-caſe without being frequently attacked by this diſorder. Reflecting upon her unfortunate condition I conceived it impracticable to take her with me, but her tears and the fear that ſhe would be miſerable, at length determined me in her favor, " I aſſure you, Madam," ſaid the poor girl, " That I ſhall be well able to ſupport the journey, I ſhall be able to walk much better than going in a coach. This girl had been ſentenced to remain in this houſe nine years; ſhe had but two more to continue, and ſiſter Martha had promiſed at the time of Angelica's departure, that ſhe would take care of her, and deſired her to be ſure to communicate to her every thing I ſaid. The next Wedneſday, the 5th of June, the day after the viſit of M. Tillet, about ten o'clock, I had ſome converſation with the ſiſter who replaced ſiſter Fanchar, the perſon who generally ſhut the gates of the galleries. I muſt not here forget to mention, that this ſiſter communicated to me her

her deſire to be one in a company of friends, to the foreſt of Vincennes, which ſhe had never ſeen; her intention was to make this jaunt on the Monday, becauſe M. Tillet was expected that day. I remarked to her that it would be more prudent to go thither on the Wedneſday, and to wait, as ſhe might deſire to oblige M. Tillet. I deſired her to ſtay, and to put off her excurſion till Wedneſday. This girl acceded to my propoſal, and at the ſame time thanked me for my good advice.

On Monday, at nine in the evening, when ſhe ſhut the doors, ſhe bade me farewell for the next day. One of the ſiſters told me, that ſhe departed at eight in the morning; I entreated the ſiſter who did duty for the laſt, to ſhut me up quite cloſe, that as I did not find myſelf well, I wiſhed to try to repoſe myſelf a little—this ſiſter was pleaſed to compliment me that my ſpirits ſeemed better, which ſhe attributed to the viſit of M. Tillet; I made no anſwer to this, but I entreated her to leave me ſuch a priſoner, to attend me, that Marianne was gone to lay down in the chamber adjoining, having a violent fever, to which this ſiſter conſented. This woman was quite an old woman; I had found

found this precaution neceſſary to remove every ſuſpicion. Marianne's mother did the duty of gardener to that houſe, and this good mother uſed generally to come twice a day after her daughter, to fetch the ſoup which ſhe uſually got ready at eleven, I had alſo given the ſignal to one of the priſoners, named Dubois, that as ſoon as Marianne's mother ſhould come at eleven, ſhe ſhould tell her, there was nothing ready, and that ſhe ſhould call to one of the portreſſes as ſoon as her ſoup was ready. About a quarter paſt eleven this woman, Dubois, called the portreſs through the wicket of a large door, which they call *porte rouge* a door which leads into the womens court, and the apartments of Martha and the officers, and alſo to the kitchens of the Salpetriere.

Before our departure, Marianne and I took each of us a cup of coffee, to revive our ſpirits, and to give us courage, I then liſtened attentively, and heard the firſt portreſs anſwering this woman Dubois.—At this moment ſhe ſhut the door and went to fetch the ſoup; this woman Dubois, to give us all the time ſhe could, amuſed her by ſhewing her ſome work; ſhe continued long enough for me to open the doors

kept

kept by this ſame portreſs, made the fourth, three of which I ſhut again with my key, and the fourth Marianne drew towards her. In the court of Siſter Martha, there were a number of ſiſters and ſervants, to the amount of twenty, all of whom ſaluted me as I paſſed. Marianne, who was much better acquainted than I was, and knew this houſe perfectly well, took the ſhorteſt turnings ſhe could find, believing that I followed her; at length however I loſt ſight of her, nevertheleſs I did not loſe my courage. I had ſtill great faith in the old proverb--every way leads to Rome. I paſſed on till I found myſelf in a large hall, wherein were a great number of ſmall beds, which they call la Crecelle; after having caſt my eyes round me, I enquired of the ſiſters the way to the Porte de Champs? I did not well underſtand the directions they gave me, but having preſented them with a crown a piece I proceeded; after traverſing many courts, which I was almoſt induced to think multiplied upon me, as I paſſed I found myſelf at length in a very ſpacious court, where there were many people from Paris, who came to gratify their curioſity in ſeeing this houſe, than which, they ſay, there is nothing more curious, or more deſerving the attention of ſtrangers; I followed a company


BL



Dodd del.

Collar sculp.

company who entered into the chapel to view it. I ſhould have been happy to have been exempted, but thought it more prudent to mix with the reſt of the company who entered the chapel, where, when I entered, I ſent up a fervent prayer that God would inſpire me with confidence; after which I traverſed thoſe impaſſable doors, where I met nobody but the ſiſters, to whom I gave my piece and paſſed, and at length fortunately reached the Porte de Champs—here I was uncertain on which ſide the river I was, when to my inexpreſſible joy, I diſcovered my good Marianne waiting for me near the river; my heart leaped for joy at this diſcovery, as ſhe turned round and ſaw me, while the boat was waiting.

The King's garden was crowded with people, a great many of whom I met, and I have ſince been informed, that even ſiſter Martha was herſelf walking there at this moment; I inſtantly leaped into the boat to Marianne, who was already there, with two ſtrange gentlemen; fearful of any diſcovery, I made ſignals to her not to ſpeak to me. The two gentlemen were ſeated, but leſt my aukwardneſs in my new habiliments ſhould be diſcovered, I remained very ſtill; all the time we were paſſing the river,

I looked

I looked at the city of Paris, which wore a very novel appearance; contraſted with my confinement, it appeared extremely pleaſing, heightened by my ſituation, it was inexpreſſibly delightful. Upon our landing near the Arſenal, that hideous manſion the Baſtile, oppoſed itſelf to my view; the horrid image ſtruck me to the very ſoul; it appeared to my imagination half open again to ſwallow me up: at length we gained the oppoſite bank, and Marianne conducted me through bye ways and narrow ſtreets to reach Charenton. I took a hackney coach, which conducted us thither, and on our arrival we alighted at a ſhoe-maker's, to exchange my half boots for a pair of ſhoes, after which we hired a cabriolet, which conducted us almoſt ſeven leagues from thence, and walked till half paſt eleven at night. Merciful heaven!—thy providence pervading all thy works, protected alſo me—thy providence led me by the hand through danger, ſupported my heart and directed my wandering feet! Whatever the puny power of man may attempt—whatever ſtorms oppreſſion may raiſe againſt me—while I confide in thee, I remain ſecure—the wave riſes in vain, and the ſtorm paſſes unheeded by—by thee I have been ſnatched from the devouring jaws of the Baſtile, delivered from the

dungeons

dungeons of the Conciergerie, from places devoted only to the reception of the guilty.—My eſcape is almoſt as miraculous as the hiſtory of my misfortunes is unparalleled.

We ſlept at a village called Madin Rouge, and at ſix the next morning purſued our journey on foot, till ten in the evening, when we ſtopped a few hours to repoſe ourſelves, not being accuſtomed to walk ſo much, and in a poor ſtate of health; finding myſelf on my arrival here very much fatigued, and my feet ſwelled and bliſtered, I enquired whether I could have a cabriolet; I could not however be thus accommodated; all the vehicles they had to diſpoſe of were carts and horſes, the latter of which, were out of the queſtion, Marianne not being able to mount a horſe; we were therefore obliged to take one of the carts, which conducted us about two miles from Previn; about five in the evening, we ſtopped at the firſt cabarel and dined, and after dinner I diſpatched Marianne to purchaſe womens apparel, fearful of being ſuſpected by the marſhalſea; ſhe returned with a jacket of narrow ſtriped red cotton, an apron of the ſame ſtuff, a petticoat ſtriped blue and white, a pair of leather ſhoes, ſuch as are worn by peaſants,

and a pair of very ſmall buckles. We departed from this inn, at ſix the ſame evening; the hoſteſs came to viſit me during the abſence of Marianne, and having reconnoitered me with much attention, "Don't you believe," ſaid ſhe, "but though I am an old woman, I can clearly diſcover, that you are a woman in man's attire." I attempted as well as I could, to laugh her out of this; but I was under no ſmall apprehenſion of being diſcovered, and therefore impatiently waited the arrival of Marianne.

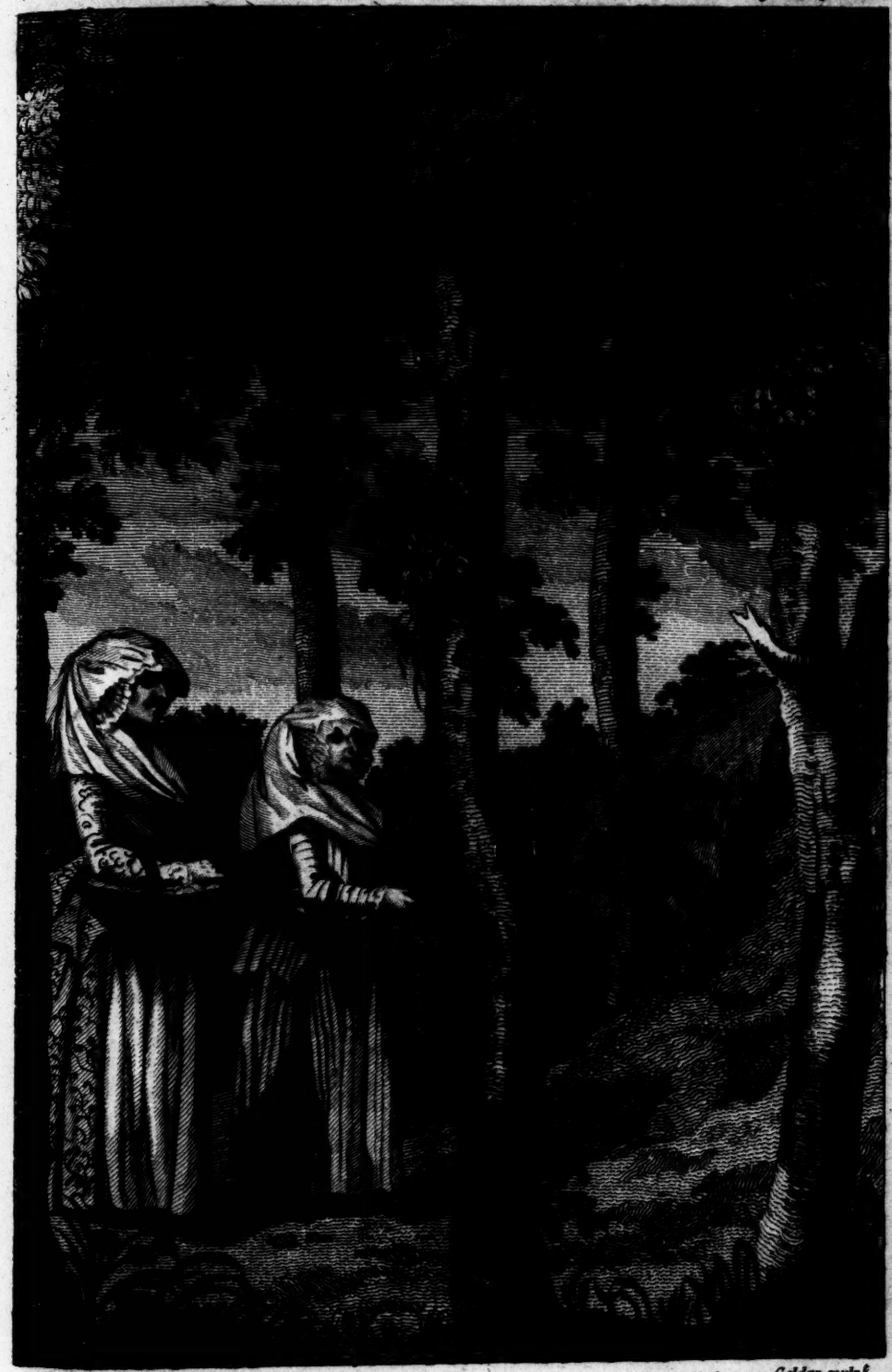
The town of Previn was about fifteen leagues off; I did not judge it prudent to take the coach from this town, where there was no other conveyance than the poſt, which I wiſhed as much as poſſible to avoid, fearing leſt information ſhould be given. We proceeded a little towards the back of this town, hoping that we ſhould meet no perſon by the way, who could poſſibly diſcover that my ſex and my habit were at variance, but all our precautions were ineffectual. We met a great number of officers walking together, one of whom I overheard, at ſome diſtance, make uſe of theſe expreſſions, "Oh! there's a woman in man's clothes:" when they drew nearer, they pulled of their hats, and begged permiſſion to accompany me, and to offer

offer me their ſervices, I had a great mind to make no reply, but they were ſo extremely polite, which is not always the cuſtom in ſmall towns, that I could not poſſibly avoid giving an anſwer; one of the gentlemen left his company, and ſwore he would follow me to H*ll, if I went thither—his profeſſions of ſervice were ſo very profuſe, that I found it extremely difficult to engage him to deſiſt from following me; his expreſſions made me tremble. You are—he pauſed—good God thought I to myſelf, I am diſcovered—he is certainly going to mention my name, "You are ſaid he," continuing his ſpeech, ſome young girl but juſt eſcaped from a Convent, and your lover is certainly near at hand, waiting for you in a poſt chaiſe—at theſe laſt words, I reſumed my courage. "If ſuch is your opinion, Sir," replied I, "It is very unpolite in you to think of following me; particularly as you have no right to expect, that I ſhould confeſs to you, if you ſhould be right in you conjecture; I then ſtopped, and earneſtly entreated him to leave me, at the ſame hinting that he might not be far out in his gueſs, and this ought to be with a gentleman, a ſufficient hint to retire, as I was determined not to purſue my road much further; at this he withdrew, fully per-

ſuaded that I was ſome young lady, who had made my eſcape from a Convent. I followed him as he departed, with my eyes, as far as I was able; as ſoon as I loſt ſight of him, we were about a league diſtant from Provin, and about a mile futher, I turned towards the left under a hill, not being able to find a place more retired, and concealed ourſelves under a verdant receſs, where a brook of water run down towards the meadow. Here Marianne and I aſſumed our new diſguiſe, which made us appear exactly like peaſants, each of us holding in our arms a little baſket of eggs, and a pound of butter, nearly covered with a piece of linen, which was bought for that purpoſe; as ſoon as we were completely equipped, which was ſo expeditiouſly done, that I really believe I could not have been three minutes in changing every thing. I threw my former apparel into the brook, putting ſtones into the coat pockets and the hat, that they might ſink more eaſily, and that no trace of my flight might be diſcovered, about which I was not a little apprehenſive; thanks to Providence nobody ſaw my transfiguration, as we met only ſome waggonners who bid us good night; when we reached the ſummit of the hill, we went five leagues on foot the ſame evening, and ſtopped, about

eleven

To face page 120



Dodd del.t Coldar sculp.t

The Countess de Valois de la Motte & her Maid in disguise near the Hill of Provin in Champaigne.

Published as the Act directs by I Bew Pater Noster Row June 7th 1790

B L

eleven o'clock, at the firſt houſe of entertainment in the ſuburbs of Nogent, which is about two and twenty leagues from Paris; here again I was fatigued ſo much that after our ſupper, poor Marianne was obliged to put me upon her ſhoulders, and bring me into the cow-houſe, and lay me on the ſtraw, for there was neither bed nor chamber; here alſo, I was in the moſt lamentable ſituation, and my feet, unuſed to the hardſhips which I now experienced, were covered with bliſters.

The day after, about ſeven, we hired a cart, which conveyed us directly to Troys, about nine leagues from Nogent, where we ſlept till four the next morning, when we again purſued our journey on foot. In our road we met a waggoner, who civilly aſked us to get up into his cart, which we accepted; he conveyed us to the town where he lived, about two leagues diſtant, but this honeſt ruſtic would receive no money, he would have no other recompence than a promiſe of marriage, which I was conſtrained to give him; he then told me his name and place of abode, and what he would bring me in marriage; he was a young man about 24 years of age. I told him that I and my couſin Marianne had lived at Chaumon, in Champaigne,

and gave him a fictitious name and addreſs; he obliged us both to take a glaſs of wine with him before our departure, and exacted a promiſe that I would anſwer the letter which he intended to ſend me, after which we ſeparated. There was ſomething in this honeſt ruſtic which diverted me much, and I ſhould not have made him ſuch idle promiſes, in return for his civilities, if I could have found any other means either of avoiding ſuſpicion, or ridding myſelf of his importunity; had I been in another habit, and under different circumſtances, I ſhould have thought this rather a diverting adventure.

When we arrived at this little village, we were fortunate enough to procure a farmer's cart upon the recommendation of our former conductor, who was to be my future huſband. We dined at Vandourere, and about two we ſet forward again in a covered carriage, which conveyed us ſeven leagues further; we paſſed through Bar-ſur-Aube, and at ſix we were put down at a village about three leagues from Bar-ſur-Aube.

When I arrived at this place I wrote letters to ſome of my huſband's relations, with which I ſent Marianne, who could not find many of the perſons

perſons in whom I confided; ſhe went to ſeek a friend of Madame de la Tour, (ſiſter of M. de la Motte) to whom ſhe ſent my note, this lady immediately knew my writing, and not at firſt knowing Marianne, but taking her for a poor girl, when I mentioned her in my letter, ſhe threw her arms round her neck and embraced her. "Oh! is it you then, my good girl, who accompanies Madame de la Motte? I intreat you to take the beſt care of her; but how did ſhe effect her eſcape? Oh! gracious heaven, ſaid ſhe, with tears of joy trickling down her cheeks—but you muſt be cold, ſaid ſhe, theſe mornings are very cold"—ſhe then ran to her wardrobe and gave her peticoats, ſhifts, handkerchiefs, with half a louis, which was all ſhe had in her pocket, and greatly regretted that ſhe had it not in her power to do more. She then accompanied Marianne to M. de Suremont, M. de la Motte's uncle; this gentleman's wife, after having coldly received M. Charton, which was this young lady's name, and Marianne, after many remonſtrances of this amiable lady, whoſe praiſes and accompliſhments are almoſt univerſally known, refuſed to come and ſee me. M. de Suremont ſent Marianne an hour before he went away from his own houſe, to deſire me to meet

him

him half way. A place was appointed, and it was about midnight when we met; the night was extremely dark, and we ſat down on the bank of a ditch. M. de Suremont appeared very glad to ſee me, but expreſſed his extreme regret that he could not accommodate me with more than four louis, telling a very lamentable ſtory that his buildings had coſt him ſo much money and that he was very much in debt, and after ſome trifling compliments, curioſity led him to aſk ſome queſtions relative to my future deſtination. "But pray where are you going?" ſaid he to me, I am going to London replied I, for the Engliſh news-papers have for a long time mentioned my huſband's name, I dare ſay he is there. "A-propos," replied M. de Suremont, "There is a lady who has been a week at my houſe, and only departed about ten o'clock this morning, and we have ourſelves directed her journey; there is a plan of the rout ſhe will take to reach Calais, I would adviſe you, if poſſible, to overtake her." promiſed to follow his advice, but I knew his wife of a diſpoſition capable of doing much miſchief.

I did not believe it prudent to return to the ſame inn which we had quitted at midnight, fearful

fearful of being ſuſpected, or taken for thieves, with which all the environs of Chaumon are greatly infeſted; I therefore choſe to walk the remaining part of the night, and the moon, which was at full, enlightened every object, and made it extremely pleaſant; we proceeded nearly a mile and a half, but ſcarcely had we advanced a mile into the foreſt, when we thought of returning again towards the town; we obſerved upon our return many men going out from the foreſt, at ſome diſtance behind us; on our return to the village, we knocked at the firſt cabaret we came to—but they not only refuſed to open the door, but threatened to ſhoot us, taking us without queſtion for thieves. Trembling with cold, we were neceſſitated to take up our lodging at the ſteps of their door, till it was near ſix o'clock the next morning, and all this ſeaſon the nights were extremely cold, and the country wore almoſt the appearance of winter. About ſix in the morning three peaſants and a woman paſſed by, who had two large dogs with them, I related to them our ſituation, and we traverſed the foreſt together as far as Columbay, without ſeeing any thing worthy of remark, where we parted to the ſtage, and having breakfaſted,

faſted, we thence took the poſt, which conveyed us ſeven leagues further, and as this route appeared rather too public, as far as Joinville I preferred occaſionally taking a cart, and when we found none we proceeded a foot. We were conveyed to this place in a cart, where we ſlept, and at ſix in the morning we commenced our journey on foot. This day was terribly hot, and we ſuffered ſeverely in climbing the mountain, which is extremely ſteep and very high, without any ſhade to ſhelter us from the intenſe heat—fatigued and harraſſed as I was, I could not believe how I could ſo long have ſuſtained the hardſhips I endured. We ſtopped at many running ſprings of water, which iſſued forth at many parts of the mountain, parched with thirſt and ſcorched by the burning heat of the ſun, which was intenſe at our backs. Marianne, who was very much troubled with a ſhortneſs of breath, was incapable of proceeding any further; ſhe ſat down and wept bitterly, till fortunately a good old peaſant, who was on horſeback, ſubdued by my entreaties, and ſeeing the poor girl in tears, offered to take her behind him, to which ſhe would not conſent, but as his houſe was but at a ſhort diſtance, ſhe agreed to take the good old man's arm, while I ſeated myſelf

ſelf on the horſe, taking Marianne's bundle, and giving the reins to the horſe, he brought me to the houſe before his maſter; where his daughter, who was lately married, recognized the horſe. I then briefly related to her the circumſtance which procured me the pleaſure of ſeeing her; upon which we mutually embraced each other, and ſhe diſpatched one of her ſiſters to the Curate's houſe to fetch ſome fiſh, and ſome of the beſt wine from another neighbour. Marianne was alſo well received. We were afterwards preſented to the huſband; and all this good family loaded us with kindneſs. After regaling us with a good ſupper of pigeons and excellent fiſh, and delicious flavoured wine, theſe good people accommodated us with their own bed, where we ſlept ſoundly for ſix hours. After a good breakfaſt, we departed at ten, to reach Joinville, in theſe good people's cart, who would not receive a ſingle farthing for their entertainment. The young woman, like moſt mothers, ſeemed particularly pleaſed at my careſſing her infant, and joined with her ſiſter in intreating us to live with them, and that they would find us work during the time of our continuance; all ſeemed to regret our departure.

The huſband conducted us to Nancy. In our road we were attacked by a violent ſtorm of rain; our conductor ſet us down at a ſmall cabaret, near the entrance of a village; and after having proved to me how neceſſary his preſence was at home, to cultivate his ground, I conſented to let him depart, requeſting that he would procure me another conductor and a voiture, and then he might leave us.

The keeper of the cabaret where we were, conſented to conduct us as far as Nancy; the rain having now ſubſided, we agreed to this propoſal of our hoſt, and continued our journey till we came into the midſt of the moſt diſmal foreſt I ever ſaw; it ſeemed a place perfectly adapted for the black buſineſs of robbery or murder; here again a moſt terrible ſtorm came on, and we travelled in the midſt of a heavy ſhower for almoſt two hours and a quarter, and could ſee nothing but the moſt dreadful gleams of lightning at a ſmall diſtance round us. I felt myſelf at that moment very much intimidated, but Marianne was moſt intolerable; never did I ſee any female ſo cowardly. It was now almoſt ten, when we found ourſelves yet in a hollow, one ſide of which borders

borders upon another foreſt; and all the way to the village, about two miles from Toule, the road lies ſkirting the foreſt, which is reputed to be the moſt dangerous. What added greatly to my fears was, that I had not the leaſt knowledge of that road. Our conductor was alſo a very ill-looking fellow; and his conduct was ſuch, that though I cannot poſitively ſay he had really any bad deſign, yet his behaviour was ſufficiently equivocal to make me ſuſpicious; poſſibly he might ſuppoſe that I was equally timorous with Marianne, and wiſhed to aſſure himſelf if this was not the caſe; his horſe was very much fatigued, and when he did not find his maſter by his ſide, he ſtopped all of a ſudden. I endeavoured to encourage Marianne, put myſelf in the front of the cart, and took the horſe's reins and whipped him; but the troubleſome animal would obey nothing but his maſter's voice; he never altered his pace for me, but crawled leiſurely along; I was abſolutely hoarſe with calling to our guide, but nobody anſwered; our voiture was but ſlightly covered, and open to the weather; Marianne and I looked after our conductor with all the eyes we had, but the night was ſo extremely dark, that we could not diſcern our road. This man,

without

without our being able to ſee him, ſtarted ſuddenly upon us four or five times, making a a frightful noiſe every time; he ſtrove as much as poſſible to frighten me, and I confeſs I had internally ſome apprehenſions; but as I could not ſee that he had any arms, I ſtrove to encourage myſelf. Am I not very courageous, ſaid I to him, that I am not terrified, when I conduct my voiture, and alone, traverſing theſe gloomy foreſts?—Why ſhould I be terrified, ſince there are three of us in company?

When I obſerved him remarkably ſilent, I began to ſpeak to him in a ruſtic ſtile, and aſſumed an air of reſolution, I changed my ſituation, and placed myſelf in the midſt of the carriage, where he could leaſt annoy me, and where I ſhould be beſt able to defend myſelf if he ſhould be diſpoſed to make an attack. The man appeared diſturbed and very much agitated, and I began to ſcold at our being ſo long on the road; in the mean time, I kept my table-knife, which was very ſharp and pointed, in one corner of my handkerchief, ready to receive him, determined to defend myſelf and Marianne, who was terrified out of her ſenſes to the laſt moment.

At length, however, I diſcovered a light; it is impoſſible to expreſs how welcome that diſcovery was, as it diſpelled thoſe apprehenſions which the darkneſs of the night had made more terrible. Our guide then compoſed himſelf a little, and told me he was going to bait his horſe, after which we might purſue our journey; moſt certainly, replied I; but when we arrived at the inn, which was about midnight, I determined to lie down. We ſat down to ſupper; and I told my guide, that we did not chooſe to expoſe ourſelves any more that night, as his horſe ſeemed to be ſo much fatigued. This determination did not ſeem agreeable to his inclination; he ſtormed and ſwore, but all was to no purpoſe. I am determined, ſaid I reſolutely, not to proceed till ſix o'clock in the morning. We did, indeed, ſet out an hour ſooner, but then there was no danger; he put us down upon an eminence on the ſide of Nancy; and I really thought he ſeemed to quit us with an air of regret in having failed of his prey, as he was at parting very liberal in his curſes; he queſtioned me concerning my buſineſs:—What's that to you, replied I?—This impertinent fellow certainly thought that we had money.

My

My ſatisfaction was great when I loſt ſight of this fellow; it was indeed more than I can expreſs; and I was pleaſed when I reflected on then danger which threatened me, from which I had been ſo happily reſcued. I found myſelf taken often extremely ill, and Marianne began to be tired with the fatigues ſhe had undergone.

After having dined at Nancy, we took a voiture, which conducted us to Luneville, where we ſtopped, and ſlept at the ſign of the Holy Ghoſt; from whence, the next morning, I wrote to M. Arminot, my couſin, who was an officer in the Gens d'Armes. I took the precaution not to ſign my name to this billet; in which I only mentioned that a lady, one of his father's acquaintance, wiſhed to communicate ſome news from his family; at this he did not loſe a moment, but followed Marianne immediately upon the receipt of my billet. Marianne introduced him to my chamber; he approached me—" But really, Madam, I have not the honour to recollect you. " Look again, Sir," replied Marianne.—He looked attentively, ſtill he did not know me; but, indeed, I was ſo altered by fatigue and diſtreſs, I do not wonder

der that I ſhould not be known by my own relation.—" Do you not know your unhappy couſin," ſaid I.—I could utter no more; my ſenſations ſtopped my tongue—he alſo appeared greatly aſtoniſhed.—" Is it poſſible, my dear couſin," ſaid he, " that this can be you?"—He then embraced me affectionately; but his joy at meeting me could only be equalled by his ſurprize. The evening before my arrival, he had received two letters from Paris, which he ſhewed me, one of which mentioned my ſurpriſing eſcape from the Salpetriere, obſerving, that there were flying reports that the Queen, who was naturally good, had facilitated my eſcape from that place, and that every body was pleaſed with it; that from ſuch circumſtances no doubt could be entertained, that ſhe had once patronized me warmly. The other letter was of a very different complexion, and afforded my couſin leſs conſolation. Without doubt, Sir, ſaid this epiſtle, you have learned by public report the eſcape of Madame de la Motte from the Salpetriere; every thing is found ſhut after her; there are various opinions reſpecting this; ſome think one thing, ſome another; but what appears moſt authentic is, that an acquaintance of mine ſaw her get into a poſt-chaiſe, which

was

was at the corner of the King's Garden, with three Exempts of the Police, who conducted her directly to the Iſland of St. Marguerite; ſo that this unfortunate Lady will be forgotten in captivity.

My couſin was much more alarmed with this letter, which had raiſed his apprehenſions ſo much, that even I myſelf was ſcarce able to convince him of the falſity of theſe idle reports. I could ſcarce perſuade him that I was really the ſame, as I was extremely meagre, and my face and hands very much ſun-burnt. We ſpent two or three days together; and as I communicated to him my deſire to paſs through Switzerland, though without explaining my motive, he gave me in writing the plan of my route, which was by Luxemburgh. We then parted with the greateſt reluctance; and I promiſed to correſpond with him, and relate my adventures.

After this interval of reſt, we purſued our journey at five in the morning on foot; we went eleven leagues this day; and the next, not being able to procure a coach, we were obliged to walk nine leagues farther. After this fatigue, I really was fearful that I ſhould loſe my companion,

panion, Marianne, who was moſt violently attacked with her aſthma; and for five days the phyſician and ſurgeon were doubtful of her recovery. I took every poſſible care of this poor ſufferer; watched her in the night, and attended her with medicine. Weak, and of a delicate conſtitution, Providence alone ſuſtained me, reduced as I was, after two years impriſonment, with ſo much pain, ſo much ſickneſs of the heart, created by reflecting upon the indignities I had ſuffered.

The fifth day, as ſoon as Marianne was in a condition to ſupport herſelf, we took a voiture for Metz, where we ſlept, and the next day departed for Thionville, about ten leagues from thence. The diligence put us down at Thionville, at the ſign of the Three Kings, kept by one Phillips, oppoſite the Capuchin: we arrived there about eight o'clock in the evening, and the miſtreſs of the houſe gave us a chamber adapted well enough for two peaſants, as we appeared to be. We were ready to die with hunger; and Marianne was impatient for her ſupper, which I ordered to be prepared; after waiting an hour, no ſupper came; about half paſt nine, ſeeing that Marianne was a little im-

patient, I went myſelf to ſee what had occaſioned this delay, of which I complained to the hoſteſs. "Well, well, my good girls," replied ſhe, "your ſupper is ready, go into this hall." I then called Marianne; and upon opening the door of the ſupper room, I was not a little aſtoniſhed at ſeeing ten or twelve waggoners ſitting at the table. Surprized at this, I inſtantly turned ſhort round, and addreſſing the hoſteſs in a tone of diſpleaſure—"I did not aſk, Madam, to ſup in company;" and deſired that ſhe would ſhew me up again into my chamber. My hoſteſs wiſhed to remonſtrate—"But you are very wrong, my girl; it will not coſt you half ſo much to ſup with theſe people; it will coſt you no more, if you ſup with theſe men, than two pieces of twenty-four ſols each." All this preamble of the woman put me a little out of humour; and I addreſſed her in ſuch a tone of diſpleaſure, as ſhe probably little thought of hearing from a peaſant; obſerving, that if I had had an equipage, ſhe would probably have been impertinently officious, aſking her if the money of two peaſants was not as good as that of a Ducheſs? An officer of infantry, who was preſent, addreſſed me with a conſequential ſneer, "Well, well, my pretty ruſtic, wait a little,

and

and you ſhall ſup with me." My landlady's daughters burſt into a laugh. Without being the leaſt diſconcerted by this coxcomb, I replied inſtantly, " Should you believe then, Mr. Officer, that you would ſo highly honor me by permitting me to ſup with you? Suppoſe now I was really to take you at your word; becauſe you ſee us in ſtuff petticoats, and two peaſants, you ſuppoſe that we are proper company to ſup with waggoners; but it ſometimes happens that ſtuff petticoats have ſat at table with people of rank, and poſſibly perſons of equal diſtinction with yourſelf, Mr. Officer. The confident manner in which I uttered this, ſuddenly arreſted the empty laugh of my hoſteſs and her daughters, whoſe countenances, from being relaxed in riſibility, now looked extremely ſerious.

It is, indeed, very true that I, in ſome meaſure, expoſed myſelf to ſuſpicion; but I was ſo piqued at the contemptuous tone of this empty-headed fellow, who availed himſelf of dreſs, and the apparent ſuperiority of his circumſtances, to put two innocent country girls to the bluſh. It is, indeed, but too common for perſons of ſelf-aſſumed importance, or wealth-created diſtinction, to deſpiſe and ſneer at the peaſant,

whoſe difference of ſituation and circumſtances, not different degree of underſtanding, alone reſtrains him from replying to thoſe ſarcaſms, which would not ſo tamely be endured, if he did not feel the ſuperior weight of his wealth or diſtinction; but why ſhould the poor be inſulted with the diſdainful ſmile of grandeur? I would aſk theſe arrogant perſons, how they would exiſt if it was not for the peaſant?—Who is it that clothes them in their ſumptuous apparel? Who is it that enables them to enjoy the luxuries of life, to which the poor contribute by induſtry and hard labor? Was it not for the induſtry of the peaſant, the honeſt, induſtrious, neglected peaſant, how could they ſubſiſt in all that pomp in which they are ſupported by the peaſant, and which ungratefully they direct to inſult their benefactors? For I have always reſpected the laborer and the peaſant; and I will never ſuffer them to be ſlighted in my preſence.

My reply to the officer produced a revolution in our favor. During the time Marianne and I were at ſupper together, the two daughters and my good hoſteſs addreſſed me in a very different tone; they came to beg a thouſand pardons:

And

And though I endeavoured as much as poſſible to make my words and actions correſpond with my habit and appearance, yet their regret and attention proved too much the imprudence I had been guilty of, and that they ſuſpected I was ſome young lady in diſguiſe. A ſhort time after, the officer made his appearance; who, fearing that I ſhould deny him admiſſion, knocked at my door; which I opened; he addreſſed me very politely—"I beg your pardon, Madam, I did not know this was your chamber." I deſired him to ſit down; but he rather choſe to walk backwards and forwards in the room. After ſome little converſation, he at laſt aſked me if the cauſe between the famous Counteſs de la Motte and the Cardinal de Rohan was yet finiſhed, adding, it is reported that ſhe is in a convent. "Some little birds brought us the news this evening, who have alſo told us that ſhe is delivered from her convent, but we do not know whether this news is authentic." "I really, Sir, do not underſtand of whom you are ſpeaking, the Counteſs and the Cardinal; theſe people, Sir, are to me totally unknown; it is quite out of my line, as a ſimple peaſant, the daughter of a farmer near Orleans, with no other breeding than what I have received in

a convent, to ſpeak of any thing but the religious, and not of what is paſſing in the beau monde." He replied, that the anſwer which I made him in the kitchen betrayed me. I then entreated him to withdraw, obſerving, that it was paſt one o'clock of the morning.

This adventure proved a good leſſon to me, and fixed me in the determination of being more cautious in future, if fortunately extricated from this difficulty, as I then conceived there could be no doubt but that he had diſcovered me. I reflected on it as a fortunate circumſtance for me, that he was not oppoſite me when he pronounced my name, otherwiſe he might have obſerved a change of countenance both in me and Marianne.

I obſerved, that the ſame coachman who had brought us to this inn had given notice, that he ſhould ſet off the next day, at eight in the morning, for Luxembourg. This was a public ſtage, and I deſired M. Phillips and her daughters to call us at ſeven; which, however, they neglected to do; and we being ſo much fatigued, did not wake till after the voiture was gone. Vexed at my diſappointment, I reprimanded the

the hoſteſs and her daughters very ſharply for their neglect; to which they made no other reply, than that they had forgot, and adviſed me to take the poſt.

All the propoſals of theſe people alarmed me; without ſaying a word to them, I diſpatched Marianne to try if ſhe could procure a cabriolet, or even a cart. The interval of Marianne's abſence was to me a moſt anxious time indeed. Curioſity was upon the tiptoe in that houſe; and my hoſteſs's daughters were continually bringing young officers to my chamber, as they ſaid, to bear me company. Theſe gentlemen behaved very politely, and all earneſtly requeſted me to paſs ſome days among them. There was one, in particular, diſtinguiſhed by ſuperior accompliſhments, whom I recollected; this was the Count de St. Mimis, a young gentleman of about twenty-two years of age, and a particular friend of de la Tour, M. de la Motte's nephew; they had been Pages together; and he continued in converſation with me ſome time: I cannot poſitively ſay whether he recollected me or not; but from his diſcourſe I have ſome reaſon to ſuſpect he did.—"I believe, Madam," ſaid he,—"I beg you will excuſe my freedom,

but you appear to be under ſome kind of uneaſineſs and anxiety of mind, and that you are neither in your proper habit or ſphere; permit me, Madam, to make you an offer of my ſervices—I ſhould find myſelf inexpreſſibly happy, if you ſhould ſuffer me to indulge any hope that they will be accepted—I at this inſtant can command twenty-five Louis—I entreat you, Madam, to ſay but the word—how fortunate I ſhould think myſelf if I could be of ſervice to you; and for theſe offers that I take the liberty of making, propoſe your own terms, and aſſure yourſelf, Madam, that I ſhall not attempt to ſift into the motives which induce you to aſſume this habit; I have no further curioſity to know your name—to have the happineſs of ſerving you is my ſole diſintereſted motive; if I ſhould ſucceed, I ſhall be moſt abundantly rewarded."

This generous conduct can never be effaced from my memory; it ſenſibly affected me; and I thanked him with all that gratitude which ſuch generous offers on my part demanded; but at the ſame time endeavoured as much as poſſible to convince him of his prejudice, in ſuppoſing me a woman of birth: I told him I

was

was but a poor peaſant, in no reſpect calculated to merit ſuch attention as he was pleaſed to honor me with: he then adroitly turned the converſation; ſpoke of Verſailles, with which he was very well acquainted, from having been Page. From the converſation of this gentleman, and from the behaviour of thoſe about me, I plainly ſaw it was high time for me to depart from hence; all my efforts to diſſuade the Count were unſucceſsful. It was now growing very late, and Marianne's long abſence rendered me extremely uneaſy and very much agitated. At length it was ſeven in the evening, and Marianne was not yet arrived, although ſhe went out at ten in the morning. I could not conjecture what had detained her ſo long. The houſe of this Phillips was full of officers. I wiſhed not to appear diſquieted; but I could not eſcape the penetration of theſe gentlemen.

At length, about nine o'clock, Marianne arrived, dripping wet: ſhe paid our hoſteſs, and in a rough tone of voice, and ruſtic manner, ſaid to me, "Come along, take your bundle—it is lucky for you that you are under ſhelter—come along, Miſs, there is a cart at the gate of the town waiting for you." When ſhe ſaw me

ſurrounded

ſurrounded by ſo many officers, who begged me to remain, obſerving that a ſhower was gathering—" Well," replies Marianne, " if there is, ſhe is not made of ſugar any more than me, ſhe'll take no hurt; ſo come along, Miſs, come along." Marianne was, indeed, naturally vulgar, but ſhe affected to be more ſo at this moment, the better to avoid ſuſpicion. Theſe gentlemen would, however, inſiſt upon conducting me to my voiture; which, when they ſaw to be quite open and uncovered, politely propoſed that I ſhould remain till next day, when ſome of them would convey me in a cabriolet to Luxembourg. I declined this kind offer; which I alledged my couſin, Marianne, ſeemed averſe to accept.

We proceeded on our journey, and ſlept at Etanche; and the next day we departed in a tilted carriage. My intention was to go into Switzerland, and to remain a ſhort time at ſome frontier town, from whence I could write to M. de la Motte, conceiving this was the only chance of being ſecure; and that Providence which had ſo long guided and ſupported me, now granted my wiſh, and directed me to an hoſpitable manſion, inhabited by the moſt worthy,

thy, the moſt charitable of beings. This perſon was a mother of five children, who, with her huſband, that was in an ill ſtate of health, and quite dropſical, were all maintained at her expence. The young man, who was our guide, had formerly been ſtable boy to Madame Shilſs, which was the name of our generous hoſteſs, and for whoſe houſe he had the ſtrongeſt attachment. Although we were but three leagues from the place whence we ſet out, he would ſtop here to bait his horſes. We therefore breakfaſted, as I learnt that this village was dependent on the Emperor. I was alarmed, and our good hoſteſs ſeeing me agitated, addreſſed herſelf very particularly to me, and, with an air of affability, ſaid, " If, Madam, you have any fears in being upon French ground, inſtantly diſmiſs them, nobody has any power over you here." She then engaged me to ſtay, with many kind and friendly perſuaſions. " I have no fear," replied I, " but am in want of money, and wiſh to write to my family."— " Very well," replied this good creature, " for that very reaſon I inſiſt that you ſhall remain with me, you can write from hence. I was ſtruck with the affable and generous behaviour of my worthy hoſteſs, whom I apprized of my intention

intention to paſs into Switzerland, and from thence to go to England. She adviſed me to remain at her houſe—gueſſing my motive, and conveying her conjectures in a very reſpectful whiſper, at the ſame time aſſuring me, that I ſhould remain in perfect ſecurity with her.—Her offer was at once ſo benevolent and diſintereſted, that I could not but accept it, and I was very far from repenting that I did ſo.

About two days after, I wrote to M. de la Motte, under cover to Mr. Mac Mahon, his friend, in London; to which I received an anſwer about ten days after, that he would make enquiries for ſome proper perſon that he could truſt, whom he would ſend to fetch us as ſoon as poſſible. Three weeks paſſed away without receiving any letter, without ſeeing any emiſſary from my huſband. I began to fear that our letters had been intercepted, which made me extremely uneaſy. Every cabriolet, in ſhort, every vehicle I ſaw, I fancied to myſelf was come to convey me to the Baſtile.

On the twenty-third of July, I read the Journal of Luxembourg, which I was moſt ardently deſirous of ſeeing, perſuaded that there would

would be ſome mention made of me, and my aſtoniſhing eſcape. The Rector, an intimate friend of my good hoſteſs, was preſent while I read the paper to him aloud, reſerving the article of French news till the laſt. At length I came to the following paragraph:

" JUNE 5th. Eſcaped from the priſon of the " Salpetriere, the Counteſs de Valois de la " Motte, between the hours of eleven and " twelve in the morning, with the girl who " waited upon her, whoſe name is Marianne. " This unfortunate Lady poſſeſſed all that mag- " nanimity which innate dignity could inſpire; " and from thence many perſons of the firſt " diſtinction intereſted themſelves in her favor. " She was to remain a ſhort time in priſon, " and then to be ſent to a Convent. This le- " nity is to be attributed to that high ſpirit " which engaged the King himſelf in her favor. " Siſter Martha aſſerts, that ſhe made her " eſcape in men's cloaths, having a cage in her " hand, with a bird ſhe was remarkably fond " of."

I armed myſelf with all poſſible reſolution while I was reading this article, though Marianne

rianne and I both changed countenance, but he fortunately did not obſerve us. This ſame Journal alſo ſtated, that many perſons pretended they had ſeen a poſt-chaiſe near the Boulevards, ready to take me away; in ſhort, every one had a different ſtory; and the circumſtances of my eſcape being unknown, they were invented and furbiſhed up by popular rumor, ever replete with conjectures, which if not authoritatively contradicted, ſoon gain the currency of truth.

There were ſome who aſſerted that this happened near Calais, and that three Exempts of the Police conducted me to the Iſle of Saint Marguerite. This laſt article gave me great pleaſure, as from that I judged I ſhould elude ſuſpicion. My good hoſteſs had not then an idea of my being the perſon; but the following day, a report gained conſiderable ground, and even reached the Military Society at Luxembourg, that there was a perſon at the houſe of Madame Chilze, with a tall ſtout girl, who perfectly anſwered the deſcription of Marianne and Madame de la Motte. I was every day viſited by a great a number of officers, both old and young, then reſiding in the village, who conſtantly prefaced their viſits with expreſſions of

of condolence, obſerving, how very dull it muſt be for me to be alone in a place ſo deſtitute of amuſement.

The Chevalier Treſſois begged me to accept ſome of his couſin's gowns; he was very urgent with me that I ſhould accept of them; my remonſtrances that I was only a peaſant, conſequently ſhould ill become ſuch attire, did not in the ſmalleſt degree abate that concern they had conceived on my account; every day they made their enquiries, and overwhelmed me with a profuſion of compliments.

The Chevalier de Curel, of a family at Langres, appeared to be one of thoſe moſt officious in circulating the report that I was the Counteſs de la Motte, which made me tremble for the conſequence; and I conceived, that by aſſociating my hoſteſs in my confidence, ſhe might find ſome means of ſilencing theſe reports. I therefore truſted her, or rather confirmed her preconceived opinion, leaving every thing to her diſcretion. This good lady rendered me very eſſential ſervice; for when any perſon came to make enquiries of her, ſhe amuſed them all with different ſtories, and at the ſame time enjoined

joined the moſt profound ſecrecy to every one of them; ſome gave credit to her information, while others expreſſed their doubts. The Chevalier de Curel, in particular, made ſome verſes, in which, though he did not expreſsly mention my name, yet he contrived to let me ſee he knew very well who I was, and that he ſuſpected me to be in confederacy with my good hoſteſs.

I affected as much as poſſible to truſt him, though in myſterious terms: I gave him to underſtand that I was an Italian actreſs from Paris, and that his couſin, the Chevalier de Curel, an officer in the King's regiment had promiſed to marry me; that I was at Langres at the death of his father; that his family having learnt that I was going to be married, had obtained an order to have me confined, "Your couſin," continued I, "has fortunately heard of this, and I am perfectly ſafe under the diſguiſe of a peaſant; and the Chevalier, your couſin, will come here in queſt of me."

The credulous Chevalier gave implicit credit to this ſtory, which was calculated expreſsly to amuſe him. I entreated him to keep it a ſecret, though it was univerſally known, that entruſting him

him with a ſecret was like putting water in a ſieve; he went to every coffee-houſe about the town to relate among his friends the ſecret he had heard, till at length it reached the ears of Mr. Huberty, an Advocate in Luxembourg, and a man well known in that province as a perſon of great merit. This gentleman's curioſity led him to my inn, to aſcertain whether or no I was really an actreſs; he opened my door without knocking, pretending that he had made a miſtake. My reſerve and coldneſs at firſt abaſhed him; but finding him a man of underſtanding, I attempted to obliterate the cold reception I had given him, by begging him to ſit down. I was totally ignorant of the true motive of his viſit; and not a word eſcaped him during the whole of his continuance with me, that could give me the leaſt cauſe to ſuſpect that curioſity alone had brought him thither, particularly as his converſation was upon general topics. A few days after ſeveral officers came to inform Madame Schilſs, they were confident that I was the Counteſs de la Motte. Soon after this Mr. Huberty came a ſecond time to the houſe of Madame Schilſs; but I was now apprized of his attention, and accordingly refuſed to receive him.

All theſe reports made me extremely uneaſy, particularly as I had not yet received any farther news from London, and the letter which I had received gave me to hope that I ſhould ſhortly have another, to apprize me of the day when ſomebody would come to fetch me. So great was my anxiety, that Marianne determined to depart for Bar-ſur-Aube, hoping that ſhe would be able to find Madame de la Tour; or, if ſhe was not there, that ſhe might be able to find Madame de Surmon. My money at this time was quite exhauſted; my good Madame Schliſs gave almoſt three louis to Marianne for her journey, a German habit to diſguiſe her, and offered her a horſe; but the poor girl did not know how to mount him. She, however, proceeded within two leagues of Obriſſe; but M. and Madame Surmon did not receive her as was expected; they denied her even the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance. She then applied to my couſin, M. Arminot, who being a young man had but very little money; this he, however, offered, but which I would not accept; it was a bill of exchange for twenty-five louis, and he indorſed it, in hopes that M. Surmon would at leaſt accept it, if he could not oblige me with immediate pecuniary aſſiſtance. But theſe good relations

relations thought proper to refuſe to give either money or paper.

Diſappointed here, the indefatigable Marianne reſolutely purſued her courſe to Paris, (which I did not expect) hoping to find more friends there than at Bar-ſur-Aube. Poor girl!—repulſed by my relations, how could ſhe entertain the leaſt hope that ſtrangers would aſſiſt me?—She had no letter to introduce her to any body at Paris. She applied firſt at Mr. Tillet's, whom ſhe knew had acted the part of a father while I remained in that odious priſon the Salpetriere; but the poor girl could not endure the cruel reception ſhe met with from the domeſtics; ſhe then found out the abode of Angelica. She again paſſed through Bar-ſur-Aube, where ſhe ſaw Madame de la Motte, who gave her a louis; M. Charton, who had it not in her power to give more, gave her another. Marianne then offered Madame de Surmon one of my muſlin cloaks, richly trimmed, for one louis, which ſhe pretended to refuſe through delicacy, yet afterwards bought it of the very ſame woman whom ſhe had recommended to her as a purchaſer, alledging that ſhe had not the money. Marianne, with M. Charton, diſpoſed of

this cloak, with ſeveral other articles, to enable the former to return back to Obriſſe, with what M. de Charton and M. de la Motte had given her.

About the 27th of July in the afternoon, a lady and gentleman came to enquire for me.—Madame Schilſs, informed that I had been long in expectation of ſome perſons from England, was very well pleaſed; ſhe introduced them as perſons ſhe could truſt; and my own confidence was enereaſed when ſhe preſented me with a letter from Monſieur de la Motte.—The lady leaped upon my neck, embraced me, and wept for joy at ſeeing me, informing me that ſhe ſhould ſoon, ſhe hoped, conduct me to an aſylum in the land of Liberty; ſoon after which ſhe gave me the letter of M. de la Motte.

Her arrival was extremely fortunate, as I was then trembling with fear, ſo many reports had been ſpread abroad at Luxembourg; reports which I was apprehenſive would reach Paris. From theſe various ſuſpicions, ſhe and Madame Schilſs were ſo terrified, that we were even frightened at our own ſhadows. The arrival of Mrs. Mac Mahon, however, diſpelled all my

apprehenſions.

apprehenſions. A very few days before that lady's arrival, I perceived, at ſome diſtance from my inn, a cabriolet very much reſembling that of the Police of Paris. I diſcovered two gentlemen reſembling, as I thought, Exempts of the Police. One of theſe people alighted and came forward, and ſtood directly oppoſite to the inn, while the other ſeemed as if he wiſhed to conceal himſelf in the cabriolet. Theſe circumſtances alarmed my ſuſpicions. I drew aſide my ſmall window-curtain, and diſcovered the perſon who remained in the cabriolet looking through the back part, with his eyes fixed very attentively upon my window. He ſaw me peeping through my curtains, and the moment he diſcovered me, he called out to the perſon who had walked on before, and ſent him immediately to my inn. I now began to be convinced that theſe were wretches belonging to the Police. Nay, ſo ſtrongly was I influenced by my fears, that I even thought I recollected one in that ſituation. Unknowing what to do, I immediately called Madam Schilſs, to whom I communicated my apprehenſions and the motives which gave them birth. That good woman conducted me into one of the garrets, where ſhe ſhut the doors, and covered me as well as

ſhe could with boxes and ſtraw. In this diſ-agreeable ſituation I remained at leaſt two hours, till ſhe had diſcovered who theſe gentlemen were who had ſo raiſed our mutual apprehenſions.—This good woman was herſelf in no ſmall degree alarmed; for the perſon whom I had ſeen coming to the inn, had enquired of the ſervants, if a lady did not lodge there, whom they thought they perceived through the window? To which one of the ſervants replied, that that was a French lady. "She very much reſembles the lady I am in queſt of," replied the gentleman. After which he returned to the other, who was concealed in the cabriolet.

Madame Shilſs ſoon diſcovered who he was; ſhe was ſoon acquainted with the whole buſineſs; and ſuch was the goodneſs of her heart, ſhe rejoiced that her fears were premature.—The perſon who remained in the cabriolet was himſelf in a very critical ſituation; equally ſo, perhaps, with myſelf; one of them was a fugitive, of exceeding good family, from Straſbourg, and the lady he was in queſt of was no other than his own ſiſter; they had appointed their rendezvous near this place; this perſon had fortunately eſcaped—thus do we ſee how one

unfortunate perſon terrifies another; many of theſe alarms I had to encounter. Fear was certainly buſy, and my mind was never at eaſe; and I conceived that even this lady and gentleman were ſent to betray me; for I know that the Police of Paris have a thouſand arts to decoy thoſe whom they wiſh into their ſnares. But at length I was agreeably diſſuaded from theſe apprehenſions.

Surpriſed at not hearing from M. de la Motte previous to the arrival of Madame Mac Mahon, I determined to write again to London, to mark my ſurpriſe at not having any intelligence of M. de la Motte, expreſſing my fears that I ſhould be again ſacrificed. It muſt be remarked, in juſtification of my huſband, that he communicated my firſt letter to his friends, Mr. Mac Mahon and his wife, who arrived in France very much fatigued by her journey.—M. de la Motte fearing to expoſe himſelf by running ſuch a hazard as coming to fetch me, adopted the plan of repoſing this confidence in ſome perſon whom he conceived he could truſt, but who afterwards abuſed that confidence which my huſband, void of ſuſpicion, beſtowed on every one who wore a plauſible exterior.

My name having been frequently mentioned in the newſpapers, and this perſon upon different occaſions ſaying, how happy he ſhould be, if he could find an opportunity of ſerving M. de la Motte; and if he could but diſcover the place of my retreat, what pleaſure it would give him to fetch me. From theſe warm profeſſions, too warm to be ſincere, my good-natured huſband, whoſe unſuſpicious nature renders him too eaſy a prey to the deſigning, led away by the apparent generoſity of this impoſtor, truſted him with the commiſſion, giving him money to defray the expences of his journey, and ſufficient to fetch me from Obriſſe: then gave him two letters, one of which was to be put in the poſt, to advertiſe me of the day when I might expect his arrival at Obriſſe, and the other he was to deliver to me there in perſon.

This man, however, apparently ſo extremely zealous to ſerve his friend, ſeemed to make this rather a journey of pleaſure than to execute the commiſſion with which he was intruſted; he remained nine days at Oſtend, at an inn in that place, from whence he wrote to M. de la Motte to remit more money, of which he alledged

ledged he was in immediate want, as he had been taken ill on the road. Upon receiving this intelligence, my huſband communicated his apprehenſions to Mrs. Mac Mahon; who, fearing leſt ſome additional misfortune ſhould befall me, and forgetting at that moment the difficulties, the fatigues of ſuch an enterprize, in the compenſation ſhe ſhould receive from the pleaſing reflection of having done a good action, determined to undertake this journey. She accordingly proceeded immediately to the inn at Oſtend, where ſhe found our zealous friend in a luxuriant ſtate of health, his mind intent upon receiving a remittance, and his heart perfectly at eaſe.

Mrs. Mac Mahon, after leaving him money ſufficient to enable him to return to London, took the boat for Bruges, where ſhe was not a little ſurprized to ſee this man arrive ſoon after her; he followed her, and lodged at the ſame inn; he invented a number of ſtories, and uſed all his arguments to intimidate her, and diſſuade her from expoſing herſelf to ſuch an hazardous undertaking. Thus did this man demonſtrate the malignity of his heart, and diſcover his miſchievous deſigns; but all were ineffectual;

tual; ſo far from altering the reſolution of Mrs. Mac Mahon, they ſtrengthened that firmneſs they were meant to ſhake, and raiſed her indignation againſt the malignant and ungrateful propoſer, who would not from fear be induced to return again to London, as he had informed Mrs. Mac Mahon he intended to do, not only by verbal promiſes, but alſo by letter; he pretended that he had very urgent buſineſs in London, and that his attendance there was indiſpenſible; notwithſtanding, however, this aſſertion, Mrs. Mac Mahon could not ſhake him off; he followed her to Obriſſe. She informed me of the conduct of this troubleſome fellow ſoon after her arrival; and what ſhe told me re-plunged me into yet greater diſquietudes, and made me believe, if appearances might be truſted, that this man had written to Paris, in hopes of obtaining ſome reward.

From all theſe circumſtances, we judged it imprudent to make any long continuance at Obriſſe, from whence we departed the next morning at eight, at which this man ſeemed much chagrined. I was not a little unhappy at parting from my kind hoſteſs; but my fears, my continual apprehenſion, my eagerneſs to ſee the

the land of Liberty and Security, all contributed to diminiſh my reluctance. None of theſe reaſons affected Madame Schilſs; that worthy woman, who regarded me with maternal tenderneſs, was almoſt inconſoleable. The mother and her children gathered about me, and for a moment ſuſpended their tears, to unite their fervent wiſhes for my future welfare—"Kind ſouls, under your hoſpitable manſion a friendleſs ſtranger found conſolation, protection, and friendſhip; and when I recollect your favors the tears of gratitude ſhall bedew mine eyes.

When I tell my Readers how I was entertained, they will pardon this digreſſion in favor of Madame Shilſs, who with all the tenderneſs of an indulgent mother, procured for me all the rarities of the ſeaſon—Fiſh, game, every thing; but this was trifling compared to that tender anxiety with which ſhe liſtened to, and ſoothed my grief—that anxiety and tenderneſs, ſo amiable, ſo pleaſing to the heart—this was the moſt diſintereſted friendſhip, not a ſudden ſhort-lived generoſity, ſhe expreſſed the ſame friendſhip, the ſame tenderneſs, and the ſame attention the laſt day as the firſt in which I entered the houſe. Such diſintereſted benevolence, for

the

credit of humanity, for the honour of the ſex, it is to me a moſt pleaſing duty to record. But the benevolence of this worthy womam was not confined to one individual; its operation was active and extended. A few months before my arrival, as ſhe was returning from Thionville in a covered cart, between Thionville and Etanche ſhe perceived a gentleman who was running very hard, having a handkerchief round his waiſt, with his hat in his hand, and a croſs of St. Louis, which he appeared deſirous to conceal under his coat; ſhe obſerved him juſt as he was upon the point of leaping into a ditch, while the Marechauſſee of Metz were in purſuit of him; this good woman inſtantly ſtopped her carriage, approached towards the place where he was, ſtretched out her hand, and begged him to aſcend; he accepted her offer, and got into the carriage; and at a ſmall diſtance from thence ſhe put him into a bag, the better to conceal him; the Marechauſſee by this time came up and aſked her if ſhe had not ſeen ſuch a perſon, deſcribing the gentleman in the carriage. She replied, that ſhe had not paid any attention, and continued her route. This good woman thus ſnatched this poor gentleman from thoſe hawks who were ready to pounce upon their

their prey. But ſhe was not content merely with having delivered him, ſhe kept him five weeks at her houſe, truſted only to her peculiar charge; after which he eſcaped into Switzerland. During the time of his continuance at her houſe, this generous woman ſupplied all his wants, and lent him money out of her own pocket. Never was generoſity attended with ſo little oſtentation; for ſhe cannot endure to receive any compliment upon her good actions, and is even offended at hearing them ſpoke of.

I now return to Mrs. Mac Mahon, with whom I ſet out for England. Nothing very material happened during our journey, except that at Bruxelles, where our gentleman would repoſe himſelf, who had taken it into his head that we ſhould not arrive at Oſtend till Saturday, probably expecting at that time the Exempts of the Police from Paris. We arrived, however, at about eleven in the morning, but the packet did not ſail till three in the evening. The ſuſpicious conduct of this man obliged us to tell him, in plain terms, at Bruges, that we ſuſpected him to have pledged himſelf to deliver me into the hands of my enemies for the ſake of a reward.

When

When we arrived at Oſtend, this man walked three or four hours alone, while we repoſed ourſelves, locked up at our inn, which is kept by an Engliſhman, very near the ſea-ſide.—About eleven in the evening, he invited us to go and ſee the ſhips of the line, obſerving that nobody would take any notice of us. We did not make any objection to this propoſal, but accompanied him. After having ſeen ſome of theſe ſhips, he propoſed our going to ſee the quarter where the Emperor's ſhips generally anchored. It was now extremely dark, and Madam Mac Mahon and I held faſt by his arms; and being advanced about twenty paces upon a kind of bridge, I found myſelf puſhed forward by him, and forced to advance. I began from this conduct to have very ſtrong ſuſpicions; and we both wiſhed to ſtop immediately, but he ſtill perſiſted in holding our arms, as if determined to lead us to the end; it was now extremely dark, and we were obliged to exert all our ſtrength to diſengage ourſelves, and with great difficulty ſaved ourſelves by running back to our inn. This was the ſame Engliſh Captain who had conveyed Mrs. Mac Mahon, and was waiting this very day for a French packet.

Thus

Thus did Providence once again preſerve me. About three I was eſcorted to the packet-boat by three Engliſhmen and the Captain, and after forty-two hours paſſage arrived ſafe at Dover. About half a league before we came to anchor, we went upon deck, when many of the inn-keepers came on board the packet-boat, to engage the paſſengers to make uſe of their houſes. Not being able to ſpeak Engliſh, I anſwered them all in French, that I was provided with a lodging. Some of theſe people are frequently impertinently troubleſome; but all proceeds from an officiouſneſs dictated by motives of intereſt, which in many inſtances might be well diſpenſed with.

As ſoon as we were arrived at the inn to which Mrs. Mac Mahon recommended me, ſhe embraced me, and deſired me to diſpell every apprehenſion, as we were then upon the land of Liberty. Cheared by this aſſurance, my apprehenſions vaniſhed, and we converſed together with the utmoſt gaiety; at the ſame time our troubleſome friend wore the aſpect of diſappointment. Mrs. Mac Mahon took care to diſquiet him, by leaving him no room to doubt how ſtrongly we ſuſpected him.

At

At ſeven we took the route for London, where we arrived at ſeven the next morning; and at nine my eyes were greeted by the ſight of M. de la Motte. It is not my intention to attempt to deſcribe thoſe mutual tranſports which glowed in either boſom, at this interview; the ſituation, the circumſtances of the parties, will raiſe thoſe correſpondent emotions in the boſom of Senſibility, which will convey my ideas more ſtrongly than all the pomp of diction—that may captivate the ear, but not impreſs the ſoul. After ſo many months impriſonment, ſuch a ſeries of diſquietudes, ſo many hair-breadth eſcapes, to meet again the huſband of my affection, in a land of Liberty, ſafe from the threat of Perſecution, from the deſtroying arm of Oppreſſion, was a pleaſure which I cannot—I will not endeavour to deſcribe.

I remained a fortnight at the houſe of Mrs. Mac Mahon, in the Haymarket, without venturing abroad to take the air, fearing leſt I ſhould be diſcovered. Every coffee-houſe in the environs of this place was filled with perſons, many of whom were foreigners, eager to gratify their curioſity by ſeeing me. To pre-

vent the inconvenience of being ſtared and pointed at, my friend, Mrs. Mac Mahon contrived to take me out about nine or ten in the evening.

I was ſcarce recovered from my fatigues, when I amuſed myſelf with the idea of bringing forward my Juſtification, to ſubmit my cauſe to public inſpection, and to ſtand or fall by the ſuffrage of the impartial; to retrieve that honor which my enemies had ſo tarniſhed—and honor was my only aim.

I have ſaid at the off-ſet of my Narration, that I was born to be unfortunate—that my life teemed with new and ſucceſſive troubles.—Need I to the intelligent Reader, who has proceeded with me hitherto, inſiſt upon this aſſertion. I will not invalidate my own teſtimony, by inſulting the judgment of thoſe whom I addreſs, with attempting to prove the truth of that aſſertion.

On my arrival in England, I found my huſband in great diſtreſs, waiting impatiently the moment when his unfeeling uncle and his wife would ſend over what property of his remained

in their hands, which they had given Mrs. Mac Mahon reaſon to hope, upon her departure from Bar-ſur-Aube, that they would ſpeedily perform.—Illuſive hopes—unfeeling, not to ſay diſhoneſt relations. Theſe were they who refuſed me the moſt trifling aſſiſtance—theſe were they who ill-treated Marianne, who could ſuffer her to ſell my cloaths; and Madame de Surmon, in particular, could rack her invention to juſtify her meanneſs; ſhe could recommend Marianne to a purchaſer, and ſhe could profit by her recommendation; for ſhe herſelf afterwards purchaſed of that very woman whom ſhe herſelf had recommended. Bluſh, mean woman, when thou readeſt this page, nor dare to call thyſelf a relation. Bluſh—and expiate, if poſſible, by remorſe, thy avarice and want of compaſſion—ſhe that could be audacious enough to ſay, that we might yet think ourſelves happy, becauſe ſhe had not ſent every thing to the Government. "Oh! barbarous relations!" I could not help exclaiming before Mrs. Mac Mahon and my huſband, "it is you who have been principally inſtrumental in my ruin and diſgrace—it is to your inſatiable avarice, to your eager deſire of enriching yourſelves upon the ſpoils of thoſe relations whom you ought to ſupport and protect,

teſt, that we are now involved in theſe calamitous circumſtances!"

When this female, whom I will not compliment, at the expence of her ſex, with the name of Woman; when ſhe, I ſay, and her huſband, ſhall read my Memoirs and thoſe of the Cardinal, ſhe will find that her petition to the Parliament would not have been admitted, but from her inſinuations of the pretended avarice of M. de la Motte, who ſhe inſinuated had not only taken away his own diamonds, but thoſe alſo which were mine. This ſame petition alſo alledged, that he had likewiſe taken our plate, lace, and all our moſt valuable furniture. Do I inveigh too bitterly againſt relations like theſe? Can the impartial Reader reſtrain his indignation, when I inform him that all my property was ſeized on with moſt unrighteous ſpeed by theſe treacherous relations; who, in poſſeſſion of that property, circulated malicious reports, to enable them to preſerve the ſpoils they had wrenched from their unfortunate family; thus adding irreparable injury, by deſtroying the reputation of thoſe whom they had already ſtripped of their property. To ſerve their ſiniſter purpoſes, they ſpread abroad

exaggerated reports of our magnificent furniture, of our equipage, and ſtile of living; labouring to inſinuate, that ſuch ſplendour could not be ſupported without extraordinary reſources, without the appropriation of the diamonds. The Counteſs's bed-furniture, ſaid they, is ſumptuouſly embroidered, and ſprinkled with fine pearls to the amount of 150,000 livres.

Thus did they labor to give every advantage to the Houſe of Rohan; not once reflecting, that in diſgracing me they alſo diſgraced themſelves; but it was ſufficient that they had the means of procuring money at any rate; the honor of their family was an inſignificant trifle; to get money was the ſummit of their ambition; and for this purpoſe the petition was filled with envious and malicious falſities; it was through fear of his relations alone that my unfortunate huſband ever went to England; it was their intereſt to intimidate him, to leave that property which they ſo anxiouſly deſired. Yet could I better have ſuſtained their injuries, had I been convinced that I ſhould be ſingle in ruin.

But

But, alas! it adds more poignancy to my own misfortunes, when I reflect that thoſe who are more dear to me than life, are involved in difficulties for crimes of which I alone have been unjuſtly accuſed, as if a kind of fatality attended all thoſe who unfortunately had any connection with me. I lament the ſituation of my unfortunate huſband, who is condemned for having left the country, and carrying off thoſe diamonds which have been left to his family. Has not he alſo a right to demand at once a reſtitution of his honor and his property?—Or where is juſtice?—What are the articles of his condemnation?—What is the complexion of his guilt?—Is he condemned for coming to England to ſell his diamonds there? Is he guilty for ſaying that his wife had interviews with the Queen—that the Cardinal ſaw her alſo? The Cardinal has ſaid preciſely the ſame himſelf; for my huſband ſeeing me ſo often in private with the Cardinal, and knowing at the ſame time that I went frequently to Verſailles, expreſſed his diſapprobation, and poſitively prohibited me from ſeeing the Cardinal any more, and as to Verſailles he would accompany me thither himſelf.

M. de la Motte rendered me at this time very uneaſy; he accuſed me unjuſtly of intrigues; and I could not indeed confide any thing in him, as I judged him to be rather indiſcreet. Denied thus to go abroad, and not being able to ſee the Cardinal, I found means to write, and inform of him of the reſtraint laid on me by my huſband; he anſwered that he wiſhed to ſee him; in conſequence of which, the Cardinal himſelf wrote M. de la Motte a very polite note, begging an interview. My huſband waited on the Cardinal, and returned quite charmed with his Eminence; he even reproved me ſharply for having failed in the confidence which I ought to have repoſed in him, and that the Cardinal had communicated to him his connections with the Queen. "That is the reaſon, Sir," ſaid the Cardinal to M. de la Motte, "why I ſo often ſee the Counteſs, and why ſhe goes ſo often to Verſailles; there is no other intrigue between us. I could not determine to entruſt you with this ſecret the two laſt times I ſaw you; but I thought that even in letting you remain ignorant, you would not ſuſpect the Counteſs to be guilty of any perſonal intrigue. Theſe are the crimes of my huſband; from this moment he wiſhed to dive into every thing, and probably

ſpoke

ſpoke like a young man, that his wife was favoured with the ſmiles, and honoured with the confidence of Majeſty; on this circumſtance, perhaps, he built much, and drew large expectations of affluence and honour; it was a piece of vanity too common, too natural to deſerve cenſure, yet is he not merely cenſured, but condemned.

When I firſt received the jewels from the Queen, I told my huſband that ſhe had given them to me, and engaged him to go over to England to ſell part of them; he himſelf ſaw a letter from the Cardinal, begging me to get rid of them as faſt as poſſible. Is there any thing criminal in this? But the Judges have been deceived; and the relations of M. de la Motte I ſolemnly charge as the authors of that deception.

I flattered myſelf with a hope, that upon my arrival in England I ſhould have the means of printing my defence, and ſubmitting it to public inſpection; but M. de Calonne's agent was at that time an obſtacle. I would not then hear a word ſaid about money. My friend, Mrs. Mac Mahon, who had been employed by

the agent of Mr. Calonne, can at this day teſtify with what contempt I rejected pecuniary offers, chooſing rather to ſubmit my injuries to the world, in ardent hope that they would judge me with impartiality, as I really was, and would not view me through the medium of prejudice, nor take the diſtorted picture which my enemies have palmed on the public for the reſemblance of truth. But, alas! the eaſy temper, the habitual credulity of M. de la Motte, made him too eaſily deceived by the flattering promiſes of glozing tongues; and inſtead of receiving money, he actually gave money to M. de Calonne's agent.

Some people having learned that his family had brought him near ſixty thouſand livres worth of diamonds, eager to ſhare the ſpoil, ſwore falſe debts againſt him. I have myſelf ſeen him arreſted juſt five times for different ſums, for which he was obliged to leave our jewels at Mr. Gray's as ſecurity; and about four months after, we ceaſed to have any power over our jewels, Mr. Gray having anſwered for what he had in his own hands. M. de la Motte's attorney availed himſelf of this, and adviſed him, to uſe his own expreſſions, to rid himſelf

himſelf at once of theſe troubleſome ſcoundrels, by giving a gratuity of two hundred Louis to one, one hundred and fifty to another, and eighty Louis was given to another attorney, without ever having called forth the laws in favor of his unfortunate client, from whom he frequently received different ſums, to accommodate and extricate himſelf from real or pretended embarraſſments.

My credulous huſband, buoyed up by the promiſes of Calonne, threw away his money, without the leaſt conſideration, to all thoſe who choſe to take advantage of his good-natured credulity. Good eaſy man, he thought his expectations reſted upon a pyramid. Vain expectations! they were broken reeds. M. de Calonne, profuſe in promiſes, intimately acquainted with fineſſe, employed his arts but to decoy my huſband to his lure; he amuſed him with fine promiſes of future arrangements, but all the arrangements of this man of words ended in dexterouſly gaining poſſeſſion of that Memoir which he had himſelf approved and corrected, of that Memoir where he had even added indecent expreſſions againſt the Queen; to regain poſſeſſion of this was the object of his ardent

dent deſire, and he ſucceeded; and that very moment his machinations were manifeſt, every ſincere profeſſion of friendſhip, every promiſe of future arrangements vaniſhed into air; he even denied himſelf to M. de la Motte, who remained a dupe to his own credulity, and a victim to the artifice of Calonne; but he was not the only one; I was myſelf another; for ſince that time the confidence of my huſband abated towards me; he rejected my ſalutary counſels, though directed to no other end than his intereſt; in purſuing which I was ſecuring my own. But, alas! I had the mortification to find myſelf ſtripped of my jewels, which were ſold without ſuffering me to remonſtrate; and what was to me much more affecting than poverty, I began to fear that my Juſtification would never ſee the light.

It was thus that my huſband, ſtanding on the very brink of ruin, was neceſſitated to have recourſe to printing my Juſtification, as the only means of ſatisfying the craving demands of his creditors, whom he was obliged to avoid, notwithſtanding all their efforts to take him; while I, with Miſery, like a vulture, gnawing my heart, and Poverty chacing me even at my very heels,

heels, deteſting that burthen of life which it is yet my duty to ſupport; and, God forgive me, curſing the hour of my birth, remained defenceleſs, unable to protect myſelf from inſult, or to ward off the blows which Malice, diſguiſed in darkneſs, aimed at my reputation.

But has not M. de la Motte, at this day, much reaſon to regret, that he had the misfortune, and a misfortnne it may moſt emphatically be called, to eſpouſe a deſcendant of the Houſe of Valois?—Oh, yes—Had it not been for this name—had it not been for thoſe ideas which this name gave riſe to, I ſhould not have known the Cardinal, I ſhould not have been acquainted with the Queen, I ſhould not have overwhelmed my huſband in misfortunes. Unfortunate man! he would not then have reproached me, as having been inſtrumental in his diſtreſs, by having followed too blindly the pernicious advice of theſe advocates, expreſsly inſtructed on the occaſion, whoſe only view was to involve us both in equal ruin.

Partner of my heart and affliction, thou wouldſt not add to the miſeries I ſuffer, by reproaching me as being the cauſe of thine; rather

ther wouldſt thou pity my conduct; thou wouldſt not cenſure me as the cauſe of thy diſgrace and deſtruction, didſt thou know the keenneſs of thy reproaches; nor would the misfortunes, the miſeries under which I groan, be yet more embittered by the misfortunes of my huſband. Loaded as I am with ſorrows, my tranquility can never be reſtored. I have no power to extricate my huſband from his troubles—I can only in frequent and fervent prayer addreſs the Supreme Ruler and Director of Events, that he will vouchſafe to protect him in his wanderings; that he will ſpread the ſhield of defence over his head, and guard him from the murderer's blade, which has been already reared againſt his life by thoſe deſperate aſſaſſins, the wretched mercenaries of malignant power.

When theſe manœuvres are inveſtigated, theſe malignant efforts will to the impartial prove our innocence; they will prove that Revenge was more active than Juſtice. The exertions of my huſband to be at Paris on the eighteenth of Auguſt, will operate upon the unprejudiced as a ſtrong proof of his honor and integrity. But he was refuſed to be heard; his

his petition was never ſubmitted to the eye of Majeſty, whoſe attribute is to hear the cries of the unfortunate; his enemies prevented and obſtructed him with all their power from appealing to the juſtice of the Sovereign, and throwing himſelf into the arms of a wiſe nation. He would, however, notwithſtanding theſe obſtacles have ſucceeded, but the Revolution, and the multiplicity of buſineſs of the Aſſembly, retarded the defence, and he could do no more than preſent two Memoirs to M. le Meri.

For ſome time, indeed, M. de la Motte found perſons who were ready to give him occaſional accommodations, but then their demands of intereſt were exorbitant. He at length, however, printed five thouſand Memoirs in French, and three thouſand in Engliſh, confident, from the advice he had received, that the Queen would not ſuffer them to be publiſhed, though I conſtantly repreſented to him the vanity of this perſuaſion; particularly as he had poſſeſſed the Government with the conduct and behaviour of De Calonne, who being in poſſeſſion of the original Memoir, might render it public whenever he thought proper.

Such

Such being the ſtate of the caſe, how could he hope that Government would make any terms with us; the Queen would never be induced to liſten to our propoſitions, while this Memoir might be laid before the Public by De Calonne. It, indeed, never accorded with my ſentiments to enter into any pecuniary negociation with the Government; the only thing I had at heart was the vindication of my honor; and had I been left to my own direction, neither ſceptres or crowns ſhould purchaſe my ſilence. But M. de la Motte would reaſon thus —If the Government ſhould interfere to ſtop the publication of your Memoirs, the Public eye, which is now fixed upon you, when they ſee that you have affluence and fortune, will judge that you have received this from Government, as a compenſation for the injuries you have ſuſtained, and thus you will be ſufficiently juſtified.

Such were the counſels my huſband received from thoſe who termed themſelves his friends, while mine were rejected. Alas! too plainly I foreſaw our mutual misfortunes; too clearly did I ſee them rapidly advancing, and chacing us even at our heels—but my huſband would not

not liſten. Oh, inconſiderate young man!— Could neither thy addreſs, thy virtue, thy ſenſibility, thy amiable diſpoſition, thy humanity, thy generoſity, ſave thee from deſtruction?— Alas! they conſpired to precipitate thy ruin. Poſſeſſed of theſe virtues, thou wert blind to the machinations which were in agitation againſt thee; and thou couldſt not perceive that man, formed like thyſelf as to exterior, ſhould be ſo unlike thee in heart; thy appearance, thy virtues invite the deſigning ſharper, who diſcovers thee with a ſingle glance, dives into the bottom of thy heart, and marks thee as his certain prey.

Such is the outline of M. de la Motte; it will not therefore be matter of ſurprize he ſhould be ſo frequently deceived. Out of 5000 French Memoirs, he diſtributed 900 to a French Hatter, of the name of Coup, in New Bond-Street, two hundred and fifty-one Engliſh, and two hundred and eighty-three pamphlets, French and Engliſh, which were ſold at the different prices of a guinea, half-a-guinea, and a crown. This man advanced M. de la Motte, at different times, about 300 livres, and without ever having made any previous demand for the money, ſince

ſince he well knew that he could never pay the money he was indebted to M. de la Motte; but he was perplexed by the advice of M. de la Motte's enemies; and one day, the 14th of May, in the abſence of my huſband, came himſelf, at the head of half a dozen of bailiffs, and lodged an execution at my houſe, in Cheſter-Place, where he, for the firſt time, told me he had ſufficient authority; but my unfortunate huſband had never mentioned to me one word about this circumſtance.

This was another diſagreeable attack; and I ſaw my houſe and furniture ſold on the 21ſt of May, without being able to procure any account from this man of the books he had ſold, which would have more than doubled his demand, as there were a great many people who knew, that at that particular juncture the ſale of theſe books muſt have been at once rapid and extenſive. He had even the meanneſs to put an execution upon 4 or 500 Memoirs, which remained with him, which were ſold for only ſix guineas, and which were ſold again by the purchaſers at 2s. 6d. and 3s. each.— Many perſons there were worthy of credit, who have been told by this Coup, that he ſold a great

great many of our Memoirs; and he ſaid the ſame at my houſe, when I deſired him to give in his account, that we might have a balance ſtruck, which would be ſatisfactory to me and my creditors, who would otherwiſe believe that I received much money, and that it was not my inclination to pay them.

I gave inſtructions to my attorney to ſummon a meeting of my creditors, that they might themſelves judge of my conduct; at which *honeſt* Mr. Coup thought proper to put in an execution inſtead of giving an anſwer, which he well knew would be ſo much againſt himſelf; and by theſe means none of my creditors have been ſatisfied.

I have previouſly obſerved that Coup had only 900 of theſe Memoirs in his poſſeſſion, of which 5000 had been printed. I proceed to mention what became of the remaining ones. My credulous huſband, profuſe of confidence, notwithſtanding he had been formerly deceived by a man who, pretending to be a capital merchant, found means to engage M. de la Motte to truſt him with theſe Memoirs, as well French as Engliſh, which he would diſpoſe of

in merchandize to his correſpondents, in different countries, from whence he ſhould in a ſhort time receive remittances.

M. de la Motte, though formerly deceived, yet gave him his confidence, and delivered to him 909 French Memoirs, valued at a guinea each; 389 Engliſh at half that ſum; and Detection, or Scourge, for Calonne; and for all of which we never received a farthing. This man's wife, upon whom I took ſome pity, remained in my houſe during the time of the execution, under the ſpecious pretext of rendering me ſervice. Alas! what ſervice did ſhe render me! Small miniature paintings of great value; ſome valuable articles, to the amount of 40 or 50 guineas, ſhe put into her pocket; and when I reclaimed theſe effects, ſhe made me a moſt audacious and impertinent reply, that when M. de la Motte ſhould pay them, they would then give an account—unparalleled audacity of theſe wretches, whoſe own miſery and poverty ſhould have taught them more of feeling and humanity. Ungrateful return from thoſe, who when unable to pay their lodging, or procure the common neceſſaries of ſubſiſtence, and involved in every concomitant miſery

ſery that can afflict human beings, I have aſſiſted with wine and money, and a variety of other neceſſaries; yet have theſe people the audacity, forſooth, to palm themſelves upon the credulous as people of property. This is the recompence I have received for my kindneſs; but againſt their injuſtice I have no remedy; they have no property; and I am heartily ſick of having any buſineſs with attornies, who have already had too much to do with my unfortunate huſband, who was always a loſer.

In the mean time, ſix or ſeven others, who were conſiderably indebted to my huſband, have conſtantly evaded coming to any ſettlement; and when they have been requeſted, they have continually ſhut their doors againſt me. Thus have I been uniformly haraſſed, and unable to recover my right.

Mr. Ridgway, who was the Publiſher of all theſe Memoirs, had, upon ſuppoſition, about 400; he ſold them for about 180 livres ſterling; theſe were about 80 livres expence. I have ſcarce received above 100 pieces, and I have remaining of 8000, 800 French and 300 Engliſh, for which I have received no money.

I am fearful that this minute and unintereſting detail will tire the patience of my Reader; but I conceived it a duty, in juſtification of my husband, and in vindication of myſelf, to give ſome ſmall proofs to ſhew, that if we have been unfortunate, we have not been diſhoneſt. If we have fallen among thieves who have ſtripped us of all we had; among ſharpers, who, availing themſelves of my husband's credulity, and of our diſtreſſed circumſtances, have fattened upon our deſtruction, and deprived us of the means of ſatisfying the demands of our injured creditors; we ſhall ſurely be entitled to the pity of the humane, who will join with us in lamenting that our honeſt intentions are great, while our ability is nothing.

I forget my own misfortunes, while I reflect on the loſſes I may innocently have occaſioned to others; ſome of whom may poſſibly ſuppoſe that I would not be honeſt if I had the ability. This imputation tears my heart; and to demonſtrate the goodneſs of my intentions, I now guide my pen, that the profits reſulting from the publication of this work may be appropriated to the diſcharge of my husband's creditors; that they may derive comfort from this

this record of my misfortunes, and that even my miſeries may be advantageous to others.

In the month of April my husband took his departure for France; and after having run through different countries, he arrived at Paris on the 18th of Auguſt; while I remained in England, in patient reſignation, to await whatever deſtination the wiſdom of Providence ſhould allot me; but one misfortune ſcarcely diſappeared when another inſtantly aroſe. Such has been uniformly my deſtiny through the whole courſe of my life.

Very ſoon after this execution was levied againſt me, my ſervant Angelica, who had got into bad company, was adviſed to ſue for her wages, and perſuaded to ſue to the amount of twenty guineas. She applied to an attorney, who threatened me with an arreſt. I had given her a certificate of her character and qualifications; and as ſhe is well able to work, I have no doubt but ſhe might, nay, ſhe ſince has been able to procure a very good place; for her I have done already much; as much more as I can do, conſiſtent with her circumſtances and mine, I am alſo ready to do; and I am ſorry

to remark that ſome perſons have availed themſelves of this girl's ſimplicity, to ſerve intereſted purpoſes, and make her an inſtrument to diſtreſs her miſtreſs. God forgive thoſe whom I ſpeak of, for I will not dignify the unworthineſs of theſe wretches by mentioning their names, though public contempt would naturally follow.

All my creditors deſerve my attention; but, do they know, that nothing could give me ſo much tranſport as the idea of being able, from a point of honour, for by that alone I am bound to the diſcharge of my debts. As ſuch are the real ſentiments of my ſoul, I cannot help deprecating the want of candour of thoſe who adviſe even my very ſervants to exert their utmoſt to inſult, and perplex me.

Alas! I have no ſecret reſources, nor means ſufficient to ſupport even the exigencies of obſcurity. I that am nobly deſcended, that have been the favorite of a Queen, that have baſked in the ſunſhine of affluence, and felt the ſmiles of diſtinction, am now nothing; and were it not for the benevolence of ſome reſpectable characters, I might probably be reduced to the

dire

dire neceſſity of returning to my former mean ſituation, of imploring the charity of every paſſing ſtranger. One of theſe ladies whom I ſpeak of, born alſo unfortunate, was, by the reverſe of fortune, by the troubles of her parents, neceſſitated to withdraw from where ſhe lived, and where they poſſeſſed a noble eſtate, and come over to England, dependent for ſupport on the precarious ſubſiſtence her own induſtrious exertions might afford.

This kind friend, who was above a year and a half with me in the ſame convent, when we were both infinitely happier, by chance met me in England. We were both unfortunate, and my ſituation and our former friendſhip, induced her to render me all the ſervices of a worthy and generous friend. It is thus that Providence has never totally abandoned me; but has conſtantly ſweetened the bitter cup of Miſery, of which I have drank ſo deep, with ſome cordial drops of conſolation, which has prolonged my days, and enabled me to go through my hiſtory; in which I hope to leave an example of patience and reſignation, in ſupporting the ills of life.

What may be my deſtiny, what futurity may bring forth, I cannot tell; but it is to me a comfortable reflection, that this country is an aſylum from the perſecution of my enemies, and that its inhabitants are generous and impartial. For me the bleſſings of life have no taſte; I have found its pleaſures evaneſcent, and its woes ſevere. I have but one wiſh, the moſt ardent deſire of my heart; it is to ſee my unfortunate husband reinſtated, and reſtored to his right, ſo moſt unjuſtly with-held; and that the nation of whom he demands juſtice will deign to hear his defence without that partiality which formerly diſgraced their deciſion.

I hope in Heaven, that theſe unjuſt laws may be aboliſhed, that the King will baniſh every ſpecies of abuſe, and that he will make his kingdom the reſidence of juſtice. Oh, Prince, abuſed by evil-minded courtiers, if thou haſt at heart the good of thy people, exert thyſelf for the advantage of thy realm—See with thine own eyes, hear with thine own ears, and ſpurn with indignation thoſe lettres de cachet which have poiſoned the affections of thy people, which have been the deſtruction of ſo many ancient and honourable families, ſul-

lied

lied the juſtice of thy laws, and even ſhook the pillars of thy throne.

Is it neceſſary to paint to the Engliſh Reader the pernicious conſequences of theſe odious lettres de cachet to raiſe his indignation? Alas! the evils are ſo numerous, ſo extenſive, that I ſcarce know where to begin. I ſhall, therefore, only ſlightly glance at one or two inſtances that have come within my own knowledge, to gratify that curioſity which I may have in ſome degree excited—they are circumſtances which will at once affect their ſenſibility, and raiſe their indignation.

Some years ago, in the pariſh of Saint Sulpice, lived the widow of old Du Gue Mercier, about 34 years of age; ſhe was left without any child, and with an ample ſupport. This woman was frequently viſited by the Abbe du Pleſſis. In this ſame houſe lodged a poor family of the ſame name, conſiſting of a Chevalier of St. Louis, his wife and five children, all of whom lay on the ſtraw; this poor Knight having only a penſion of eight Louis to ſupport the dignity of his order, and the more preſſing and immediate claims of a wife and children.

dren. M. le Gris, a worthy prieſt of the ſame pariſh, who was in the habit of perſonally enquiring into the circumſtances of the diſtreſſed, and ſeconding his enquiries by charitable and generous donations, every month took a complete liſt of all the poor in that pariſh.

As this benevolent man was one day in queſt of a poor family whom he had long ſupported, he miſtook the houſe, and opening the door of the apartment, ſurprized the Chevalier, his wife and children, all together upon the ſtraw.—Struck with compaſſion at the ſight, he apologized for his miſtake, and departed; but ſtill the ſcene which had ſo affected him was preſent to his mind. This worthy man did not reſt, till, by minute enquiries, he had aſcertained the circumſtances of this diſtreſſed family; and the next day gave 25 Louis to the Abbe du Pleſſis, who was chrged with the duty of viſiting in one of the quarters of the pariſh, for the uſe of the Chevalier; but the Abbe du Pleſſis diſappointed the charitable intention of the donor, and inſtead of giving this ſum to the poor Chevalier, preſented it to his miſtreſs, La Merciere, at whoſe expence he had been frequently entertained.

In

In the mean time the Abbe le Gris, believing it his duty to make a ſecond viſit to this poor family, whom he now, from his generoſity, expected to find more comfortable; and actuated by the wiſh of enjoying that pleaſure which a good heart feels, in being a ſpectator of that happineſs it communicates to others, this worthy Abbe was not a little aſtoniſhed to find this family in the ſame diſtreſs, and more ſo at learning that they had received nothing from the baſe Abbe du Pleſſis.

The Chevalier de St. Louis recollecting that there was in the houſe a perſon of the ſame name, concluded that the Abbe muſt have made a miſtake; but M. le Gris was perſuaded it muſt have been intentional; he accordingly inſtantly ſet out in queſt of the Abbe du Pleſſis, whom he aſked if he had given the 25 Louis to that poor family? This villain, with unbluſhing impudence, inſtantly replied that he had, and to corroborate his aſſertion, produced a receipt ſigned du Gué. The pious M. le Gris was deceived, and not a little exaſperated at the poor Chevalier, whom he ſuſpected to be guilty of ſuch deceit.

In the mean time, this villain du Pleſſis, fearful of being diſcovered, hurries away to the Police, to the houſe of one Clement, an Exempt of that department, and his acquaintance, who, with the aſſiſtance of the Secretary, inſtantly prepared a lettre de cachet againſt the unfortunate Chevalier; in conſequence of which the Exempts of the Police were let ſlip in purſuit of their prey. But Providence miraculouſly interfered; it fortunately happened, that while this plot was hatching the good Abbe le Gris diſcovered the treachery of du Pleſſis; he did not however ſuffer his indignation to get the better of his underſtanding; he was reſolved to have good proof to warrant his conduct; he firſt went to M. du Gué, and deſired to ſee ſome of his writing, from which he was convinced that the Chevalier had not ſigned the receipt; he next had the precaution to go to the widow du Gué Merciere, whom he obliged to confeſs the whole, that the Abbe du Pleſſis had given her 25 Louis, but that ſhe had given him no receipt.

Armed with theſe inconteſtible proofs of the villainy of du Pleſſis, the good Abbe du Gris haſtened to relieve the unfortunate Chevalier from

from the imminent danger which threatened him. He inſtantly took a coach, which conveyed him to the Police, where the Secretary informed him, that the Exempts of the Police were then almoſt at the houſe, to conduct the poor Chevalier to the priſon. Upon the information of the good Abbe, the Secretary diſpatched a meſſenger, who found, at the entrance of the ſtreet, the poor Chevalier du Gué in a hackney-coach, going to be conveyed for life to the Bicetres.

The good Abbe inſtantly haſtened to the relief of his diſconſolate wife, whom he found ſtretched out upon the ſtraw, and fainting, with her children weeping round her; it was a picture that would intereſt a heart of ſtone.—The Abbe le Gris needed not a ſcene ſo tragic to intereſt his feelings; he was ſtruck at the ſcene; but the pleaſure he enjoyed at converting the houſe of Miſery into the abode of Happineſs, can only be felt by thoſe poſſeſſed of equal ſenſibility. This good man, charged like a meſſenger from Heaven with glad tidings of great joy, raiſed the diſconſolate wife, comforted the weeping children, and had the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of reſtoring a father and a huſband,

huſband, not only to life, but the means of enjoying it; for the generous Abbe exceeded the narrow bounds of ſimple charity, and augmented the penſion to the amount of 700 livres, took care of the children, and three years afterwards bequeathed to the mother and her family 200 Louis.

The Abbe du Pleſſis was chaced out of the pariſh by the enraged populace; but without the charitable interference of the Abbe le Gris, what would have been the melancholy cataſtrophe?—By this very lettre de cachet the innocent Chevalier would have been confined for life; and the prop which ſupported his wife and children being torn away—that wife, theſe children—but I will proceed no farther.

The Police pays no attention to the character or cauſe of complaint of the party demanding the lettre de cachet; it is enough that it is demanded, whether by a valet who has ſome pique againſt his maſter, or any other envious or malicious wretch, who chuſes to gratify the baſe paſſion of envy or malice. The priſons of France are full of victims.

To mention another inſtance—The Counteſs de Balby was diſcovered by her huſband in too great intimacy with the Marquis de J——, M. de Balby, naturally paſſionate, immediately drew his ſword; and Madame de Balby, in attempting to hold his arm, received a ſlight wound. The two rivals fought, and one of them was ſlightly wounded. The next day Madame de Balby went to her relations with grievous complaints, and every body thought ſhe would be ſpiteful enough to procure a lettre de cachet to confine her huſband; their ſuppoſitions were well-founded; the report circulated through Paris, that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a lettre de cachet; that even MONSIEUR would make it his own buſineſs.

M. de Balby hearing of this, very fortunately made his eſcape to the houſe of Madam Buſſy, his ſiſter, where he was diſcovered ſix months after, and conducted to Les Peres de St. Lazare; where, as ſoon as he was a little recovered, he was tranſported to Les Peres de la Charité, at Charenton; from whence, about ſix months after, he recovered his ſenſes, and found means to eſcape over the wall. Four months after, he had the misfortune to be retaken,

taken, and ſent back to Salcuſſi, where, they ſay, he expired in a paroxyſm of paſſion. This unnatural conduct of Madam de Balby did not fail to create her a number of enemies; but it was not her unfortunate huſband only who fell a victim to the arm of Power; numerous, indeed, beyond the narrow ſcope of my recollection, are thoſe who have groaned unheard under the weight of injuſtice and oppreſſion, directed, I am ſorry to ſay, by the machinations of my own ſex, from whoſe aſperſions even my own character has ſeverely ſuffered.

All the four convents where I have been are crowded with theſe unfortunate women, who can ſcarce tell the reaſon why they are confined; and three parts of them, by ruminating on their unfortunate ſituation, loſe their ſenſes, and abſolutely become idiots.

But I will mention another inſtance, which came within my own knowledge, during my confinement in the Salpetriere. Within the walls of this hoſpital, which was formerly deſtined for the reception of orphans, there are four priſons; one to confine proſtitutes; another, the Salpetriere, deſtined for thoſe who

are

are confined for life; the third, which they term the priſon; and the fourth a houſe of correction. In this priſon are confined many unfortunate wives, who, when they become burthenſome, their villainous huſbands have nothing more to do than to procure lettres de cachet, and here they are confined. The houſe of correction is to receive thoſe children who have diſobliged their parents, as well as thoſe unfortunate girls whom the officers of the Police think proper to ſend thither, in conſequence of the malignant applications either of ſervants, or the Exempts of the Police, who have an antipathy to any of their female neighbours.

Some are poor girls of different hoſpitals who are ſuppoſed to have caballed againſt their confeſſors. Prieſts, who under a ſpecious veil of religion, have conſpired againſt theſe unfortunate females. But to give a ſlight hint, in order to ſhow how the ſubjects of France are ſubſervient to the arbitrary principles of Miniſters of State, and the animoſity and envy of Prieſts, who are at the bottom of all miſchief, I ſhall beg leave to relate the following inſtance:

A young woman of Saint Denis, tall and elegantly proportioned, was patronized warmly by the virtuous Madam Neckar, who, being an orphan on both ſides, charitably took care of her during her infancy; and, after having given her a very good education, placed her, when about the age of ſixteen, as femme de chambre to MADAME. Such recommendation from Madam Neckar, ſuch countenance as ſhe received from MADAME, added to her youth and beauty, excited a moſt incredible jealouſy and animoſity amongſt the other femmes de chambre towards this poor young creature, whoſe ſuperior accompliſhments rendered her an object of envy; they conſpired together, and deviſed every poſſible means to remove her, by ruining her character in the eſtimation of MADAME. They began by inſinuating that ſhe liſtened eagerly to the pleaſantries and careſſes of the Comte d'Artois; at another time, that ſhe was encircled by the King's guards. Diſappointed, however, in theſe efforts, and finding that their inſinuations made no impreſſion on MADAME, their malignity was redoubled; and, determined at all events upon her ruin, they contrived to write many anonymous letters againſt MADAME, which they placed upon her toilet; and taking advantage

advantage of the innocent victim, they unanimouſly accuſed Mademoiſelle Alexandrienne, the favourite of Madame Neckar, as the writer of theſe letters. MADAME carried theſe complaints to the Baron de Breteuil, without mentioning her name poſitively, but that her femmes de chambre had ſuſpected her.

This poor girl, acquainted with what had paſſed, and greatly terrified, conſulted her enemies, theſe femmes de chambre, on what was beſt to be done. Theſe harpies affected to pity her ſituation; and they ſo far ſucceeded, that MADAME, who had been very fond of her, determined to ſend her back to her relations at Saint Dennis. "Never mind," ſaid theſe falſe ones, "the ſtorm will ſoon blow over, and MADAME will forget all."

This poor girl went away in the month of July, and wrote letters inceſſantly to her falſe friends, the femmes de chambre, whom ſhe innocently expected would exert their influence to reinſtate her in the good opinion of MADAME. At length ſhe received a letter deſiring her appearance at Fontainbleau, to explain herſelf relative to what had paſſed, at the ſame

A young woman of Saint Denis, tall and elegantly proportioned, was patronized warmly by the virtuous Madam Neckar, who, being an orphan on both ſides, charitably took care of her during her infancy; and, after having given her a very good education, placed her, when about the age of ſixteen, as femme de chambre to MADAME. Such recommendation from Madam Neckar, ſuch countenance as ſhe received from MADAME, added to her youth and beauty, excited a moſt incredible jealouſy and animoſity amongſt the other femmes de chambre towards this poor young creature, whoſe ſuperior accompliſhments rendered her an object of envy; they conſpired together, and deviſed every poſſible means to remove her, by ruining her character in the eſtimation of MADAME. They began by inſinuating that ſhe liſtened eagerly to the pleaſantries and careſſes of the Comte d'Artois; at another time, that ſhe was encircled by the King's guards. Diſappointed, however, in theſe efforts, and finding that their inſinuations made no impreſſion on MADAME, their malignity was redoubled; and, determined at all events upon her ruin, they contrived to write many anonymous letters againſt MADAME, which they placed upon her toilet; and taking advantage

advantage of the innocent victim, they unanimouſly accuſed Mademoiſelle Alexandrienne, the favourite of Madame Neckar, as the writer of theſe letters. MADAME carried theſe complaints to the Baron de Breteuil, without mentioning her name poſitively, but that her femmes de chambre had ſuſpected her.

This poor girl, acquainted with what had paſſed, and greatly terrified, conſulted her enemies, theſe femmes de chambre, on what was beſt to be done. Theſe harpies affected to pity her ſituation; and they ſo far ſucceeded, that MADAME, who had been very fond of her, determined to ſend her back to her relations at Saint Dennis. "Never mind," ſaid theſe falſe ones, "the ſtorm will ſoon blow over, and MADAME will forget all."

This poor girl went away in the month of July, and wrote letters inceſſantly to her falſe friends, the femmes de chambre, whom ſhe innocently expected would exert their influence to reinſtate her in the good opinion of MADAME. At length ſhe received a letter deſiring her appearance at Fontainbleau, to explain herſelf relative to what had paſſed, at the ſame

time encouraging and perſuading her that all would be for the beſt.

Upon receipt of this deceitful epiſtle, ſhe came with confidence to Fontainbleau, and, ſuſpecting nothing, went to the Baron de Breteuil, who liſtened to her ſtory, and pretended to reaſon with her and ſpeak kindly. "There," ſaid he, "there is a letter to the Governeſs of a Convent, to which my Secretary will accompany you; MADAME is not yet recovered from the impreſſion ſhe has againſt you, but if the Superior to whom I now ſend you ſhall approve of your behaviour, of which I ſhall take care to inform myſelf, I will preſent her letter to MADAME, who will not fail to reinſtate you in her good graces."

The poor innocent unſuſpecting victim, deceived by his fallacious promiſe, and even pleaſed with the ideal letter of recommendation, was conducted to the Hoſpital, which ſhe took for a convent, and delivered her letter, which was to the following purport:

"I recommend to you, Madam Superior, this "poor girl, whom I ſend by my Secretary."

This

This Secretary was however known by Madam Victoir as an Exempt of the Police.—"Very well," replied ſhe to the Exempt, and called ſiſter Martha, who is Superior to the four priſons. This poor creature was then taken to the horrid houſe of correction, where theſe avaricious ſiſters ſtripped her of all her cloaths, and dreſſed her in the unſightly habit of this horrible priſon.

I was myſelf in my dungeon upon the arrival of this poor innocent, whoſe cries pierced me to the heart, as they recalled to my mind that curſed day when I was conducted to this odious manſion; but my reflections were yet more embittered, when one of the ſiſters, who reſpected and repoſed almoſt an entire confidence in me, recited the ſtory of this unfortunate girl; ſhe told me alſo that one of the ſiſters, with intent to compoſe her, and reconcile her to her condition, remarked, that I, whom every body ſuppoſed to be innocent and of noble birth, was confined in the next priſon for my life; to which this young victim replied—"The misfortune of one can never cure the miſeries of another."

This girl was very poor at her entrance into this priſon, having no money, nor cloaths, but what ſhe had upon her back, and was obliged, as a taſk, to make half a ſhift every day.—About fifteen years ago, the priſoners uſed to be whipped twice a day; but ſome pious ſiſter aboliſhed this barbarous diſcipline, and ſubſtituted that of working at the needle. If they do not perform the taſk aſſigned, the ſiſters cauſe them to be expoſed on their knees with the yellow cornet, in the midſt of the other priſoners.

This poor Alexandrienne did not long ſurvive her cruel confinement, but died in March, 1787, a ſpectacle of miſery, preyed on by the moſt wretched diſorders, hunger and deſpair; and many of the ſiſters informed me, that ſhe has rejected her confeſſion, not being able to pardon thoſe, who, wearing the appearance of women, ſingled her out as the defenceleſs victim of their jealouſy.

In this ſame Houſe of Correction is another woman, of a very amiable character, who alſo attracted the attention of Mr. Tillet; ſhe has had the offer of going to a convent, which ſhe

rejected

rejected, chooſing rather to do penance with the other penitents in this Houſe of Correction. This woman is of a ſweet diſpoſition, and of manners engaging and attractive; her huſband, confined in the Bicetres, has, through the kind and earneſt interceſſions of M. Tillet, been removed from his firſt dungeon, where he was almoſt up to his neck in water, and that during the Winter ſeaſon.

I know that theſe inſtances of barbarity, which I have juſt recited, will ſtagger the belief, and excite the indignation of the Engliſh Reader: he will ſcarce believe that the French, who paſs for a polite, ſenſible, and humane people, can be guilty of ſuch enormous injuſtice, ſuch ſavage barbarity!—Alas! what I have related is a relation of ſimple facts, too well authenticated to admit of doubt; and in this country of France, ſo poliſhed, ſo humane, we were ſurrounded on all ſides with dungeons ready to ſwallow us up, with engines of oppreſſion too formidable, too ſtrong for individuals to reſiſt, and which required the whole force of a nation, gloriouſly ſtruggling in the cauſe of human nature, to combat, and eventually deſtroy.

One word more concerning the opprobrious injuſtice of lettres de cachet, and I ſhall drop the ſubject. I had been ſcarce a week in the Baſtile, when M. de la Motte's ſiſter, Madame de la Tour, hearing of my unexpected detention, waited upon M. de Launay at his houſe, and enquired if ſhe could not be permitted to ſee me; the Governor adviſed her to wait upon the Miniſter, M. de Breteuil; ſhe was ſcarce departed, when this very Governor diſpatched two Exempts of the Police to follow her cloſe to the Hotel de St. Eſprit, in the ſtreet of St, Antoine, not a great diſtance from the Baſtile, who ſaid they came to conduct her thither to ſee me; ſhe believed, and followed them; when upon her arrival, my unfortunate ſiſter found the doors ſhut and bolted upon her, without any cauſe aſſigned.

In two or three days after this, Madame de la Tour deſired to ſpeak to the Governor, of whom ſhe demanded, if he knew on what account ſhe was detained in the Baſtile? He replied, "that he knew very little about the buſineſs of his priſoners; that he had orders to receive them, and that was all." This was all the anſwer my unfortunate ſiſter-in-law could procure

procure for ſix months confinement in the Baſtile, where ſhe would probably have yet remained, but for the advice of the King's Lieutenant, the Chevalier du Puget, who recommended her to apply to M. de Cremar, Intendant to MONSIEUR. During her confinement, her huſband and her three children were almoſt inconſolable for her loſs, as a better mother, or more affectionate wife, perhaps no where exiſted.

I ſhall now drop this ſubject with this ſingle remark, that the Baron de Breteuil ſought every means to convince the Cardinal's family, that he was neither my friend, nor commanded by the Queen to act againſt the Cardinal.—For me, unprotected and alone, if the Queen had not herſelf interfered, I muſt have inevitably periſhed. If I could have conveyed my ſituation to her Majeſty, who is yet ignorant of what paſſed, ſurely ſhe would not have ſuffered me to have been thus cruelly treated; but ſhe has been weak and irreſolute; ſhe has been led aſtray by thoſe vipers, the Polignacs, who trembled leſt ſhe ſhould repoſe any confidence in the Cardinal, and were jealous of her attachment to me. It is they, and they alone, who have poiſoned

ſoned the good opinion of her Majeſty againſt the Cardinal and her confident.

This ſudden and unexpected impriſonment of my ſiſter-in-law, ſo intimidated all my friends, that they ſcarce even dared to viſit her, not even M. Doillet; ſo that when Madame de la Tour was liberated from this unjuſt captivity, ſhe even ſcarce dared to receive M. Doillet, whom ſhe told how very much ſhe had been mortified, for only preſenting herſelf at the Baſtile, and deſiring to ſee me. From this æra Madame de la Tour never dared even to write me a letter; the idea of the Baſtile was ever preſent to her imagination; and much againſt her inclination was ſhe reſtrained from fulfilling thoſe natural duties, which her heart as well as her ſituation pointed out as ſuch; ſhe was reſtrained from diſtinguiſhing her brother and his wife with thoſe natural marks of affection which ſhe wiſhed to pay; becauſe by following the dictates of Nature in one ſenſe, ſhe riſked the ſafety of her huſband in the other; and the latter was the ſtronger obligation of the two. Yet it was not Madame de la Tour alone; many other friends, whom I had patronized in the day of proſperity, now

all

all avoided me as a peſtilence—my name, any communication with me, was abhorred as a contagion; but I will ſuppoſe that fear, and the treatment of Madame de la Tour, produced this change; for I will not believe they would otherwiſe have forſaken me; ſuch a tormenting ſuppoſition would be mingling gall in my cup of miſery, which is already too much filled with bitterneſs.

I wiſh from my heart I could with propriety paſs over the conduct of ſome other perſons, as well relations as apparent friends, whom I have moſt eſſentially ſerved; and who ought, therefore, to have been more ſtrongly guided by the ties of gratitude, though they will not now beſtow even the poor conſolation of a ſingle line.

The Engliſh are much deceived, if they think thoſe warm profeſſions of attention and regard which characterize the French people, have ſincerity for their baſis. But why ſhould I make a diſtinction which every man of the world muſt daily obſerve—that it is to circumſtances alone, to the power the party has of obliging, that they conceive him worthy their acquaintance,

ance, and eſtimate the perſon only as he ſeems neceſſary to their intereſt. Would I could with truth retract what I have ſaid; but I have experienced the truth of the doctrine of that great philoſopher the Duke de Rochefoucault, "that ſelf-intereſt is the grand principle of human action."

Is it poſſible that any proof carry more conviction, or be ſtronger than this? And could my Judges doubt for a ſingle moment, that there were intrigues ſubſiſting between the Cardinal and the Queen?—It is, ſurely, impoſſible. After every thing that paſſed, they certainly ſuppoſed, that the unfortunate Valois would be ſupported by the Queen, whom ſhe had ſerved with ſo much reſpect and fidelity. Can it be poſſible that any Judges, who were men of education, in their profeſſional capacity, ſhould not be able to diſcover and ſeparate the conſiſtent concatenations of Truth from the flimſy, disjointed allegations of Falſehood?—I cannot believe it; however they might appear to ſhut their eyes againſt the conviction, and fortify their ears againſt the voice of Truth.

Let

Let me intreat my Readers for a moment to pay attention to the Cardinal's own petition to the Parliament, that they would ſcan his conduct impartially. Should they accede to this requeſt, ſo apparently plauſible, will they not find the moſt palpable contradictions? Will they not ſee the Cardinal's defence? And it certainly will be remarked, that a man thus accuſed would avail himſelf of every advantage his ſituation and circumſtances could afford him. Will they not ſee, I ſay, and I claim only that impartiality which the Cardinal, my accuſer, himſelf demands—will they not ſee thoſe very intrigues between the Cardinal and the Queen demonſtrated beyond the poſſibility of a doubt? So conſiſtent is truth; ſo difficult is falſehood, that thoſe who have recourſe to its ſupport, are ever involved in the ſnares they are moſt ſolicitous to ſhun.

Though I have already given ample proofs, and more than are neceſſary for my Juſtification, yet as ſome of my allegations have been miſunderſtood, and others perverted, even by my Judges, in a Court of Juſtice, I hope I ſhall be indulged in recapitulating ſome of the moſt glaring inconſiſtencies.

The

The Cardinal inſiſts that he ſent the Jewellers with a concerted letter to the Queen, to which her Majeſty replied, "What would theſe people have?—And further, in ſpeaking of acacknowledgments, &c. But this anſwer pretending it was made by the Queen—if, as the Cardinal has ſaid in his defence, that he had no correſpondence with her Majeſty, and that I was ſingly charged by the Queen to deceive him, by any artifice I could poſſibly ſuggeſt, yet how came he to be ſo eaſily deceived in ſaying that he had ſeen the Queen in the park of Verſailles. I would then aſk him if he was really in his proper ſenſes to believe ſuch an abſurdity?—I muſt further aſk, reſpecting the anſwer which he pretended the Queen made, if really the Cardinal has received no intelligence of that anſwer, for I will declare, and I would declare it as truth to the laſt moment of my exiſtence, that he knew it.

But for a moment ſuppoſing the reverſe, is it in the leaſt probable, that the Cardinal's confidence ſhould not have been ſhaken? Is it at at all conceivable, if I had told him, as he has inſinuated, that I, having the ſtrongeſt apprehenſions that the Queen was informed I had

had buzzed it abroad that I had interviews with her, and, fearing her vengeance, I had entreated that I might be concealed at his houſe, with which his natural frankneſs, at my earneſt requeſt, had induced him to comply, is it not very extrordinary that this Cardinal, this dupe of my deception, ſhould afford an aſylum in his own houſe to that very perſon, whom, according to this new fabricated ſtory, he ought to reject and puniſh? But, on the contrary, he takes her into his own houſe, as the beſt ſecurity for her ſafety.

His friend Caglioſtro then comes in to open the eyes of the Cardinal. " I aſſure you, Prince," ſays this mountebank, " that you are deceived by this woman; it is ſhe who has repreſented another woman for the Queen—Believe me—ſtate that to the Police—that woman is certainly guilty. But no, the Cardinal was *immoveable; he could not perſuade himſelf, that a woman whom he had ſo ſignally ſerved, could poſſibly be guilty of ſuch notorious injuſtice againſt her benefactor.*

Let us now examine into the depoſitions of Baſſanges—*Certainly, he depoſes, the Counteſs de la*

la Motte was the mediatrix between the Cardinal and the Queen; that the Cardinal tranſacted nothing but through her agency. Notwithſtanding this abſolute and poſitive depoſition, Baſſanges afterwards aſks the Cardinal, *if he was quite certain that I,* who was the perſon employed by both parties, *had not deceived them both?* that is Baſſanges and the Cardinal.

But (continues the Cardinal) *it is very plain then that Baſſanges was informed by Madame de la Motte herſelf, that ſhe had interviews with the Queen, and that ſhe made the firſt overtures towards the negociation.* But there is yet another perſon who comes in to the ſupport of poor Caglioſtro. The Cardinal knew the Queen's anſwer; yet the Cardinal ſtill preſerves his credulity; his confidence is not in the leaſt diminiſhed; *he would much rather believe Madame de la Motte incapable of deceiving him.*

Theſe things ought not to have eſcaped the attention of my Judges. What follows is yet much ſtronger. What can be ſaid againſt my huſband, who never ſaw, or had any communication with the Queen? What were his fears? Why did the Cardinal receive him ſo cordially?

cordially? Nay, why ſo anxiouſly detain him? And why, when the Cardinal was apprized by Baſſanges of her Majeſty's anſwer, in the beginning of July, and he cannot ſay that he wanted either time or opportunity, why did he not, I ſay, procure the Queen's writing to confront, and the letters and proofs, that it might be aſcertained whether they were really the Queen's own hand-writing.

When the former, ſeeing the approbation, obſerved that the writing was counterfeit, the Cardinal repeated the ſame. Yet, does it not appear extremely unaccountable, after all theſe accuſations which the Cardinal has lodged againſt me, that he ſhould not only take me into his houſe, but alſo my huſband, and even my femme de chambre, and that my huſband ſhould go from his houſe, after having, however, as they pretend, ſolicited the Cardinal to ſuffer him to remain there; and that as ſoon as he could make his eſcape from the Cardinal's Hotel, where conſonant to the counſels of his friend Caglioſtro, he was detained as a priſoner, as if fearful of nothing, he ſhould appear at the Palais Royale; that he ſhould dine in company with many of his friends, and return to

fetch me from the Cardinal's houſe? My femme de chambre was already at my houſe.

Next day at ſeven in the afternoon, the 6th of Auguſt, three days before my detention, the day I recovered my liberty, I took an airing in my coach at eleven o'clock in the morning, to make ſome purchaſes, walked to the Palais Royale, and alſo on Saturday at noon. I received during the ſhort interval, between twelve and ſeven in the evening, when we departed for our country houſe, at Bar-ſur-Aube, no leſs than three notes from the Cardinal, written with a pencil; notes containing the kindeſt enquiries, and many complimentary and reſpectful expreſſions, which were preſerved among my papers at the Baſtile.

From hence it will plainly appear that the Cardinal was not alarmed at my departure; ſince he knew very well that I had a country-houſe, and that every thing which Baſſanges and Caglioſtro had depoſed, was preconcerted between them, that they might be all in the ſame ſtory. Surely my Judges ſhould have contraſted the uniformity of my allegations with the prevaricating depoſitions of my opponents,

nents, who contradicted each other, and advanced the moſt palpable abſurdities.

After having ſlightly glanced at theſe contradictions, at abſurdities ſo palpably incoherent, I muſt notice, that though ſubmitted to the inſpection of the Aſſembly, it was decided that I, a poor, weak, and defenceleſs female, was the ſole author of theſe complicated intrigues; and I have undergone the puniſhment for all; it was ſuppoſed that I have forged all the letters between the Cardinal and the Queen; that I only have diminiſhed 200,000 to 160,000 livres; that I have contrived to pay 30,000 for the intereſt in the month of July; that I contrived the ſcene of Oliva in the garden; that I alone have wrote, or cauſed to be written 200 letters; and laſtly, that I ſhould affirm I would bring a payment to the Jewellers the firſt of October following. Is it poſſible that I could ſingly have managed ſuch a complicated intrigue; that I ſhould have ſo long carried on my manœuvres, that ſo many perſons ſhould have been the dupes of my deception? Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe things, if I had been conſcious of guilt, is it not extraordinary that I ſhould depart in Auguſt for my country

houſe. I would demand what, ſuppoſing I had really been guilty, I ſhould have been inclinable to do at ſuch a juncture? And, I would particularly demand, if a perſon conſcious of any degree of guilt, would wait the event with ſuch manifeſt unconcern? When the King's people found me, notwithſtanding I was acquainted with the Cardinal's impriſonment in the Baſtile, ſo perfectly indifferent, ſo ready to believe the ſtory they told me, and to follow them to the Baron de Breteuil's. Had I been guilty, I could not for a moment have doubted the purport of ſuch a meſſage, the truth of which my huſband alſo believed, becauſe we were alike blameleſs. He alſo reſolved to accompany me, and prepared himſelf for that purpoſe. His cabriolet even was then ready and in waiting; but he is not ſuffered to go—he is requeſted to remain—*the people of the place might have ſome ſuſpicions; and to prevent them from paying any attention to the departure of the wife, the huſband is adviſed to remain, to wait the return of his wife, who would not be detained at fartheſt longer than four days.*

Thus we find the huſband was never ſuſpected of guilt, yet he is condemned; they deprive

prive him of his property; they even attempt to aſſaſſinate him. Injuſtice—accumulated injuſtice. This appears in every point of view; for every perſon knows that the accuſed, the huſband and his wife, are abſolutely found at their country houſe, in the moſt perfect ſecurity, paying viſits, and enjoying their cuſtomary amuſements; it is incontrovertibly proved, that inſtead of having gone abroad with the necklace, as ſuggeſted in the infamous accuſation, they are found in the happineſs of domeſtic ſecurity, and unſuſpecting innocence, at their own houſe.

Had we, indeed, taken that advice with which Caglioſtro had poiſoned the Cardinal's good underſtanding; had we precipitately abſconded, our flight might have been deemed a preſumption of guilt, or, at leaſt, given a colour for ſuſpicion. But what juſtice have we received!—To what a diſtreſſing dilemma are we reduced!—If we fly, we are ſuſpected of guilt; and if we ſtay, our innocence is ſtill doubted. Under ſuch unfortunate circumſtances, even if error has guided our footſteps, will not candour pardon the involuntary offence?

My huſband offers, nay, begs to accompany his wife; the King's people refuſe this juſt and natural requeſt; but why do they refuſe it?—They are afraid the intrigues of the Court ſhould be diſcovered—his preſence is not neceſſary—his abſence is requeſted; and for this the moſt plauſible, though fallacious reaſons are given.

In the mean time, rumors are induſtriouſly circulated, and, diſgrace to human nature, by his own relations! But the object of their machinations are ſelf-evident; they covet his property; and, therefore, ſuggeſt dangers where none are to be apprehended. And according to the narrow-minded Police of France, innocence is no ſafeguard from ſuſpicion, nor protection againſt the puniſhment that ſhould be annexed to real guilt.

Relations upon the ſpot envy our poſſeſſions, and conjure up apprehenſions to facilitate the accompliſhment of their unworthy purpoſes. My huſband departs, and they ruſh in with rapacious avidity to riot on the ſpoils of his houſe, and revel upon the wreck of his fortune. My huſband departs, and the Court no longer

dreads

dreads the darkneſs of its intrigues being expoſed to public view. The moment this end is attained, the misjudging multitude pronounce him a fugitive, and condemn him as a guilty man. Nay, in their eagerneſs to prejudge, theſe exclaimers have ſuppreſſed more than half the truth; they have not told the world, that this very fugitive demanded leave to accompany his wife; that himſelf and his equipage were both prepared for that purpoſe; nor have they ſaid that they adviſed him to depart, and then condemned him for being governed by their advice.

Yet even after his departure, this ſame fugitive deviſed every poſſible means to come to Paris, and be confined in the ſame priſon with his wife. But this offer did not accord with the malignant intentions of his enemies; nothing leſs than his life could quiet their fears and ſatisfy their revenge; they had before attempted to murder his reputation, and now they were determined on the ſacrifice of his perſon. At one time the murderous ſteel was to unſluice the current of life; and at another, the mercileſs ocean was to be the grave of his miſery.

Again, they accuſe him of having carried away not only his own, but alſo his wife's jewels; yet this ſame thief leaves not only his jewels, but his houſe, his furniture, and all his property, to be preyed on by his barbarous relations, who kept poſſeſſion of all by the ſame unjuſt means that they had originally acquired it, by deſtroying the reputation of their relation, by the moſt calumniating falſehoods; inattentive to the honor of their family, and that while they were laying wealth into one ſcale, they were more than counterbalancing it by a weight of infamy in the other; for while they enriched themſelves, they were deſtroying the reputation of their family.

They have ſpread it abroad that my huſband was gone to England with my jewels and his own; and from hence it was concluded that he had embezzled the necklace; for, ſay they, taking his own diamonds would have been nothing, but abſconding with thoſe of his wife, conſtitutes his conviction. But who will ſay at this day, and, ſurely, the moſt confirmed in infamy will not dare to ſay it, that there was at that period any juſtice; if they aſſert that there

there was, I will aſk them where it was to be found? Was it amongſt thoſe Judges who condemned the innocent to expiate the crimes of the guilty?

But it is only by the aſſiſtance of falſe witneſſes, of mercenary evidence, that I have been condemned; and the ſerpent who ſtung me to the heart was a Monk, Father L'Hote Mimme. This man's Convent was directly oppoſite to my houſe; and this dextrous hypocrite, under various pretexts and obliging offers. wiſhed to ſcrape an acquaintance; it was in vain that I denied him; he would not eaſily be repulſed; and being frequently employed as a kind of agent for many people in the neighbourhood, this very officious man, whom not only on account of his officiouſneſs, but his order, I ought to have diſtruſted, wrote many letters to my huſband, finding that I paid no attention to thoſe he had written to me; he informed him that he had a moſt beautiful diligence to diſpoſe of for a Count, who then lived near the Palais Royale, if he could get a good price for it. My huſband went with him to ſee it, but they could not agree about the purchaſe. From this moment he never ceaſed coming

coming to my houſe. During the firſt year, this man, by way of rendering himſelf neceſſary, pretended that as my huſband and I were both young people, it was neceſſary that we ſhould have ſome truſty perſon to ſuperintend the reſt of the domeſtics; he then mentioned the name of the Count and his wife, of whom I ſhall ſpeak hereafter. There were ſome people, indeed, who ſpoke of him as a man deſerving confidence, and having no other motive than merely the pleaſure of obliging young people, who might be impoſed upon by their Stewards.

In evil hour I ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded by this man, in whom I repoſed but too much confidence; he ſuperintended every thing in the houſe; and when I went into the country, he had all the keys, and the care of paying my ſervants. In ſhort, he had the diſpoſal of every thing for nearly the ſpace of two years.

In the year 1784, wiſhing to recompence this Monk for his trouble and attention, I mentioned his name to the Cardinal, whom I begged to provide for him. Perſuaded by my earneſt ſolicitations in his behalf, the Cardinal conſented to procure him the honor of preaching

ing at the Chapel of Verſailles before the King at Eaſter, though his Majeſty has always diſcovered a moſt pointed averſion to Monks.

Notwithſtanding all the Cardinal's objections, I did not give up the cauſe of this man. At length the Cardinal yielded, and appointed a day for this Monk to preach before the Abbe Gorgel, the Cardinal's Grand Vicar. The Abbe's opinion, however, counterbalanced the influence which till that period I had ever had with the Cardinal; and he had the ſtrongeſt antipathy to the perſon I recommended. The Cardinal came to ſee me, and communicated to me the Abbe Gorgel's apprehenſions that this Monk would diſpleaſe the King,

It was always my diſpoſition to be a zealous friend; and I cannot ſay but I felt myſelf a little hurt, that the Abbe Gorgel's prejudice ſhould counterpoiſe my recommendation. I therefore applied to the Queen, communicating to her my chagrin at finding I had ſo little influence with the Cardinal. Her Majeſty commanded that my protegée ſhould preach—in conſequence of this, a few days before Eaſter the Cardinal retired into the country, under pretence

pretence of indiſpoſition, to keep this feſtival at his ſeat of Couvrai, but the truth was, that he was really under apprehenſions of being reprimanded by the King: the Queen, however, took upon her the protection of the monk, and all went on very well; he preached before the King, and from that moment he was ranked one of his Majeſty's preachers—but this was not all; I was reſolved to make his fortune, and he was well aware of the zeal with which I intereſted myſelf for that purpoſe; he knew very well too that the Cardinal deteſted him. At the time of my departure for my country houſe in the year 1785, I left him the ſole management of the one in town, and money more than ſufficient to pay all my debts.

I ſhould not have mentioned the ſervices I had done this man, were it not to contraſt them with his ſubſequent ingratitude,—were it not to ſhew that monſters exiſt every where, but particularly amongſt men of his order; after having kept back a great quantity of furniture, which he ſhould have ſent me to Bar-ſur-Aube, on the 16th of Auguſt, the day after the Cardinal was arreſted at Verſailles, this diſgrace to human nature conſpired with Target, the Car-

dinal's advocate, with whom he was well acquainted; he then ſold my furniture upon the ſpot, near the Baſtile—this is the firſt trait of this man's treachery and ingratitude;—he next went home to fetch my clock, and a watch valued at 25 Louis, which was left for ſome ſlight reparation, he took poſſeſſion of at the ſame time; he did not pay half the money left him, but appropriated to himſelf not only the money, but a great part of the furniture,—becauſe he acted in concert with the Cardinal's Advocate to complete my deſtruction:—not, however, content with theſe enormities, he went farther, endeavoured to create falſe witneſſes, and particularly, amongſt many others, to the houſe of a young perſon, named Colſon, for whom I had formerly done ſome favours, and who, being an orphan, and born at Bar-ſur-Aube, and in the ſame neighbourhood with my huſband's family, I took compaſſion on received into my own houſe, and treated her with as much tenderneſs and reſpect as if ſhe had been my own ſiſter.—I alſo patronized her brother, about the ſame age, who had an inclination to be a Prieſt. I made no objection, but ſeconded his inclination, at the ſame time granting him a penſion of 150 livres per annum, and procured

ed him a grant of the ſame ſum from my friend M. de la Luzerne, the Biſhop of Langres, and ſent him to the Seminary at Langres, where not only his cloaths and travelling expences were defrayed by me, but he was lodged for three months at my houſe. This young woman, nearly about two years before ſhe was at my houſe, expreſſed a wiſh to enter her noviciate for taking the veil, I communicated this propenſity to the Cardinal, who had ſeen her at my houſe; and his Eminence, in conſequence of my recommendation, promiſed her 200 livres per annum.

I thus conducted my charge to the Urſulines of Verſailles, where I had been previouſly to preſent her, and make the neceſſary arrangements relative to her penſion, &c. But ſome months after, in conſequence of her complaints that the rules of this Convent were too ſtrict, I tranſlated her to the Abbe Royal of Longchamps, where I had formerly been myſelf.—Still I was at a conſiderable expence on her account; but it was upon her arrival at this Convent that the Cardinal performed his promiſe, to make her acquainted with this Father L'hote Minime. I gave him the charge of receiving

ceiving this penſion from the Cardinal, as for the uſe of this little Colſon, as well as a written grant of this penſion for her life; ſhe ſoon afterwards threw aſide the habit, and was married.

But this Father L'hote thinking to purſue his intereſt at the expence of his integrity, as ſoon as he heard of my misfortune, went in queſt of this young woman, whom he addreſſed to the following purport: "I am perſuaded, Madam, of your gratitude to the Prince de Rohan, who is at this day in a ſhocking predicament; and that you will ſay in a depoſition, voluntarily, without being called upon, that you have frequently witneſſed that Mad. de la Motte has received the Prince's money in parcels by three or four of his ſervants. Say too that ſhe was extremely indigent before the 11th of September, 1784; and that from this moment her magnificence began to blaze forth, and continued the ſame to the laſt; and I muſt remark to you," added this monſter, "that if you do not make a depoſition in favour of the Prince, who has been your ſincere friend, you will certainly loſe your penſion; for, if he loſes his cauſe, he will no longer be able to render

render you any ſervice;—but on the contrary, if he ſhould gain it, and you ſhould be inſtrumental to his ſucceſs, he will conſiderably augment his former favours—won by theſe inſinuations, this unthinking girl yielded at length, after the repeated viſits and artful inſinuations of this malignant monk, who at length found means to poiſon her integrity, and corrupt that grateful attachment to her benefactreſs which could not eaſily be ſhaken off. At length ſhe became pliant to his purpoſe, particularly when he called religion to his aid, and told her, among other things, that God would reward her by the means of a man (ſpeaking of the Cardinal.)—"I dont know," ſaid ſhe innocently; "what Father L'Hote wiſhes me to depoſe; he deſires me to affirm that I have heard theſe things frequently, and he wiſhes me to depoſe, that the Counteſs repoſed her confidence in me; that ſhe was intimate with the Queen; when indeed, I never knew any thing about this."

All this was communicated to me, and when I was confronted with this young woman, ſhe was very much confuſed, and could ſcarce lift up her eyes; her depoſition was then read, as well as her re-examination, wherein ſhe ſays—

I am

I am miſtaken in ſaying that the Counteſs placed in me ſuch implicit confidence; that ſhe told me ſhe had ſeen the Queen; but I recollect that I have heard this ſaid frequently by Father L'Hote—I have never ſeen any ſuch perſons as the Cardinal's ſervants to bring money, but I have heard theſe things aſſerted by Father L'Hote. I perſiſt only in affirming this as the truth." "Very well my dear, replied I, but you have ſpoke this language in the Counteſſe's houſe before ten people where you have ſaid that all theſe things were inſinuated by Father L'Hote and—" Oh no, Madam," ſhe faintly replied, though towards the concluſion ſhe anſwered me more boldly and expreſſed her ſurpriſe, "Oh, good God, Madam, 'tis all falſe! for there could not have been more than ſix or ſeven perſons preſent. At this plain confeſſion I jumped from my ſeat and made M. Dupuis de Marcé take it down; ſhe was quite overwhelmed with ſhame, but particularly that I had not given her time for recollection; ſhe confeſſed what I ſaid yet more emphatically, which I inſiſted ſhould be exactly written for my eyes followed the Greffier's pen. Upon the article of my poverty and receiving ſmall ſums from the Cardinal by ſervants, I choſe to interrogate her, that I might prove the abſurd in-

conſiſtency of ſuch inſinuations. Have I not procured your brother a penſion?—Have I not treated you as my own ſiſter, have I not been at a very conſiderable expence on your account, her replies were all in the affirmative; 'twas all very true, ſhe could not deny it. Had I not ſeven ſervants when I firſt took you and your brother under my protection—two horſes, a cabriolet and a voiture hired by the month? It was true ſhe ſaid, I had done many ſervices both for her and her brother, and ſhe depoſed that I had three femmes de chabmre and that my houſe and every thing about it was in a genteel ſtile. All theſe depoſitions but ill accorded with my receiving the ſmall ſum of four Louis from the Cardinal. At length, however, this young perſon confeſſed the diabolical machinations of this ungrateful Monk, whoſe villainy, though Dupuis de Marcé was ſufficiently convinced of, yet he ſuffered my confrontation with this deponent; who having been ſo ſeverely handled by me, concluded by ſuch extravagant inconſiſtencies, aſſertions ſo very abſurd, that even Dupuis de Marcé ſuddenly roſe up with indignation and ordered Fremyn to give him four Louis, which he threw down upon the table, ſaying, "Get about your buſineſs. Begone, I ſay, begone."

begone." This was was the ſame wretch who depoſed that Villette was continually at my houſe writing, to give colourable ſuſpicions that he had been a principal agent in forging the approbation and letter. This was inſinuated to him by the Cardinal's advocate, becauſe this perſon with whom I was ſuppoſed to have confederated, might chalk out that path as the beſt to exculpate the Cardinal of the necklace.

This ſame man went with La Porte, the advocate, to the houſe of Regnier, my jeweller, to entice him to make a depoſition againſt me, that he had ſold and ſet diamonds for us to a conſiderable amount; obſerving to him, that ſuch procedure, on his part, would be very agreeable to the Cardinal and his family, who would moſt undoubtedly reward him. They further intreated him to ſuffer them to write a Memoir in his name for him to ſign, obſerving that this Memoir would be entirely at their expence, which Regnier conſcientiouſly refuſed. This perſon, who did buſineſs for Mr. Doillot's ſiſter, my advocate, happening to be one day at his houſe, he took the opportunity of mentioning the different manœuvres of the Monk, of la Porte, and Achette, his father-

in-law, which he appeared extremely to reprobate.

I cauſed all this to be unreſervedly confeſſed at my confrontation, though he heſitated and denied much at firſt, I inſiſted that M. Doillot's ſiſter ſhould appear; this obliged him to confeſs all. But this perjured Monk had the audacity to take his oath that all was falſe, with the moſt grave and hypocritical tone. La Porte was obliged to brow-beat, but all to no purpoſe, as the proof yet remains.

This Father L'Hote being threatened in the petition of the Cardinal from my domeſtics, I expreſſed a ſtrong deſire that they might be called; for, added I, they will unanimouſly confeſs, they have been perſecuted by Father L'Hote, who has already prepared them to ſee my certain deſtruction, ſo that they can now have no hopes of being taken into my ſervice; and I was proceeding to prove my aſſertions; but none of my people were ſuffered to come up, leſt the public ſhould be enabled to place all theſe aſſertions in the ſcale of impartiality. Had this been the caſe, the unfortunate Valois would have been pitied by all; her countrymen would

would have ſpurned the idea of ſubmitting their opinions to the deciſions of ſuch partial Judges, who, having no regard for the truth, proſtituted both their underſtanding and their integrity to bribery, corruption, and the influence of party; while I, alas, whoſe cauſe was the cauſe of truth, ſingle and unſupported, without friends, without the means of bribery, was overwhelmed by the means of corrupted power; and this ſerpent, who, cheriſhed once by my protection, darted his envenomed ſting againſt me; this iniquitous Monk, who embezzled my money and my watch, whom I ſo fatally countenanced, was deteſted in the Convent to which he belonged; he therefore had no reſource but from his friends without thoſe walls, and friends whom he gained by ſervility and hypocriſy.—Never would I give credit to thoſe numerous and diſgraceful reports which were circulated againſt him. On the contrary, I warmly took his part, and accuſed thoſe whom I have ſince found to be right in their aſſertions, as retailers of ſcandal, and influenced only by envy.

From the moment when he commenced one of the King's preachers, he declared that he was upon good terms with all his Order; but

in this alſo, his regard for truth was equally conſpicuous as in his depoſitions and ſubornations againſt me; for from the moment the fraternity were informed of ſuch black ingratitude towards his benefactreſs, he was unanimouſly ſhunned, deſpiſed, and deteſted; his friends, his acquaintances, all forſook him; they avoided him as the dangerous viper, who will give a deadly ſting to the boſom that cheriſhes it; and, in a ſhort time, this ſolitary ſavage, perceiving the horrors of his ſituation, deviſed means to have an interview with one of the Chaplains of the Salpetriere, of whom he had the audacity to beg that he might be admitted as my Confeſſor. "No," replied this reſpectable man, whom I have before ſpoken of. "But I have certain means, calculated to make my peace with her, which you ſhall judge of yourſelf. I have the moſt ſincere regret," continued this hypocrite, "at the Counteſs's unhappy ſituation; and I am ſufficiently puniſhed for my ſtrong attachment to the Cardinal, to whom I have rendered eſſential ſervice; and who has, indeed, promiſed that he will never abandon me; but I am left deſpiſed and abandoned by all the world. Lately," continued he, "as I was preaching at St. Paul's, ſcarce a week

week ago, I was obliged to deſcend from my pulpit, I was ſo much inſulted by the populace; and another day, I could not finiſh the maſs, ſo great a diſturbance was made in the church. Thus abandoned, I am a loſt man; and, therefore, intreat you, M. Abbe to have compaſſion on my ſituation, and to aſſure the Counteſs from me, that I heartily repent my conduct: as a proof of which, I beg leave to offer to reſtore her theſe 900 livres of money which I have of her's, as well as her watch."

The Abbe imparted to me the wiſhes of this hypocritical villain, which I diſdained to hear; and earneſtly requeſted the Abbe, from that moment never to mention the name of this monſter!—a wretch who had violated every moral obligation,

I have ſince learned, however, and well authenticated as fact, that this Monk, forſaken by all his acquaintance, and whoſe life was, from his own confeſſion, a moſt intolerable burthen, having made many applications to Target, the Cardinal's advocate, expreſſive of his miſerable ſituation, and reminding him of the ſervice he had rendered his client, has at length attained

the reward of ſucceſsful villainy, and been recompenſed for perjury by the poſt of one of the Brotherhood of the Knights of Iſland of Malta, dignified with the croſs and habit, and lodged in the Temple at Paris.

Let not villainy deſpair, while Father L'Hote Minime lives decorated with the inſignia of an Order, an example of the ſplendor and promotion of perjury and ingratitude. But it is poſſible that God, in whoſe eyes the good things of this world are of no eſtimation, ſometimes beſtows them on the worſt of men, to ſhew how frequently they are proſtituted, and how little they ought to be regarded, when the inſignia of temporal grandeur not unfrequently decorates the moſt profligate and abandoned wretches ever pointed at by the finger of public contempt.

That the foundation on which I am condemned may more clearly appear, and that there never have been any proofs to juſtify the unjuſt judgment pronounced againſt me, a judgment founded only upon the falſities which have been advanced, falſities which will be inſtantly detected the moment they are ſubmitted to the eyes of the Public, who have been witneſſes

neſſes to the diſgrace both of myſelf and my huſband, I ſhall make a few extracts from the arret.

It is aſſerted in the ſaid petition of the Cardinal, joined to this ſame arret, in the declaration made concerning the Sieur Vilette and Madame de la Motte, in their laſt interrogatory and confrontation which have been there improperly ſpoken of, &c. to "*In fine, from* "*all the proof of the innocence of the ſaid Cardi-* "*nal reſulting therefrom, as well as every thing* "*concerning this proceſs, in conſequence doing* "*right, upon the complaint of our Attorney-Ge-* "*neral, the ſaid Cardinal was diſcharged from all* "*impeachment*, &c." the ſame page continues, "And it was permitted to the ſaid Cardinal de Rohan to cauſe to be printed and publiſhed, in order to notify the arret, where it ſhall be deemed neceſſary; it was likewiſe ordered, that mention ſhould be made in the margin of the ſaid regiſter of the intervening arret, when and where it ſhould be neceſſary, and it ſhall be permitted the Cardinal to prove, as well by writing as by witneſſes, the following juſtificatory pieces, *That Madame de la Motte has, through the courſe of the year* 1785 *to the month of Auguſt*

Auguſt in the ſame year, ſolicited and received in the ſame year the aſſiſtance of three or four Louis, which he was in the habit of allowing the Lady de la Motte, &c."

I think I have elſewhere refuted the abſurdity of this inſinuation, which wears not the ſmalleſt appearance of probability; when I have myſelf ſolicited favors for others; when I have afforded an aſylum to the fatherleſs and unprotected, and with the utmoſt anxiety made their preſervation the object of my attention; when I had a very magnificent houſe as well at Verſailles as at Paris, and when the Cardinal himſelf, or ſome of his ſuite, either the Baron de Planta, or M. de Carbonniere came to viſit me; ſo that any perſon, conſidering all theſe errors, cannot but pity my ſituation, and exclaim, that my Judges have not only put bandages before their eyes, but even hoodwinked their conſciences. The counſellors of the Cardinal have even had the audacity to go farther, and to mention the names of theſe pretended valets, who have been the carriers of theſe four or five Louis, in ſuch parcels as their tortured ingenuity has endeavoured to varniſh with all the colouring of truth.

I have

I have already mentioned, that I wiſhed them to appear; but Du Marcé did not chooſe to be guilty of ſo much imprudence; he ſeemed more diſpoſed to place this article a little to the Cardinal's advantage than to enter into a ſerious diſcuſſion, which muſt eventually terminate in the Cardinal's refutation and diſgrace; they have, therefore, thought it moſt prudent to paſs over this in ſilence, as they have other contradictory depoſitions of the Baron de Planta; ſuch as that he frequently ſaw in my hands bank-notes to the amount of 10,000 livres, which the Cardinal himſelf alſo confeſſed to be true; that I ſent a box full of diamonds, but that I ſaid the Queen had given them to me, and with theſe diamonds the ſum of 10,000 livres.

After all this, will it be believed, that I ſhould receive three or four Louis from the Cardinal? Surely, it will appear from theſe inconſiſtencies, that I was deſtined to be a victim to theſe barbarous men, to be condemned upon ſuch palpable incongruities, ſuch unſupported allegations. But I need not recall the attention of my Reader to them, ſince they are ſo evident.

I wiſh

I wiſh to remark a few inconſiſtencies in that unjuſt arret which has been pronounced againſt me, in which is inſerted the Cardinal's petition, from which I am going to recite an article, relative to his domeſtics, whom he alſo calls to corroborate his aſſertion, that he has ſent me by three of his ſervants, named alſo in that odious arret as well as the public prints, three or four Louis incloſed in a paper. Indignant as I naturally was at ſo infamous a falſity, at ſo notorious an abſurdity, I could not reſtrain my temper from retorting upon the Cardinal very ſeverely for this iniquitous charge; a charge ſo humiliating, ſo diſgraceful, ſo repugnant to my principles.

" Cardinal," ſaid I, " how can you ſuffer yourſelf to be led away by ſuch pitiful counſels, which cannot but be ultimately diſgraceful and injurious to yourſelf; for, is it poſſible that the Judges can give you credit for ſuch palpable abſurdities? How can your ſervants depoſe, that they have brought me ſuch ſmall ſums, wrapped up in the manner you deſcribe, when it is well known, that I have myſelf given your ſervants double Louis a piece? This is a fact which they cannot deny; one of my femmes de

de chambre has given them with her own hand, in my preſence. But how is it that theſe three domeſtics have made no depoſition? And why are they not preſent to be confronted? Why are they not produced againſt me? Are mere aſſertions in a Court of Juſtice to have the weight of proof, and preponderate in the ſcale againſt the allegations of the accuſed, ſo well connected, ſo firmly ſubſtantiated? O Juſtice! Judgment, whither art thou fled? Thou art in the deſerts among the ſavage inhabitants of the woods, for, ſurely, thou haſt reſigned thy dominion in the breaſts of men.

Were thoſe domeſtics, was all Paris ſo very blind, that they could not ſee my ſervants, my equipage, and twelve ſervants, who were continually viſible about their maſter's houſe, and that houſe not above a hundred paces diſtant from the Cardinal's? A houſe where I have lived three years, a houſe where the Cardinal himſelf has viſited, where he has always found ſervants in livery to announce his approach, and where he himſelf remained in that very month of Auguſt, when he has ſeen my yard filled with voitures, and obſerved my furniture and equipage; yet has ſaid, and aſſerted in this

ſame arret, that he ſent me three or four Louis a very ſhort time before my departure for the country.

When he has admitted, that in the laſt days of June, when we were together at Verſailles, and returning at three in the morning from our walk, for I did not then ſpeak of Trianon, at the Place Dauphine, where I had a houſe in which I lodged ſome time in the courſe of the year. The Cardinal himſelf has been in this very houſe, and from thence ſent for the Baron de Planta, and other people; and for the ſpace of two years, Roſalie, my femme de chambre, has received and entertained them while my voiture was waiting at the door; and my coachman and domeſtics were waiting at the cabaret's, where the Cardinal has been himſelf to fetch them; and, after examining himſelf my voiture, to ſee that nothing was wanting, has himſelf frequently handed me in when I departed for Paris. My femme de chambre herſelf corroborated this aſſertion, which the Cardinal at firſt ſtrongly denied; but upon calling my femme de chambre, and the reſt of my people, to ſubſtantiate it, he then coldly admitted what he found it impoſſible to deny before

ſo

ſo many witneſſes. "Well, well," ſaid he, perhaps it may be ſo; but I never paid much attention whether it was an hired voiture, or borrowed from ſome neighbour;" though my arms, which were upon it, could leave very little room for doubt; my coachman and ſervants in my own livery, could not eſcape the Cardinal's notice.

"But poſſibly," ſaid the Cardinal, "as the lady has told me, the Queen has enabled her to ſupport this magnificence." "Very well," replied I, with a ſmile of contemptuous pity at ſuch abſurdity, and finding that the unfortunate Cardinal, in endeavouring to extricate himſelf, was yet more entangled in inconſiſtency. "The Queen then," ſaid I, "has given me diamonds, and you have very generouſly given me four or five Louis. Is it probable, if I was in the habit of receiving diamonds from the Queen, that I ſhould be ſo mean as to accept four or five Louis from you? Would four or five Louis enable me to maintain that appearance, which all Paris knows I have ſo long ſupported? Really, M. Cardinal, you will ruin yourſelf by your inconſiſtencies;" and I really conceived, that, as if by a fatality,

he would aſſuredly approximate to his own deſtruction. Dupuis and Fremyn at that moment trembled for him.

Every thing I have juſt cited was written, read, and ſigned by myſelf. Judge then, ye friends of Truth, ye patrons of Juſtice, if the deſcendant of a Monarch can claim your attention, if an oppreſſed female can intereſt your ſenſibility. Read her life; inform yourſelves thoroughly of the facts ſhe ſpeaks of; and if you find them well authenticated, ſubſtantiated, and connected, I will not inſult your judgment by requeſting its deciſion in my favour—your hearts, your underſtandings will not ſuffer you to with-hold it. To you I appeal from the unjuſt, iniquitous ſentence of ſixty-two Judges, who have, notwithſtanding all the contradictions of this arret of my condemnation, given permiſſion to the Cardinal de Rohan to print and publiſh what he or his adherents pleaſe, to miſlead the public opinion. While we, by this horrible arret, pronounced againſt me and my huſband, after every indignity heaped upon us, have no reſource but to ſupplicate the Public, who will pity and protect us.

During

During the time of the memorable Revolution in France, many perſons, apprized that my enemies were then powerleſs, adviſed me to go and throw myſelf into the arms of my country, which would moſt certainly protect me againſt the arm of power. But other friends in England deſired me to remain there; they judged that my departure would be dangerous; and they reaſoned thus, that though certain perſons were deprived of power, yet they had wealth; they had alſo influence; and, perhaps, from motives of jealouſy, and ſeeing me protected by the people, might cauſe me to be aſſaſſinated.

Determined, and perfectly confiding in the protection of my native country, it was with difficulty that I yielded to the repreſentations of my friends in England. A lady, worthy of credit, who fled to England about that time, communicated to me a report univerſally prevalent, that many people at Paris having heard that I was among them, and believing they had diſcovered the place where I was, they went thither with a view, as this lady informed me, of protecting me, and leading me in triumph, convinced as they were that I had been the

victim of power, and the moſt hard and cruel perſecution.

A few months after this, in the month of December, I received letters from Paris, filled with the moſt keen and inſulting reproaches. This letter enquired, *if* my diſtreſs could for a moment have induced me to loſe ſight of my birth, and what I owed to myſelf and my family, that I ſhould have written a Memoir replete with ſuch erroneous inconſiſtencies; that if this was done with a view of procuring a temporary ſupply of money, it was palpably vile, and extremely *mean*. Theſe inſinuations that money was my object for publiſhing my Memoirs—(Money! that never dwelt in my deſire; which when I had I diſtributed to all who aſked it, and which I conſtantly deſpiſed) affected me not, for I knew the inſinuations to be atrocious falſehoods. I bore, therefore, theſe reproaches with patient reſignation.

"After the ſtorm," ſaid I, "there will come a calm." This letter I diſdained to anſwer; but ſoon after receiving another from my huſband, mentioning the publication of a ſecond Memoir, it was my duty to diſabuſe him of the reports

reports he had heard from my enemies: I accordingly wrote to that purport; and almoſt two words were ſufficient to convince him of the odious lies propagated againſt his unfortunate wife.

I begged the favor of different perſons to procure me one of theſe Memoirs, and ſome other pamphlets; but what was very ſingular, I found myſelf accuſed, without being able to procure one of thoſe publications upon which the accuſation was grounded. This induced me to believe, that it was all a falſe report, a weak malicious invention of my enemies, to purſue their injured prey with unremitting rage to deſtruction. I conjectured I could trace the origin of this. I conceived that no ſuch Memoirs could have been publiſhed under my name, as I knew I had written none, when I was ſurprized at reading in the Morning Herald, "That a ſecond Memorial of Madame de la Motte had appeared, which was a French libel, containing the moſt improbable and groſs calumnies."

Among other things, a letter ſuppoſed to be written from Vienna to Louis XV. by Cardinal

Rohan, many years before that Prince was Ambaſſador at the Court of Vienna. This Memoir was entitled, Concluſion of my firſt Juſtificative Memoir, written in 1788 by M. de Calonne and his agent M. de la Tour, from the materials with which I had furniſhed them.

This ſecond Memoir is a recantation of the former; and beſides many other errors, it makes me confeſs myſelf guilty, and contains a number of indecencies; and there is no doubt this Memoir was fabricated by my enemies, who conceived the Public too much prejudiced in my favour; that they reprobated the iniquitous arret, and wiſhed to raiſe me again to that honor and diſtinction to which my birth entitled me; it was my enemies, who by means of their money, and that influence which money always commands, procured a Memoir to be forged under my name, to ſubject the Public to a new impoſition.

This ſecond Memoir ſeems to have relation to the laſt which Target made for the Cardinal in the courſe of the proceſs, in which he had the audacious effrontery to declare that I had confeſſed myſelf guilty of all—finiſhing in theſe words

words, " and thus terminates the Cardinal's proceſs."

There is no doubt but the Abbe le Kel had the ſame view, in requeſting me to write no Memoir againſt the Cardinal, becauſe he did not wiſh to be catched in a direct lie, which he had pre-concerted to ſay in the face of the world, in a Memoir, of which I confeſſed myſelf the author, that I was a thief; but it muſt be recollected, that this very language was adopted by M. Laurencelle, the Attorney General, in ſpeaking to M. Doillot, my Counſel, who was convicted of this atrocious lie, and whoſe honor he wiſhed to ſurprize, by diſſuading him from proceeding in my defence.

I will not affirm that this laſt impoſition proceeded from the ſame ſource, though it wears a complexion very like it; yet I hope the Cardinal, fortunate as he has been, does not wiſh to let himſelf down ſo much in public eſtimation, as to have recourſe to ſuch vile means, and to repeat again that offence againſt a God, whom, from his profeſſional character, he is peculiarly bound to ſerve—and to ſhew an example to others.

Once he has been ſucceſsful enough, through the villainy of ſome and the abilities of others, to eſcape from captivity, in the power of thoſe to whom he had rendered himſelf obnoxious, and who would have confined him for life. Fortunately delivered from theſe, I will yet hope, that he has too high a ſenſe of his duty, both to God and his fellow-creatures, to purſue with the arm of Perſecution the innocent victim of his accuſations.

On him I deſire no vengeance; all I requeſt is, that he would yet do juſtice to the complaints of my unfortunate huſband. I would yet aſk him, if it is not enough that one victim has broke to pieces the chains of another? that Malice ſhould puſh her baleful influence yet farther, and totally deſtroy the remains of a reputation, which he has before attempted to blight? Shall ſurreptitious Memorials and anonymous pamphlets be propagated with barbarous inhumanity? Not content with deſtroying the reputation of the living, ſhall Malice ſtretch forth her arm, and rake up the aſhes of the dead? Muſt the dear memory of my departed parent be ſcandalized by the vileſt inſinuations, and the feelings of a daughter be wounded by repeated

repeated attempts to turn that parent into ridicule?—Forbid it every ingenuous feeling! and let my enemies bluſh for this, if they be not too callous and inſenſible to the tender ſenſations of humanity.

My father, they ſay, was unknown to any one, except the peaſants on his eſtate; and theſe could not have related any thing injurious to his character; for they called my grandfather their Good, and my father their Generous Lord; and good reaſon they had to adopt this grateful epithet; for not leſs than fifty or ſixty peaſants now ſubſiſt themſelves, their wives and families, upon the liberal donations of my father's bounty; and can they for a moment accuſe their benefactor of malevolence? There is more gratitude, more virtue among theſe poor peaſants.

I was alſo, in a ſmall degree, chagrined at the audacious language which Target, the Cardinal's counſel, adopted in his petition to convince the Judges, where he ſays, "Can the Judges believe for a moment, that a Cardinal and a Prince, Grand Almoner of France, decorated with ſo many titles, having ſo much in

his gift, could poſſibly have had the meanneſs to embezzle this necklace? But, on the contrary," added he, " the Court will particularly take notice, that Madame de la Motte was in indigent circumſtances, &c."

Surely, to hear the declamation of this fellow, people would be led to ſuppoſe that I was a pauper, and reduced to the neceſſity of aſking alms. But what is this great argument? It only inſinuates, that birth and title ought to paſs unſuſpected; it ſays that a Prince or a Peer cannot be a villain; that it is impoſſible he ſhould diſgrace himſelf; it tortures a misfortune into a crime; it ſays that poverty is a ſufficient cauſe to juſtify ſuſpicion; and that poverty and honeſty are incompatible with each other. Specious ſophiſt! I will not attempt to refute the argument; but I will aſk his client one or two queſtions. I would ſay, your Eminence's advocate inſiſts, that poverty is a ſufficient cauſe to juſtify ſuſpicion; he ſays you are dignified by birth, and decorated with titles, and therefore you muſt be innocent, becauſe you are rich. But have you forgotten a ſtory yet recent in the memory of a thouſand unfortunate ſufferers, whom two of your relations, in offices

offices of truſt, in the firſt places about the Court, decorated with Orders, and diſtinguiſhed with the ſmiles of Royalty—have you forgot that period when theſe very people, ſo highly dignified, involved ſo many thouſands of people in ruin?

I wiſh not to inſult you with their misfortunes; but the villainy, the ſophiſtry of your advocate renders it neceſſary that I ſhould refute him. Have you forgot the bankruptcy of the Prince de Guémené? Have you forgot a ſhort time previous to theſe calamitous events having taken place, that a poor water carrier of Verſailles, with a large family, brought 1800 livres which the Prince received, as well as many other ſums? Do you not recollect the deplorable ſituation of many families who brought their all to a Prince, whoſe revenues might have well ſupported his dignity? Yet all was inſufficient. Why then, Cardinal, do you ſuffer your ill-adviſed adherents to reproach the name of Valois; and to hatch theſe miſerable falſities againſt a family, equally noble, of greater antiquity, and poſſeſſing, at leaſt, equal honour, virtue, and integrity with the greateſt and proudeſt of the Houſe of Rohan.

But

But the Cardinal, to exculpate himſelf, has informed his Judges, that he has never been guilty of any thing ill. I know not if this trait, which I have cited in my confrontation, can be any reflection on the Houſe of Rohan; his Judges may, perhaps, eſteem it as being no diſgrace.

The Cardinal, as I have before mentioned, proceeds to ſay, that he has rendered me the ſervices of a friend anxious to protect and patronize an unfortunate female. I muſt beg leave to ſay a word or two relative to this aſſertion, by way of explanation. I have before ſtated, that I was firſt introduced to the Cardinal by my worthy, and ever-to-be-lamented mother, the Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers, in his capacity of Grand Almoner of France, who has conſtantly a purſe of ſix hundred thouſand livres, to be diſpoſed of diſcretionally to noble families who have a numerous offspring, or to other perſons, at the pleaſure of the Lord High Almoner.

It was under this impreſſion that the Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers firſt introduced me to the Cardinal, who on another occaſion found means

means to ſerve me. One Cerfbere, a Jew, had contracted to ſupply forage at Straſbourg; the Cardinal by the intereſt of his friends, the Counts de Seguire and Vergennes, continued to him this privilege, and he gave him in bills upon the Bank of Poiſſy to the amount of 300,000 livres, which the Cardinal finding a little difficulty in getting diſcounted, offered them to a Jew, known by my huſband, and who offered the Cardinal half that ſum in money, and the reſt in other articles, which he refuſed; but a ſhort time after, I heard that he had been more ſucceſsful; and he ſent me 30,000 livres in a billet, encloſed in a very obliging letter, expreſſing that he was acquainted with my delicacy; but added, that I was under no obligation to him, as this ſum was part of 300,000 which came to his hands unexpectedly, by God and Grace. I received them, therefore, under this preſumption; and it is thus that the Cardinal rewards himſelf for the ſervices which he has rendered.

In the year 1785 he again made intereſt with the ſame Miniſters for the continuation of this privilege, which he obtained; and, in conſequence he then gave me 20,000 livres, and as much

much to the Baron de Planta. To ſupport, however, my aſſertions before my Judges, I have repeatedly cited this Cerf bere to make his appearance; but who, not being yet bribed to ſtep forward in the cauſe of juſtice, has hitherto declined appearing. My counſel took notice of theſe facts in my Memoirs, and at the ſame time the names of the parties, but particularly this Cerf bere. Perhaps M. Cardinal, to ſerve his purpoſe, may have converted theſe conſiderable ſums into four or five Louis.

I have alſo mentioned, in the courſe of my narration, the ſum of 500,000 livres, which I had received in the years 1784 and 1785, which both Vilette and the Cardinal had affirmed in my confrontation, and all had concurred in the proof. Muſt I yet complain at this day, this very arret mentions, as the ſecond part of the proof of the juſtification of the Cardinal, ſuch and ſuch a perſon has brought Madame de la Motte in the month of Auguſt three, four, or five Louis.

O, my good Reader, I hear thee echo my indignation at a depoſition ſo palpably abſurd; you will naturally compare all my aſſertions

with each other, to diſcover the truth; and I have no doubt, unprejudiced and impartial as I hope thou art, that thou wilt have compaſſion on a defenceleſs female, moſt ignominiouſly treated and diſhonoured, deprived of her liberty, baniſhed from her native country, and ſtripped of her poſſeſſions, Fain would I at this point terminate the hiſtory of a life teeming with misfortunes; but the unceaſing machinations of my enemies, during my abſence, render it my duty to review ſome of their recent perſecutions before I lay down the pen—perhaps to reſume it no more.

While I was condemned to confinement for life, and vilely diſgraced, the Cardinal de Rohan, whoſe rank and offices were formerly inſiſted upon as arguments of his innocence; this very rank, and thoſe very offices, now operated to diſcharge him from every accuſation; and he was permitted to print, and proclaim to the public his pretended innocence. And was it, I would farther aſk him, after all the indignities I had ſuffered on his account; was it further neceſſary that his adherents ſhould have recourſe to publiſh malicious lies, not only againſt myſelf, but even all my family, whilſt his unfortunate

tunate victim was in captivity, dying, and curſing the moment when ſhe ſaw the light, and that which had brought her to ſuch a calamitous criſis.

The Cardinal has, at a former period, behaved in a manner very different; he has beſtowed upon me the moſt friendly epithets; a woman moſt amiable in diſpoſition, too good, too generous; theſe were his expreſſions before the cataſtrophe. How ſtrong the extreme! he now purſues me to deſtruction; he gives a diſtorted, malignantly coloured picture of me to the Public; his adherents poiſon the ſprings of public information, and make them ſubſervient to the purpoſes of party. Formerly I was painted with the delicate tints of flattering friendſhip as an angel; daubed by the groſs colouring of Malice, I am now a very fiend; formerly amiable and generous; I am now ſavage, malignant, and avaricious. I was a ſordid wretch, ſay they, ſeizing every occaſion to appropriate gold, jewels, and money, to my own uſe, and even papers, which were of more ſervice to the Cardinal. In ſuch varied ſhapes have they aſſailed me with their calumnies; but I have learned to deſpiſe them.

I have

I have ſpoke of newſpapers; one of theſe proſtituted prints is the Leyden Gazette of 12th September, 1786; which, after having dealt very copiouſly in invectives, ſtates among others the following abſurdity:—*Several of the diamonds have been found, which the huſband in his agitation had not time to carry away.* Ridiculous abſurdity! Poſſibly ſpeaking of ſome few Jewels which it pleaſed my huſband's relations to ſend away, that they might appropriate the reſt with greater ſecurity.

The ſiſter of Madame de la Motte, continues this lying Paper, *who was upon the point of marriage at the time of her diſaſter, ſhares alſo her misfortune, in failing of a proper eſtabliſhment. This unfortunate young woman has, ſince this criſis, reclaimed from the demeſne a part of her property, which ſhe inherited from a lady of the name of Varrance, her great aunt. This ſucceſſion having never been paid, and her ſiſter having retained the ſhare devolving to this reclaimant, her demand has been acceded to, and ſhe will, in conſequence, obtain a penſion of* 3000 *livres, which will enable her to live comfortably.*

I am

I am ſorry that ſuch inſinuations ſhould force me, in vindication of myſelf, to recapitulate ſome of thoſe obligations which my ſiſter is under to me. I know it to be indelicate; but duty to myſelf muſt overcome delicacy, more eſpecially when united with a deſire of preventing the Public's being impoſed upon, and to convince my ſiſter of the impropriety of her conduct, whoſe actions are influenced by an intereſted and hypocritical Abbe. I have great reaſon to lament this ſlavery under which ſhe is held; but my enemies have accuſed me of having defrauded my ſiſter; that loſt ſiſter, in whoſe behalf I have ſo often interceded with the worthy Marchioneſs de Boulainvilliers, whoſe ſituation I have deplored with ſo many ſighs, and whom I received with ſuch joy.—This ſiſter ſhould with indignation have contradicted ſo odious a paragraph, which it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe a ſiſter can have countenanced.

I will prove then how very far I am from having incurred this charge of having embezzled my ſiſter's property, to whom I have ever behaved as a kind and even a generous ſiſter, anticipating her wiſhes by every kindneſs in my power.

power. In the month of June, 1782, hearing that ſhe was ill, and regretting her being at ſo great a diſtance from me, I deſired my huſband to go and fetch her to Bar-ſur-Aube; where ſhe remained, and was treated with all tenderneſs and attention. I gave her a femme de chambre, and a nurſe, attended her in her ſickneſs, which was of long continuance; and, in ſhort, watching and nurſing her with the greateſt tenderneſs. It was during this time that I kept four filles de chambre; and I had an apartment at Verſailles as well as at Paris, as I have already mentioned. When my ſiſter was re-eſtabliſhed in her health, I adviſed her to go to a Convent near me, being at that time obliged to follow the Court, as well as buſied in making preſſing ſolicitations, not only for myſelf but my brother and ſiſter, to obtain, if poſſible, the reſtoration of my anceſtors' poſſeſſions. My ſiſter approved of my advice, and I conducted her to a Convent.

In the year 1784, I went to ſee her, and carried her fifty Louis; ſhe then expreſſed a deſire to ſpend ſome time with me at Paris; I inſtantly granted her requeſt; ſhe came to my

houſe, where I made her ſeveral preſents, ſuch as a watch, gowns, &c. and gave her nearly 3000 crowns. But the gaities of the Beau Monde ſoon weaned her mind from the auſterity of monaſtic regulations; her Convent appeared the reſidence of peeviſhneſs and diſcontent, and ſhe expreſſed her reluctance to return thither; in conſequence of which, I placed her in an elegant apartment, in the Convent of Urſulines, near the Palais Royale, gave her a femme de chambre, furniſhed her a magnificent apartment, preſented her table-linen, and every neceſſary article, and allowed her a penſion of 1800 livres, which I paid in advance; and alſo, when I departed from my country-houſe in the year 1785, from whence I was conveyed to that horrible Baſtile, I then found myſelf ſhort of money, and wrote to my ſiſter to receive 40 Louis, which I had lent to a lady of my acquaintance; they were paid upon demand, but never tranſmitted to me. Thus diſappointed, and my neceſſity being urgent, I ſent my counſel, M. Doillot, to my friend's houſe, who himſelf reported that the money was paid; and M. Doillot, notwithſtanding, can give teſtimony to the truth of my aſſertion, that I never uttered the ſlighteſt reproach againſt my ſiſter.

I had

I had three gowns at my mantua-maker's, one of which was valued at 25 Louis; finding myſelf detained in the Baſtile, I begged my counſel, M. Doillot to apprize my ſiſter, that ſhe might remove theſe articles from the mantua-maker's, and take care of them for me till I ſhould come out of the Baſtile. Scarce had I been three weeks in that odious priſon of the Salpetriere, than not only the miſery of my own condition grieved me, but I felt alſo the moſt poignant grief for the ſituation of my unfortunate ſiſter.

Now bereft of every friend, I was overwhelmed with grief in reflecting upon her deplorable ſtate. The girls, finding me almoſt abandoned to deſpair, and hearing me frequently pronounce my ſiſter's name, kindly attempted to comfort me—" Make yourſelf eaſy, Madam," ſaid they, " be aſſured that we ſhall find ſome means of conveying a letter to your ſiſter." I reflected, that though ſhe had loſt a ſiſter, her only friend, though in confinement, I might yet be uſeful; and therefore I determined to write as follows: " Remember, Madame, that you have lent your ſiſter 700 livres; do not fail to reclaim them of the domain; the mis-

fortunes of your ſiſter affect me too ſenſibly to ſuffer me to be more particular. I am, Madam, your moſt conſtant friend."

I underſtood ſo little of the nature of this kind of buſineſs, that I conceived ſhe would inſtantly be able to procure the ſum. I indulged myſelf in this hope, which cheared my ſpirits. Alas! it was not to be as I wiſhed; my ſiſter, upon receipt of my letter, inſtantly recognized the ſignature; and though I had ſtrictly enjoined her not to mention a word of this letter to any one; yet ſhe went, without any reflection, without conſidering a moment what calamitous conſequences would reſult from ſuch conduct, ſhe went immediately to the houſe of M. Tillet, to whom ſhe ſhewed my letter, affirming at the ſame time that it was written by me, and that ſhe had received it by the poſt; at the ſame time aſſuring M. Tillet, that I was indebted to her the ſum mentioned in the letter, and requeſting him perſonally to make the demand of the Baron de Breteuil.

M. Tillet, upon receiving this intelligence, loſt not a moment, but inſtantly haſtened to the Salpetriere, and ſeverely reprimanded the

ſiſters

ſiſters for ſuffering me to write. They were all aſtoniſhed; and, knowing the difficulty of conveying a letter under ſuch circumſtances of confinement, all affirmed that it was impoſſible I could have wrote any ſuch letter, as I had neither pen or ink, much leſs any mode of conveyance. M. Tillet poſitively declared, that he had both ſeen and read that letter, remained poſitive in his aſſertion, obſerving, at the ſame time, that he would ſee me no more. On the other hand, the ſiſters finding themſelves accuſed, and in danger of loſing their places, loaded me with the keeneſt and moſt bitter reproaches.

M. Tillet kept his word; and it was a month before I ſaw him again. During this tedious interval, deſpair took poſſeſſion of me, and preyed upon me to ſuch a degree, that I wiſhed to get rid of a life that was become intolerably burthenſome; refuſed to take any ſuſtenance, and lay every night on the cold pavement. This miſerable ſituation excited the compaſſion of the ſiſters, who begged Madame Victoir to viſit me; and, if poſſible, adminiſter conſolation to me. She recoiled with horror when ſhe ſaw my condition, and adopted every method to recall

call me to life. She perſuaded M. Tillet to come and ſee me; but I was thrown into ſuch a deſperate ſtate, that I abhorred the ſight of every living being. I even refuſed to ſee M. Tillet. "Leave me to my fate," exclaimed I, "ſince for the intention of doing good, I am treated as if I had been guilty of a crime; tell M. Tillet, that even in my laſt moments I ſhall acknowledge his kindneſs; but tell him alſo, that my intention to do good, ought not to be a motive for him to be unjuſt."

Soon after, M. Tillet came with this reſpectable Superior to ſee me in my dungeon; and I endeavoured to explain what I thought was the injuſtice of this venerable man. Alas! I accuſed him wrongfully; he was not unjuſt; his only motive was my intereſt, which he ever had in view; he feared that I was furniſhed with materials to write, and as he had been witneſs to my complaints againſt the Queen, was apprehenſive that I would not write merely to my ſiſter, but to many other perſons in Paris, againſt the Queen.

His views were coincident with thoſe of the Baron de Breteuil, to procure, through the Queen's

Queen's intervention, that I ſhould be ſent to a Convent. When I found this, I loſt all my prejudice againſt M. Tillet, embraced him, and we mutually forgave each other. I entreated him alſo to adopt my ſiſter for his child, to intereſt himſelf alſo in her behalf. I begged that he would repreſent to M. de Breteuil, the debt I owed my ſiſter. M. Tillet never loſt an opportunity of being ſerviceable to her; he granted my ſiſter the 3500 livres which I had in the Baſtile, under an obligation from her to allow me twenty-five Louis per annum.

I know not for what reaſon M. de Breteuil made this condition, which he communicated to M. Tillet; whether he was acquainted that my ſiſter had, blindly indeed, the greateſt confidence in an Abbe, who was well known to be extremely avaricious, and who had inſinuated himſelf into my ſiſter's good opinion, under pretext of ſerving her as an advocate, and making every claim on my eſtate in the name of my ſiſter, for which he had his own intereſt in view. M. de Breteuil, after all theſe conſiderations, wiſhed to tie her down to pay me this annuity under the name of Angelique, of whom I have before ſpoken, fearing leſt this Abbe

ſhould, for his own intereſt, contrive to oppoſe it.

I was myſelf offended that M. de Breteuil ſhould thus ſuſpect my ſiſter, and when M. Tillet acquainted me of this arrangement, exclaimed againſt ſuch rigor being uſed towards my ſiſter, to whom, whatever my deſigning calumniators may aſſert, I have ever behaved with the moſt cordial affection. I endeavored, but could not bring M. Tillet to procure an alteration of theſe reſtrictions. More than 500 livres have been granted out of my eſtate to my ſiſter, by the exertions of her adviſer, who, eager to graſp at every thing, and thinking from my ſituation, being in priſon and condemned, I ſhould without heſitation enter into his ſchemes, and blindly ſign over every thing to him.

I here ſubjoin, for the Reader's inſpection, a letter from this intriguing Abbe, whoſe propoſals I cannot but reject with indignation.

LETTER

LETTER FROM THE ABBE PHAPH.

11th Sept. 1787.

MADAM,

"IT is with great pleaſure that your ſiſter and I learn of your arrival in that aſylum you have ſo ardently wiſhed; at length then, all is well, and we are content.

"Alas! no, all is not well—the diſtreſs in which you found your huſband—the aſſiſtance which you demand of your ſiſter—From theſe I plainly diſcover, that you are ignorant of her unfortunate ſituation, and that ſhe is now diſtreſſed herſelf. It is true, as you have been given to underſtand from M. Tillet, that I had obtained for your ſiſter an annuity of 3000 livres upon your eſtate during your detention in the Baſtile, of which I have fortunately obtained 600 on your account.

"With reſpect to yourſelf, I moſt ſincerely hope that you will very ſoon be removed to a Convent, according to the rumour and wiſhes of many ladies of diſtinction. But, Madam,

we

we have not yet obtained that ſum; this agreement of rent is not yet made, notwithſtanding the ſolicitations of many perſons whom I have procured to apply to the Miniſter, this inſtrument is not yet completed.

" I have alſo made another demand, which it may be neceſſary to mention, and which may be eſtimated at 14 or 15000 livres upon your plate and furniture. In this I have ſucceeded, but we deſire your ſanction to place out this ſum, as well as the firſt 3000; but, God knows when your ſiſter will receive this income.

" If you had choſe to tranſmit what I aſked, while you was confined in that infamous priſon, your ſiſter would not probably have been reduced to ſuch extreme diſtreſs; in that caſe both you and ſhe would have received relief; you would then have been aſſiſted, and at leaſt have been poſſeſſed of more than a thouſand livres, which I fear you have now loſt. But poſſibly it is not yet too late, perhaps with aſſiduity all may yet be retrieved; to facilitate which an idea ſtrikes me, upon which I beg you to deliberate.

" I conceive, Madam Counteſs, upon mature reflection on the plan, which has ſtruck me while I am writing, that it is not yet too late; but I muſt firſt apprize you. I have learned that your ſiſter-in-law has been at Paris, and has gained her proceſs with the demeſne for your houſe at Bar-ſur-Aube. After this ſucceſs, I ſhall here communicate my plan, which muſt be all written either by your huſband, or yourſelf, with your own hand, upon a ſheet of paper hereunto annexed, and which you muſt both ſign, adding theſe words—*Agreed to this writing*.—After which you will immediately ſend it, and by virtue of this inſtrument, which will be ſuppoſed to be received by your ſiſter, from the Iſle of France, I will demand payment of one half in her name, as inheriting one half from her brother; the buſineſs will be ſhort in dividing what ought to be between your ſiſter and you; you will thus make a beginning; and I hope that fortune will be more favourable to you and your ſiſter, who is now a prey to diſtreſs of every ſpecies. Loſe not a moment then in ſending this writing. I will inſtantly form a demand on the demeſne, and follow it up with that fortunate aſſiduity which cannot but terminate in ſucceſs; and convince you,

by

by having been able to render you ſervice, of my devotion, and moſt profound reſpect.

" I have an earneſt deſire to ſee you, but am detained here upon your ſiſter's affairs. I wiſh that you would protract the publication of your Memoir till my arrival; I may, perhaps, be of ſervice in this; but ſend me immediately the writing annexed to this letter; and when I have availed myſelf of it, I will ſend you the money it produces.

" Confide in me; prepare your materials for the Memoirs you mention, but do not publiſh them. I cannot explain myſelf further by writing—but truſt me.

" If you chooſe not to copy the annexed writing, you can only ſign it, putting WE before the ſignature, and on the other ſide, placeing between the two blank lines—*Value* 4200; you may only, if you pleaſe, write the initials of your name; but it would be much better copied, and written upon the large ſheet of paper, which I ſend you for that purpoſe.

" I wait your anſwer, and am, &c."

Annexed

Annexed Writing mentioned in this Letter.

" WE the underſigned Mark Antony de la Motte and Jane de St. Remy de Valois, his wife, by him eſpecially authorized, to execute theſe preſents, having this day definitively ſettled the different accounts and ſtate of ſums, the Baron de Valois, our brother and brother-in-law, has at different times lent and advanced, as well before as ſince our marriage, as alſo by the payment which he has made out of his own pocket to any of our creditors. We do hereby acknowledge lawfully to owe to the ſaid Baron de Valois, our brother and brother-in-law, the ſum of forty-two thouſand livres, which we hereby promiſe and agree to pay him on demand, or at ſeveral payments, at his election, after the firſt of April, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-five; for which payment we oblige ourſelves, and all our eſtate, real and perſonal, which we now have, or may hereafter poſſeſs; further agreeing to renew this obligation before a Notary at the firſt requeſt of recognition that ſhall be made."

Dated at Paris this fourth day of April, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-three.

Such

Such was the invention of that intriguing Abbe, whoſe brain was ever teeming with inventions for his own intereſt; a very pretty example for an eccleſiaſtic, whoſe conduct ſhould be peculiarly exemplary. Perceiving the drift of this artful and deſigning hypocrite, who meditated the total deſtruction of my huſband and myſelf, by obtaining our ſignatures to this inſtrument, I diſdained to mak a reply to this letter.

I have before mentioned the diſtreſs in which I found my huſband involved when I came to London. I had written to my ſiſter a letter explanatory of that diſtreſs, and begging her to ſend me over my gowns, when this ſame propoſition was again offered, in rather threatening language; my anſwer was to the following purport:

"Diſtreſs, my dear ſiſter, however poignant, ſhall never influence either me or my husband to tranſgreſs the bounds of honor. I have ſaid on my trial, and have given ſufficient proof to ſubſtantiate this aſſertion, that inſtead of being obligated to my brother for money I have paid his debts, at the commencement of the year 1783,

1783, to the amount of 50,000 livres. As I have ſaid, as I have proved, this I cannot with propriety recede, and contradict a fact already ſubſtantiated; and as my huſband and I had been unjuſtly condemned, I hoped we ſhould hereafter have the means of full and ample juſtification."

From my ſiſter, whom I have ſerved with maternal tenderneſs, I have received no anſwer. I ſhould not have troubled the Public with domeſtic concerns; but when I am publicly charged with having appropriated my ſiſter's inheritance to my own uſe, in order to excite compaſſion, and engage the Baron de Breteuil and M. de Villedeuil to intereſt themſelves in her ſervice, I have no other reſource left to vindicate my character. I have, however, reaſon to ſuſpect this prieſt, who, leaving ſpiritual affairs to themſelves, devotes himſelf to temporal concerns, with an avidity ſtrongly characteriſtic, which he thinks more advantageous; it is he, her counſellor and adviſer, who has dubbed himſelf director of her conſcience, who has turned even the misfortunes of her unfortunate ſiſter into ridicule, which is bringing ſhame and diſgrace upon that ſiſter whom he ſo anxiouſly profeſſes

profeſſes to ſerve. It is ſomething remarkable too, that I never had an aunt of the name of Varrence. Probably the author of that detracting paragraph caught the idea from this circumſtance. I mentioned in my firſt Memoir, in 1785, that the Cardinal de Rohan had taken my affairs under his patronage; among other things, he was trying to recover for us an inheritance of the Marquis of Vienna, my great uncle, who died at Bourges, in Bervy; for this purpoſe, my brother authorized me by letter of attorney, to take every ſtep to recover this poſſeſſion; but I had not the requiſite titles in my power. This circumſtance my ſiſter knew well, and ſhe certainly ſhould have contradicted, with proper authority, reports which tend not to calumniate me alone, but herſelf alſo.

The papers again charge me as an intriguing woman; it cannot be merely the newſpaper ſcribblers; my enemies muſt be at the bottom of this; thoſe enemies whom I can well confound, and declare, in all the conſciouſneſs of innocence, before the face of the univerſe, that I am now in a place where I would challenge them to give proof of their aſſertions. At what age, and in what manner have I been intriguing?

triguing? Have I not already ſubmitted my conduct to the eyes of my Reader? Is it not in that channel where it will ſoon be ſpread abroad, and is not this ſufficient to ſatisfy every exiſting doubt?

It will be remarked, that Madame de Boulainvilliers, while ſhe lived, ſolicited in our behalf; that the death of that worthy mother obliged me to throw myſelf upon the friendly protection of thoſe to whom ſhe had recommended me.

In the year 1781 this lady died; and my firſt ſolicitations at Court were in the year 1782.—Theſe ſolicitations which I then made were warrantable; they were perfectly honorable, my ſole intent being to reclaim the poſſeſſions of three orphans, and the eſtate of their anceſtors. But my enemies will object, perhaps, that I have alſo ſolicited for perſons from whom I received preſents, for thoſe who rewarded me for ſuch ſolicitations. They charge me falſely; the pleaſure of having ſerved the neceſſitous and the unfortunate is all the reward I wiſhed, and all I have ever received. This I have proved in my proceſs; and I muſt at leaſt claim ſome

ſmall credit for my humanity and diſintereſted-neſs.

So very little am I famed for intrigue, that the very intrigue into which I was unfortunately drawn by the very intriguing parties themſelves—that intrigue from which I found it ſo difficult to extricate myſelf—I was aſhamed of it to the very ſoul; and was every day reproaching the Cardinal, and adviſing him to abandon a purſuit ſo very repugnant to my ideas. Muſt I recapitulate here, or turn again the eyes of my Readers to the depoſitions of la Porte, to prove how little I was ſwayed by mercenary motives? He ſays, that knowing my intimacy with the Cardinal, he preſented me ſome plan, that he wiſhed me to read, at which I burſt into a loud laugh. "Me, Sir," ſaid I, "I know nothing at all about the buſineſs; I wiſh to do you ſervice with the Cardinal, and will recommend you, but that's all I can do." I accordingly uſed my influence with the Cardinal, and perſuaded him to grant an interview to Meſſrs. Perrins, of Lyons, the negociators and projectors of this plan. The Cardinal received them with the greateſt affability, and aſſured them of his patronage.

La

La Porte further adds, that theſe ſame gentlemen had afterwards three audiences of the Cardinal, who gave them ſuch ſtrong aſſurances of ſucceſs, that, in a tranſport of gratitude, they promiſed one million of livres to the Cardinal, a large ſum for me, one for la Porte, one for his father-in-law, and ſeveral millions for the Queen, as alſo for de Calonne and ſeveral others. This fact the Cardinal would have denied, but that I obliged la Porte and Grenie to corroborate the circumſtances here ſtated.

They further alſo depoſed, that theſe negociators, to teſtify their gratitude for the ſervice I had rendered them, deſired to know of la Porte, if a pecuniary offer would be accepted by me, to which he replied in the negative.—They then preſumed that a gratuity of ſome beautiful ſtuffs might be offered without wounding my delicacy, and accordingly ſent me one of the moſt beautiful gowns I ever ſaw, worth about fourteen thouſand livres. When I received it, I ſent three letters to the negociators at Lyons, deſiring them to find ſome opportunity to fetch away the preſent which they had had the politeneſs to ſend me, but which I begged leave to refuſe.

I have earneſtly entreated the Judges to procure theſe letters, to convince themſelves of my diſintereſtedneſs, and to prove how little I underſtood of the buſineſs, which I left to be entirely negociated between the Cardinal and themſelves. Had I been as mercenary as my enemies would inſinuate, I might have received conſiderable ſums for my ſervices; ſums which probably my enemies, under ſuch circumſtances, would have eagerly graſped at, but which I could not ſtoop to receive.

It is neceſſary that I ſhould here mention my refuſal of 100,000 livres from the Jewellers, which I proved before the Judges; but I have no reaſon to expect favor from thoſe who have, indeed, proved themſelves to be mercenary.—I flatter myſelf between my conduct and theirs there is a ſufficient difference to entitle me to impartiality: theſe impoſtors have been hitherto too readily, too implicitly believed; for well I know that it is the received opinion amongſt thoſe who wiſh me ill, that I am a woman of an intriguing ſpirit; but I have the conſolation to reflect, that ſuch vile inſinuations will vaniſh into air when my Readers ſhall have honored my Memoirs with an attentive peruſal; they

they will there ſee, that for ſix months after the death of my worthy mother, I remained ſilent and unknown; I did not, therefore, precipitately launch myſelf into the world, but gradually made my claims from the Court, at which time I was not more than twenty-five years of age; and at the time of the cataſtrophe in 1785 I was only twenty-eight; ſo that all this intriguing ſpirit, this adroitneſs of contrivance which my enemies have accuſed me of, is nothing more than giddy vivacity, which, too impetuous for the ſlow deductions of reaſon, is often actuated by the mere influence of momentary impulſe. Very little from natural diſpoſition, ſtill leſs from natural inclinations, have I been calculated for a woman of intrigue.

I cite my conduct, from the firſt dawn of reaſon to the moment of my diſgrace, from every circumſtance which I have laid before my Readers, if they can with propriety accuſe me of cunning or contrivance; and I think, from this imputation of my enemies, defenceleſs as I now am, I am entitled to compaſſion; but, alas! I have not yet experienced the laſt conſequences of my diſgrace, which has opened many doors for the abandoned of every deſcription to

enter and attack me; even thoſe whom I ſcarce knew have moſt unaccountably become my enemies.

Scarce was I arrived in England than I received a packet, containing a letter filled with the moſt pointed abuſe, with a caricature print, and my name at the bottom. This was the performance of a perſon whoſe name was Coſta, the conduct of whoſe wife has been explained by my huſband in his Memoir, as well as the mode in which he firſt became acquainted with her huſband. This woman, in a very miſerable and diſtreſſed condition, was brought to my houſe by the Abbe Gamboni; her ſituation excited my pity, and I gave her two Louis; her huſband had abandoned her to live with another woman; it was from her we learnt that this caricature and letter were the performance of her huſband, who takes pleaſure in writing anonymous letters, in order to make miſchief. It was this very man who, about the ſame period, printed a libel againſt the Queen of France, entitled, "The Supper of Antoinette." He wrote alſo to the Miniſter at Paris, to M. Barthelemy, Charge des Affaires at London, informing them that Count de la Motte had

printed

printed falſe reports againſt the Queen; that it was in his power to ſtop the publication, if the Government would ſupport and reward him; but the Miniſter and M. Barthelemy would not condeſcend to anſwer this man, whom they knew too well. It was then that this miſerable wretch threw out fire and flame againſt them all, and concluded by ſending them one of theſe publications, the very libel which he pretended was written by M. de la Motte; two copies of which were procured for our peruſal by the Abbe and his wife.

This publication ſufficiently proved the villainy of which this wretch was capable. M. de la Motte carried one to M. Barthelemy, who inſtructed him in all the machinations of this man, who was continually plotting his deſtruction. This man, indefatigable in this ſpecies of accuſation, being apprized of the efforts of M. de la Motte to avenge himſelf, ſwore a debt againſt him of one hundred guineas, for which my huſband gave his bill, and at the time appointed to prove his debt, he choſe not to appear, but abſconded. He then ſent many letters, filled with abuſe againſt me, whom he had never known.

The miſeries of the wife made me forget the injuries of the huſband. At the requeſt of M. de la Motte, I took care of her; ſhe lodged at my houſe, and I gave her ſeven guineas and a half to buy her cloaths and other articles ſhe wanted; ſhe lived with me ſixteen or eighteen months; at the expiration of this time, particular reaſons induced me to requeſt this woman to depart; I then gave her two guineas. A few months after this, having heard her ſay a hundred times every thing ſhe knew relative to the Ambaſſador, M. d'Adhemar, and his Secretary d'Arragon, ſhe made the depoſition which I here ſubjoin, as a letter ſubſervient to the juſtification of M. de la Motte:

AFFIDAVIT OF MRS. COSTA.

MIDDLESEX, TO WIT. *London, December* 9, 1788.

I, the under-written Benjamina Coſta, depoſe and aſſert as follows: That on the 3d of April, 1786, I departed from Edinburgh, in order to deliver at Paris, a packet of letters and papers from Count de la Motte, to a lawyer of the

the name of Doillot: that after performing the ſaid commiſſion, I took my way back to England, with the aforeſaid lawyer's anſwer to the Count: that at the town of Aire, in Artois, I was taken up by people diſpatched after me from the police at Paris, and carried back to the Baſtile, whence, after two days confinement, I was taken out and carried before the Baron de Breteuil, one of the Miniſters of State, who told me he had received a letter from my huſband, "who," he added, "has great confidence in you; then referred me to the Lieutenant of the Police, who was to give me one hundred Louis d'ors, which the latter accordingly did, after taking, in my preſence, a copy of the letter which I had from Mr. Doillot, the lawyer, in anſwer to Count de la Motte: that I was then diſmiſſed under the eſcort of Bailiffs of the Police, who took me poſt down to Calais, where I paſſed the ſea, and on my arrival in London, I had an audience of the Count d'Adhemar, to whom the Police at Paris had referred me for my inſtructions. His Excellency bid me tell my huſband to take a houſe near Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, to facilitate the conveying off the Count de la Motte, and that my fortune ſhould be made; adding that

d'Arragon

d'Arragon ſhould ſet out next day for Newcaſtle. Being myſelf arrived there, I heard from my huſband, that he had received one thouſand guineas from the Secretary d'Arragon, of which ſum I ſaw, in notes, to the amount of nine hundred and forty guineas in my huſband's poſſeſſion, ſixty guineas having been defalcated by the ſaid d'Arragon for his own uſe, That my ſaid huſband informed me he was to receive moreover, ten thouſand pounds ſterling, for delivering up the ſaid Count de la Motte to the French Miniſtry, the Sieur d'Arragon reſerving to himſelf alſo one fifth part of the ſaid ſum: that my huſband had been ſolicited by the ſaid d'Arragon, to adminiſter to the ſaid Count de la Motte, the contents of a certain phial, which were to put him to ſleep for the ſpace of four and twenty hours, during which they ſhould put him into a ſack, and convey him to a ſhip lying ready in the harbour, the Captain of which was one Surbois, an Exempt of the French Police; that my huſband abſolutely declined adminiſtering the draught contained in the ſaid phial. That the pretence of the ſaid veſſel's (of which the whole crew were a ſwarm of retainers to the Police, in diſguiſe) ſailing to Newcaſtle, was to make experiments on pit coal.

coal. That my huſband having all along diſcovered to Count de la Motte, the whole machination, the latter, unwilling that Mr. Coſta ſhould loſe the money promiſed him, ſuffered him to act as if in concert with the people ſent to apprehend the Count; in conſequence of which we all came up together to London, where my huſband had a meeting in a hackney-coach, with Count d'Adhemar, and his Secretary d'Arragon, apparently on the ſubject of betraying the Count de la Motte. In witneſs whereof I have ſigned the preſent atteſtation.

BENJAMINA COSTA.

Sworn before me,
this 9th of December, 1788.
Wm. HYDE.

I did not chooſe to avail myſelf of this woman's diſtreſſed ſituation to procure this affidavit, which will ſufficiently explain the machinations of my enemies, but waited till Mrs. Coſta had procured a place; it was then I ſent for her; it was then, freely and without reward, ſhe made this depoſition upon her oath. This woman's huſband then aſſerted, that I had taken undue advantage of his wife; and, fraught with malice, went about from one coffee-houſe

to another, French bookſellers, &c. inventing malicious lies, and endeavouring, as much as poſſible to blacken the character of my huſband and myſelf. This wretch then wrote me a letter ſo infamous, that no deſcription can poſſibly equal. But I will not take up the time of my Readers, nor waſte my own, by calling into exiſtence a wretch who will ſoon ſink into his natural inſignificance.

The letter I allude to is left with Sir Sampſon Wright; but at the time it was written, this fellow, dreading the conſequences, thought proper to abſcond; and, to prevent being purſued, cauſed a report to be ſpread that he was dead; and his wife, to give colour to this, put on mourning, and gave out that he died in Holland.

Some perſons, however, believe, they can trace him writing the life of another vagabond, Caglioſtro, whoſe tranſcendant virtues have brought him to the ſtake at Rome, if newſpapers ſpeak true. That great man diſdained the death of common men; but could not, though he had lived all his life under planetary

influence,

influence, and caculated the nativity of others, predict the ſplendor of his own exit. This oracle, who bewitched the Cardinal's underſtanding, has now convinced his credulous friends and adherents of the fallacy of predicting future events by aſtrological calculations; for I have heard that he has been lately burnt at Rome.

It is this M. Coſta, who would ſtop at nothing, and breathes implacable vengeance againſt me and my huſband, who has propagated ſo many calumnies againſt me; he has even wrote to M. Tillet a letter replete with the greateſt ſcurrility, and concluding with the following paragraph:—" M. de la Motte has left his wife, taken away all the furniture, effects, and money, and left her in great diſtreſs." Signed Angelique. This girl has never wrote any ſuch thing.

Another letter ſays, " Madame de la Motte was for ſome time aſſiſted by an Engliſh nobleman; but he was ſo diſguſted at ſeeing her indelicacy in writing pamphlets, and alſo another Memoir, for the purpoſe of procuring money, that notwithſtanding he had taken her under his protection,

protection, he at length abandoned her."—Signed Angelique Genico. This poor girl denied theſe letters with tears in her eyes; ſhe is not capable of being ſo great a monſter. Who then can have written them? No other than thoſe very impoſtors, thoſe unprincipled creatures who have forged the reſt.

I have before mentioned the cruelty of my relations, who turned a deaf ear to the requeſt of poor Marianne; not ſo my worthy friend Mademoiſelle de Charton. Alas! that I ſhould meet more compaſſion, more relief from ſtrangers, than relations, from whom I had a right to expect both. I have elſewhere reprobated their conduct; but I forgot to inſert in its proper place the letter I received from M. de Charton, which ſpeaks the native goodneſs of her heart, contraſted with the meanneſs of Madame de Surmon; I ſhall therefore inſert it here; and its inſertion will need no other preface, and requires no further apology.

LETTER

LETTER FROM M. CHARTON.

MADAM,

" Permit me to commence this letter, by congratulating you upon your fortunate arrival, and thanking you for having the kindneſs to inform me of it; you have thereby done juſtice to that lively intereſt with which your unfortunate condition has conſtantly inſpired me.—Accept my ſincere good wiſhes that you may enjoy as much proſperity in England as you have ſuffered adverſity in France. Truſt to the ſincerity of her, who, without having deeply ſcrutinized your unfortunate buſineſs, has conſtantly lamented the troubles in which it has involved you.

I bluſh when I think of the acknowledgments which you have ſo profuſely beſtowed on my good wiſhes to ſerve you, for they are entitled to little merit. I have not given you ſuch proofs as your ſituation ſhould have exacted. This poor Marianne has greatly exaggerated and magnified the little I have done, which originated in her deſire to do juſtice to my anxiety on account of my inability to do as I wiſhed.

Humanity

Humanity is a virtue in a good heart; it is alſo a duty which, if my abilities had ſuffered me to fulfil, I ſhould have been amply recompenſed in its accompliſhment.

Suffer me, Madam, to remind you of happier times; and you will believe, that if I had been able to oblige you, I ſhould not have failed to acquit myſelf towards you, and thereby evince, that the recollection of your kindneſs to a perſon belonging to me has not been effaced from my heart by the picture of your misfortunes. Reluctantly I remind you of your diſtreſſing ſituation at the moment when you regained your freedom. Imagine to yourſelf my aſtoniſhment on the arrival of Marianne, my anxiety, my embarraſſment—you without aſſiſtance, and I without the means of procuring it; your ſecret to be kept, fear leſt an indiſcreet zeal might be detrimental to your intereſt; every thing contributed to redouble my anxiety. Perplexed to a degree, the abſence of Madame de la Tour completed my embarraſſment; I determined, however, to go in queſt of Madame de Surmon, not being acquainted with your affairs; ignorant of every circumſtance that might have been between you, I could only addreſs

addreſs myſelf to them as a ſuppliant, inceſſantly apprehenſive leſt they ſhould be offended with my application, as I had no authority to preſs them urgently in your behalf. With the reſult of this firſt application you are acquainted, ſince you had an interview with M. de Surmon that ſame evening. I cannot, however, help remarking, that the ſmall aſſiſtance ſhe then afforded was incompetent to carry you to England; I was, therefore, not ſurprized at the return of Marianne, and ſtill leſs ſo at the intent of her journey; it was then that I was moſt ſenſibly affected at the diſtreſs of your ſad ſituation.

" I again moſt ſolemnly declare, that I am totally ignorant of your huſband's affairs ſince your terrible cataſtrophe. I have ſtudiouſly avoided every thing that could again bring them into recollection. At length Marianne determined to purſue her journey (after the poor girl was ill-treated by this family) to Paris. At her return to Bar-ſur-Aube, ſhe ſhowed me her little bundle and a few Louis, which ſhe had brought from Paris; ſhe then ſhowed me a ſmall parcel, containing ſhifts and a cloak, all belonging to you, Madame; but which, I

am ſorry to ſay, theſe relations ſuffered to be taken away, and ſold or pledged; and this mean relation redeemed the cloak after the departure of the poor girl.

" Alas, Madame, for my part I have done nothing; I have no other merit than in diſencumbering poor Marianne of her bundle, which incommoded her in her journey; the ſmall ſum I have advanced is too trifling to deſerve any acknowledgment—Yes, Madam, it was then that I indeed ſincerely regretted that I was not rich.

" The ſituation in which you found M. de la Motte has excited, and will long continue to excite, my ſenſibility; aſſure him, Madam, that the diſtance which misfortune removes us from each other, has not diminiſhed that attachment for you which I have always been anxious to demonſtrate; and I ſhall conſtantly think myſelf happy in proving to both thoſe reſpectful ſentiments with which I have the honor to be,

" Madame,

" Your very humble

" And obedient ſervant,

" MELANIE CHARTON."

Bar-ſur-Aube, Sept. 12th, 1787.

The above is the kind epiſtle I received from M. Charton, wherein the meanneſs of Madame Surmon is ſufficiently conſpicuous; the ſlights, the inſults, the indignities I have ſuffered from unknown enemies, are not half ſo intolerable as thoſe I have received from relations; it is thoſe who have encouraged the reſt to print pamphlets replete with falſities; it is thoſe who, with unheard-of barbarity, have determined that I ſhall have no retreat. Inhuman wretches, whither will ye purſue me? Ye have deſtroyed my reputation; Malice has fattened upon the animoſity ye bear me. Stripped of my property, driven from my native country, will ye envy me even this poor retreat? In the exigences of obſcurity, will ye purſue me to deſtruction?

When theſe wretches diſcovered the place of my retreat, they crowded around the door, and endeavoured to terrify the miſtreſs of the houſe. "The perſon who lodges here," ſaid they "is the famous Counteſs de la Motte, a wicked and a dangerous woman, the author of a libel againſt the French Government; ſhe is characterized as ſuch in all the newſpapers; as ſoon as the Government is apprized that ſhe is here, they

will uſe force, and it will be inevitably attended with fatal conſequences not only to yourſelf but family.

Such were the means made uſe of, and leſs than theſe inſinuations were ſufficient to intimidate people not converſant with the laws of their country. The next day, they again deſired the people where I lodged inſtantly to drive me out, and ſtill endeavouring to impreſs them with a ſenſe of their danger.

Terrified with imaginary fears, theſe people were agitated to that degree, that nothing could quiet them but the remonſtrance of a perſon of property and unblemiſhed reputation, who promiſed to take all the conſequences upon himſelf. Thus aſſured, as I feared no founded charge againſt me, and gueſſing the quarter from whence theſe injuries proceeded, I conſented to remain in the ſame houſe. But it is impoſſible for my Readers to have any idea of that inveteracy with which I have been purſued; but I know the quarter from whence it proceeds, and the end it is expected to produce. My enemies wiſh, by harraſſing and fatigue, to make me weary of life; they wiſh to bring me to my grave,

grave, where they may then blaſt my memory with ſcandalous reports uncontroverted. Then memoirs and pamphlets may be circulated as authentic; then they may make me ſay juſt what they wiſh to be believed; but I truſt the diſcerning and humane will not eaſily give credit to ſuch inſinuations from thoſe, the depth of whoſe malignity cannot eaſily be aſcertained.

During my confinement in the Baſtile, the family of Rohan circulated a report that I was an intriguing woman, who uſurped a noble name, the better to deceive and impoſe upon the credulous. My counſel, M. Doillot, hearing theſe reports, and reading the public prints, queſtioned me concerning my birth, and demanded how I could get it certified, all my papers and letters having been detained in the Baſtile.

I then ſaw no other mode but to make a demand upon the Miniſter, to whom my counſel accordingly wrote. But the Count de Vergennes returned for anſwer, that he could do nothing himſelf without the concurrence of the Parliament; in conſequence of this my coun-

ſel wrote twice to the Parliament, who refuſed his application. At length, finding this juſt demand rejected, M. Doillot determined to apply to M. d'Hozier de Serigny, Grand Genealogiſt of France, who granted the Memoir, peruſed, examined and ſigned by him, which my counſel rendered public, by affixing it to my firſt Memoir; and which, for the Reader's inſpection, I have likewiſe annexed to this work.

At length then my enemies, convinced that I was deſcended from Blood Royal, finding themſelves diſappointed here, they attacked my huſband's family, which alſo gained ſplendor from their ſcrutiny; they ſpread a report that M. de la Motte was the ſon of a poor family at Boulogne; that his father, called la Motte, of Bar-ſur-Aube, had been a common ſoldier, and having diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his bravery, was rewarded with the Croſs of St. Louis and the brevet of Colonel. To refute this report alſo, my counſel demanded ſome of theſe titles, which were alſo among my papers in the Baſtile; but M. de la Motte's mother furniſhed him with titles ſufficiently authentic to be inſerted with mine.

I ſhall

I ſhall only tell my enemies, whom, if poſſible, I would ſet right, that neither my huſband, nor any deſcendants of that family, were born in Champagne, but in Lower Gaſcony, of a noble and ancient family; that my huſband's anceſtors have been decorated with the Order of the Holy Ghoſt, created by Henry the Second and his three ſucceſſors. M. de la Motte's father was a Chevalier of St. Louis, and his anceſtors poſſeſſed thoſe honors their merit had juſtly acquired.

Under the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, they were honored with a great number of letters, deſiring their advice concerning affairs of State, greeting them with the title of Dear and Well-beloved Chevalier de la Motte. A great number of theſe letters, joined to the authentic titles of that family, have placed my huſband's anceſtors in places of eminence, and all have uniformly diſtinguiſhed themſelves as gentlemen and brave officers.

M. de la Motte's father was Lieutenant-major in the regiment of the Count and Viſcount d'Argouge, which he quitted to enter into the Gens d'Armes, where he was made Commander

of a Company of Bourgignons, and was killed at the head of his company at the famous battle of Minden. His only ſon, my huſband, was received into the ſame company at fifteen years of age, and was thirteen years in the Gens d'Armes; which, though his calumniators have baſely inſinuated that he was obliged to quit the corps for miſconduct, yet they dare not aſſert it publicly, leſt ſomething more than the mere detection of falſehood ſhould repay their infamy. My huſband quitted this corps of his own accord; his buſineſs calling him to Paris in the year 1782, and the brevet of retreat was given him; at the ſame time, his Commanders, the Counts de Vertillac and de Challeys can both teſtify, that M. de la Motte was earneſtly entreated not to quit the corps; but he determined to follow me to Paris; and having received his brevet, he departed accordingly.—This brevet, without diminiſhing the merit of the other officers, paid every acknowledgment to my huſband's merit, and to the propriety of his conduct for the ſpace of thirteen years that he ſerved in that corps.

Thus not only his birth, but his behaviour were equally honourable; and had his enemies known

known that either would ſo well ſtand the teſt, their envy, their malice, would not have ſuffered ſuch a diſappointment by the ſcrutiny. Great as their effrontery is, I defy them to prove the truth of their aſſertions, I defy them to prove the falſity of mine. But, alas! our condemnation has opened a thouſand doors for the admiſſion of the moſt horrid calumnies; their own malignant diſpoſitions, their own malicious propenſities, they have transferred to me, and triumphed in thoſe epithets upon me, which could be applied to none ſo well as themſelves. But the good, the diſcerning, will heſitate in giving ready credit to the reports of ſuch people, compoſed of knaves, libertines, and women of the worſt and moſt abandoned deſcription.

Before I lay down my pen, let me advance ſome precepts, by the application of which many of my own ſex will find themſelves much happier than they are. Perhaps, I have great reaſon to do this, and very juſt cauſe to complain of the perſecutions and cruelties with which my own ſex have purſued me ſince the æra of my misfortune.

Delicate as female reputation is, I would adviſe them, as they eſteem their own, not readily to give credit to calumniating reports, much leſs to ſpread them abroad; I would caution them to deſpiſe thoſe, who, hacknied in ſyſtematic ſcandal, feaſt upon the bleeding reputation of their ſiſters, mangled and torn by calumny; let them demand of thoſe who convey ſuch vile inſinuations ſome proof of the circumſtances which they relate; let them ſift them thoroughly to the bottom; let them enquire the character of the tale-bearer; let them aſk how, where and when, and whether ſhe knows the woman whom ſhe has ſo eagerly attempted to diſgrace.

Alas! I have ſuffered from calumny; but ſecure in the impenetrable mail of virtue, I remain, though vexed, yet unwounded; for my character, I challenge the minuteſt inveſtigation; me they cannot ſubſtantially injure; but I can aſſure many of my ſex, if they would not liſten to ſuch dangerous diſturbers of tranquility, their happineſs would be infinitely greater, and they would then enjoy all that domeſtic felicity, which renders earth an epitome of Heaven, and their hearts would not be gnawed

gnawed by jealouſy, nor their tempers ſoured by chagrin; then would not the pure and ſpotleſs character be ſtained by the falſe aſperſions of malice, nor the brightneſs of virtuous reputation be obſcured by the miſts of envy.

The conduct of a dangerous woman, who once endeavoured to ſow diſſenſion between me and my huſband here occurs to me; ſhe aſſumed the deceitful appearance of hypocritical concern, and affected to give me the moſt friendly advice reſpecting my conduct, at the very moment ſhe was labouring to deſtroy my character. By theſe inſidious whiſpers, which injure more than direct abuſe, my friends appeared unuſually reſerved; I was anxious to diſcover the reaſon; at length I traced it; I baniſhed the calumniator from my houſe, and all was quiet; it appeared that many of my friends had imbibed an unfavourable opinion of me from her detractions; once diſcovered, her company was ſhunned, and ſhe was avoided as a diſturber of the peace of Society.

All I wiſh of my ſex, whom I eſteem and honor, is, that they will deafen their ears to the voice of Slander. Should they do this, their obſervance

obſervance of this precept will, like virtue, carry its own reward; they will enjoy themſelves, and they will communicate to their families that peace and tranquillity which cannot be expreſſed; nor is this all, for by this conduct they will conciliate the moſt reſpectful attention from the worthy and ſenſible of the other ſex; and let me aſſure my fair Readers, that no calumny is ſo certainly believed, as that which one woman propagates againſt another. Lions and tygers, even the moſt ferocious of the ſavage brood, will, at leaſt ſpare thoſe of their own ſpecies.

It would be endleſs were I to mention all the calumniating reports both of myſelf and my huſband, to prejudice us in the public opinion; but theſe are reports of a party, whom Heaven, in mercy to mankind, has deprived of the power of doing miſchief; yet though deprived of the power, they are ſtill buſied by their endeavours. They now circulate reports in the newſpapers, that my husband has preſented two petitions to the National Aſſembly, which have been rejected with diſdain, and thrown aſide without an anſwer. I have authority to contradict this report, and aſſign the true reaſon

why

why the ſubject of my huſband's petition meets not that immediate attention which ſuch a petition deſerves; for I have a higher opinion of the juſtice of the National Aſſembly, than for a moment to entertain a doubt ſo injurious to that learned body, that thoſe claims will not be attended with ſucceſs. But, immerſed in a multiplicity of buſineſs, engaged in adjuſting the different intereſts of a great nation, and preſiding over an infant Conſtitution, ſuch momentous concerns will not permit this illuſtrious Aſſembly ſo to abſtract its attention from the general good, as to attend to the leſs important claims of a ſingle individual. I am a Frenchwoman, and have the love of my country at heart; I would not, therefore, wiſh that my countrymen ſhould loſe any benefit that may accrue from their counſels, by giving an interruption to their deliberations, however much my own intereſt might be dependant on the iſſue. My huſband is of the ſame opinion; he throws himſelf with unbounded confidence into the arms of his country's Saviours, and patiently waits the moment when the pillars of the Conſtitution, reared upon the pyramidical baſis of Liberty and the Rights of Human Nature ſhall have left the architects of this glo-

rious

rious pile at leiſure, to direct their attention to the claims of oppreſſed individuals.

I have lately received letters from my ſiſter, complaining of the injuſtice of the Houſe of Rohan and their partiſans; ſhe reclaims the credentials of our birth, which are numerous, and in the hands of Government; theſe they unjuſtly refuſe to deliver. She demands our titles of Nobility, but ſhe is refuſed; every thing that might intereſt the Public in our behalf, is watched with a jealous eye, is kept back with a ſtrong hand. How different the treatment of my antagoniſt.

The Cardinal de Rohan was adviſed to give every proof of his innocence; it is true, indeed, that he is not guilty reſpecting the necklace; but he well knows, that I was yet leſs guilty than himſelf, and that his conduct towards me is a new infamy, and will be a yet greater weight upon his conſcience. I mean his having ſeized upon my property, and what is yet worſe, detaining my papers. When my ſiſter requeſts to have theſe delivered up, the Cardinal objects that my huſband and myſelf were condemned as criminals. My ſiſter then

deſires, and I enforce her requeſt, that he will read the arret againſt us, where he will ſee that we are not condemned for embezzling the neck-lace, for not a ſyllable of that circumſtance is there mentioned; we are only condemned, upon the accuſation of Vilette, for having written the ſignature of MARIE ANTOINETTE. Shallow as this evidence was againſt me, I was deſtined to be the victim of power; it was in vain to remonſtrate; the Cardinal was powerful, my ſiſter poor, and her complaints were certain to be out-tongued.

Thus, from one injuſtice heaped upon another, I truſt the impartial will readily ſee, how the influence, wealth, and abilities of the Houſe of Rohan have been collected in their might to cruſh an helpleſs individual, who, unpropped by influence, unſupported by wealth, had nothing but her own conſcience to bear her up. How then, when the intereſt of ſuch parties was to cruſh, can it be ſuppoſed a perſon ſo circumſtanced ſhould eſcape? My weakneſs as an individual invited their attack, but the ſtrength of my cauſe was not ſo eaſily vanquiſhed; to effect this, they were neceſſitated to have recourſe to the meaneſt, the moſt

treacherous methods; my huſband was to be aſſaſſinated, and my reputation was at any rate to be deſtroyed.

I have to entreat his Majeſty to hear my cauſe: I would recommend to him the example of Louis the Fourteenth.

One day that illuſtrious perſonage was paſſing the wood of Boulogne on his way to St. Denis; he was charmed with that enchanting ſpot; and, on account of its being ſo near Verſailles, the King wiſhed to poſſeſs it; he enquired of thoſe around him, how the Religious of Lonchamps became poſſeſſed of that charming wood? The Miniſter informed him, that it was given by Saint Louis for the portion of his ſiſter, Saint Iſabel, who was a Religious in this Abbey. "Well then," replied the King, "in that caſe, I ſuppoſe, there will be no difficulty in regaining it."

From this anſwer, the Ladies of Longchamps apprehended that they ſhould loſe their property; and the Miniſter inſtituted a proceſs againſt the Convent. The King one day enquired how it went on, and what would be the reſult?

reſult? "Do you think," enquired his Majeſty, we ſhall recover it?" "As a King," replied the Miniſter, "your Majeſty will recover it."— "But how as an individual?" rejoined the King. "Your Majeſty will loſe it," replied the Miniſter. "Well then," ſaid this magnanimous Prince, "let me be judged as if I were a private man."

In conſequence of this, an advantageous exchange was agreed upon with the Ladies of Longchamps for another wood near St. Germain's; and ſince that time the wood of Boulogne has been appropriated to the amuſement of Kings and Princes of the Blood. The Religious of this Abbey carefully treaſure up in their archives this anecdote of the illuſtrious Monarch, and the very words he ſpoke on the occaſion, which I have myſelf read with the greateſt pleaſure. When I recollect the virtues of this great King, I confeſs my hopes greatly ſtrengthened, that my Sovereign, my worthy Sovereign, will follow the laudable example of his illuſtrious predeceſſor; that he will recollect the unfortunate Valois; that he will pronounce the ſame words as Louis the Fourteenth, the words which he put into the mouth of the

Dauphin when he preſented him to the National Aſſembly. This hope fits ſmiling at my heart, and with a tranſient gleam illumines the dark gloom of the miſeries I have ſo long ſuſtained; thoſe will I hope be recollected by my gracious Sovereign, who will alſo conſider my humiliation, my ſubmiſſion and my reſpect, convinced as he muſt be, that I was undeſervedly diſgraced, and moſt unrighteouſly ſacrificed.

The ſubjoined authentic Memorial will indubitably ſhow, I am not a vain pretender to the honor of Royal deſcent, as my enemies have baſely aſſerted; ſince my claim has been inveſtigated, and admitted, by the Officer of the Crown whoſe province it is to aſcertain the genealogy of the French Nobility.

MEMORIAL

MEMORIAL

Concerning the Houſe of Saint Remy de Valois, ſprung from the natural ſon, whom Henry the Second, King of France, had by Nicole de Savigny, Lady and Baroneſs de St. Remy.

Arms of the Houſe de St. Remy de Valois.

Argent with a feſs azure, charged with three flower de luces or.

HENRY the Second, King of France, had by (*) Nicole de Savigny, Henry de Saint Remy, that follows. The ſaid Nicole de Savigny, ſtyled High and Puiſſant Lady, Lady of Saint Remy, Fontette du Chatellier and Noez, married John de Ville, Knight of the King's Order, and made her laſt will on the 12th of January, 1590, in which ſhe declared, "That the late King Henry the Second had made a donation to *Henry Monſieur*, his ſon, the ſum of 30,000 crowns ſol, which ſhe had received in 1558."

(*) *Genealogical Hiſtory of the Houſe of France, by Father Anſelme, vol. i. p.* 136.

Hiſtory of France, by the Preſident Henault, 3d edition, in 4to. p. 315.

II. DEGREE. *Fourth Progenitor.*] Henry de Saint Remy, called *Henry Monſieur* is ſtyled High and Puiſſant Lord, Knight, Lord of the Manors and Baron du Chatellier, Fontette, Noez and Beauvoir, Knight of the King's Order, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber in Ordinary, Colonel of a regiment of horſe, and of foot, and Governor of Chateau-Villain; married by contract October 31, 1592, articled at Eſſoye, in Champaign, Dame Chriſtiana de Luz, (†) ſtyled High and Puiſſant Lady, relict of Claud de Freſnay, Lord of Loupy, Knight of the King's Order, and daughter of the Hon. James de Luz, alſo Knight of the King's Order, and of Lady Michelle du Fay, Lord and Lady of Bazoilles; died at Paris on the 14th of February, 1621, and had of his marriage the ſon who follows.

III. DEGREE. *Third Progenitor.*] Renatus de Saint Remy, ſtyled High and Puiſſant Lord, Knight, Lord and Baron de Fontette, Gentleman in Ordinary to the King's Bed-chamber, Captain of a hundred men at arms, died March

(†) *The two younger ſiſters, Marina and Magdalen de Luz, were married, the one to Francis de Choiſeul, Baron de Ambowville; and the other to Benjamin de Sanciere, Lord and Baron of Tenance.*

11, 1663, and had married, by articles entered into April 25, 1646, at Eſſoye, Jacquette Brevau, by whom, amongſt others, he had the following ſon:

IV. DEGREE. *Great Grand-father.*] Peter John de Saint Remy Valois, ſtyled High and Puiſſant Lord, Knight, Lord of Fontette, Major of the regiment of Bachevilliers horſe, was born September 9, 1649, and baptized at Fontette, October 12, 1653; married firſt to Demoiſelle Reine Margaret de Courtois, and a ſecond time by articles paſſed on January 18, 1673, at St. Aubin, in the dioceſe of Toul, to Demoiſelle Mary de Mullot, daughter of Paul de Mullot, Eſq. and of Dame Charlotte de Chaſlus, died before the 14th of March, 1714; and of his ſecond marriage had a ſon who follows:

V. DEGREE. *Grand-father.*] Nicolas Renatus de Saint Remy de Valois, ſtyled Knight, Baron of Saint Remy, and Lord of Luz, was baptized at Saint Aubin-aux-Auges, in the dioceſe of Toule, the 12th of April, 1678, ſerved the King during ten years, as garde-du-corps to his Majeſty, in the Duke de Charoſt's company, quitted

quitted the ſervice to marry by articles of the 14th of March, 1714, Demoiſelle Mary Elizabeth de Vienne, daughter of Nicolas Francis de Vienne, Knight, Lord and Baron of Fontette, Noez, &c. Counſellor to the King, Preſident, Lieutenant-general in matters both civil and criminal, in the Royal Bailiwick of Barſur-Seine, and of Dame Elizabeth de Merille, died at Fontette on the 3d of October, 1759; and of his marriage had two ſons: firſt, Peter Nicolas Renatus de St. Remy de Fontette, born at Fontette, June 3, 1716, received in 1744 a Gentleman Cadet, in the regiment of Graſſin, where it is aſſured he was killed in an engagement againſt the King's enemies; and ſecond, James, who follows:

VI. DEGREE. *Father.*] James de St. Remy de Valois, firſt called de Luz, and afterwards de Valois, ſtyled, Knight, Baron de St. Remy, was born at Fontette, December 22, 1717, and baptized January 1, 1718. In his baptiſmal atteſtation, which contains his name and condition, his father, thereat preſent, is called and ſtyled, "Meſſire Nicolas Renatus de Saint Remy de Valois, Baron de St. Remy;" and his aunt, who was one of the ſponſors, is therein called

called "Demoiſelle Barbara Thereſa, daughter of the late Meſſire Peter John de Saint Remy de Valois." Both of them ſigned their names to it, Saint Remy de Valois. He eſpouſed, in the pariſh church of St. Martin, at Langres, on the 14th of Auguſt, 1755, Mary Joſſel, by whom he already had a ſon, who follows: and died *at the Hotel Dieu, in Paris*, February 16, 1762, according to the Regiſter of his death, in which he is called and ſtyled, "James de Valois, Knight, Baron de Saint Remy."

VII. DEGREE. *Procreating.*] James de Saint Remy de Valois, born February 25, 1755, and baptized the ſame day, in the parochial church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the city of Langres; acknowledged and baptized by his father and mother in the act of their eſpouſals of the 14th of Auguſt, of the ſame year.

Jane de St. Remy de Valois, born at Fontette, July 22, 1756.

Mary Anne de Saint Remy de Valois, born alſo at Fontette, October 2, 1757.

We, Anthony Mary d'Ozier de Serigny, Knight, Judge at Arms of the Nobility of France, Knight, Honorary Grand Croſs of the

Royal Order of St. Maurice of Sardinia, do certify unto the King, the truth of the facts certified in the above Memorial by us drawn up from authentic records. In witneſs thereof we have ſigned the preſent certificate, and cauſed it to be counter-ſigned by our Secretary, who has put it to the ſeal of our arms. Done at Paris, on Monday, the 6th day of the month of May, in the year 1776: *(ſigned)* D'Hosier de Serigny: *(lower down)* by Monſieur the Judge at Arms of the Nobility of France: Duplesis, *(and ſealed.)*

We, the underſigned Judge at Arms of the Nobility of France, &c. do certify that this copy of the preſent Memorial is conformable to the record preſerved in our repoſitory of Nobility; in witneſs whereof we have ſigned it, and cauſed it to be counter-ſigned by our Secretary, who has affixed to it the ſeal of our arms. Done at Paris, on Thurſday the 13th day of the month of October, in the year 1785. *Signed* D'Hosier de Serigny.

By Monſieur the Judge at Arms of the Nobility of France. *Signed* Duplesis.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

"MADAM, *March* 21, 1784.

"THE charming Counteſs has imparted to me, how much you ſeemed affected with the account ſhe gave you of the little ſervices I have rendered her. The concern alone which ſhe inſpires, induced me to ſeize every opportunity of obliging her; for, certainly, I was very far from foreſeeing ſhe would one day be in a capacity of mentioning me to you, in ſuch a manner as to remove the evil impreſſions which my enemies have ever given you of my diſpoſition. Chance has therefore befriended me more than my own endeavors, for you know all the

efforts I have made to ſpeak to you, only for one inſtant, without ever being able to compaſs it.

"Perſons whom I imagined my friends, and who were poſſeſſed of your confidence, have availed themſelves of the deſire I had of terminating my diſgrace to make me commit acts of imprudence, take falſe ſteps, and almoſt ſurely to work my ruin; and, were it not for a circumſtance as extraordinary as that which this day affords, I ſhould always have appeared a monſter in your eyes, without even an opportunity of eſtabliſhing my innocence: but hope begins to ſhine in my heart, and I preſume to think you will not diſdain to hear me. Let but your beauteous mouth pronounce the word *yes*, you will behold your ſlave at your feet, and this day will be the happieſt of his life."

No. II.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

"MADAM, *March* 28, 1784.

"WITH ſorrow I am informed, that you will not vouchſafe me a private interview

view, till I have produced the moſt authentic proofs of your having been impoſed upon. You require of me, in writing, a compendious plea towards my juſtification. Although ſecure of the perſon through whoſe hands it would be conveyed to you, I muſt own, that as yet not knowing what degree of confidence you repoſe in her, I would not lightly entruſt a writing containing anecdotes in which your Majeſty ſhould be brought in queſtion. As I cannot poſſibly employ the hand of a third, I ought (eſpecially after all that has befallen me) to be extremely cautious. I preſume to believe, that your Majeſty will not look upon this act of circumſpection as a refuſal to comply with your will. I wait for further commands, and, in conſequence of the converſation I have had with the Counteſs (which ſhe will impart to you) I hope, that in order to avoid any thing's falling into unfaithful hands, you will permit me to lay before you, by word of mouth, the particulars you require of me.

"I remain, in expectation of your ultimate will and pleaſure, the moſt ſincere and moſt devoted of your ſubjects."

No. III.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

April 3, 1784.

"I AM bound to ſubſcribe to the will of my *maſter*, and look upon myſelf as too happy in his condeſcending to liſten to any thing relating to his *ſlave*. The dear Counteſs raiſed me to the ſummit of happineſs, by telling me, that you could wiſh to find me innocent.—Yes; I am ſo, and can give you the moſt convincing proofs of it. So great is the joy which that idea produces in me, that every object to me no longer wears the ſame appearance. You will diſcover, by my ſtyle, that my imagination is exalted: I could wiſh to deſcribe to you all the ſenſations I experience, but my ideas ſucceed each other ſo rapidly, that I find it impoſſible to write coherently. This moment of bliſs has obliterated all the pangs I have endured; and I the more willingly forgive the authors of them, as I conceive what ſacrifices may be gladly made to merit and preſerve your kindneſs.

"I no

" I no longer delay ſending you part of what you aſk of me, reſerving for a verbal explanation what was the aim of the Princeſs of Guémenée, when ſhe wiſhed to puzzle you with a ſtory, in which the Duke de Lauzun and the Prince of Luxembourg were brought in as parties concerned. Diſcoveries which I have ſince made, have let me into the knowledge of my dear niece's diſpoſition. I know that it was ſhe who contributed moſt to my diſgrace, and raiſed me enemies who have been but too ſucceſsful in continuing it. She has, however, been puniſhed for it, and the contempt ſhe inſpires you with perſuades me, that you will eaſily perceive the falſity of all the ſlanderous tales ſhe has deviſed, in order to effect my ruin.

" I at this inſtant receive a note from the Counteſs, who tells me ſhe is ſetting off for Verſailles: I ſend her this letter, and to-morrow will diſpatch a courier, who will deliver to her what you require.---The matter is ſettled.--Your faithful ſlave."

No. IV.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

" MADAM, *April* 4, 1784.

" PERUSE me attentively, judge of my deſire to be again favorably received, by my recent behaviour, and do juſtice to him who has ſuffered all undeſervedly.

" Madame de Guémenée, to remove from my mind every ſuſpicion which her conduct might raiſe, and to draw me into an unbounded confidence, told me, that ſhe was almoſt perſuaded you was acquainted with the various letters I had written, in order to raiſe an obſtacle to your marriage with the Dauphin; that thoſe letters had been forged at Madame du Barry's, and afterwards by her ſhewn to Lewis the Fifteenth, in one of thoſe moments when ſhe knew how to make him believe what ſhe pleaſed; that this firſt diſcovery was the motive of the hatred and contempt you had conceived for her and for me; that, in the next place, you had been aſſured that I, ſtimulated by revenge for the little regard paid

to

to my counſels, had written to the Empreſs, to inform her of your intimate connection with the Count d'Artois; that the letter was written in the plaineſt terms; and that probably the Chancellor, the Duke d'Aiguillon, and Madame du Barry, had improved upon the expreſſions, as the difference of ſtyle evidently ſhewed thoſe perſonages were concerned in it. 'That is,' ſaid ſhe, 'the information I have gained. If, 'in reality, thoſe writings ever exiſted, and you 'were the author of them, you muſt never ex- 'pect forgiveneſs, nor ſhall I, by any means, 'take a ſingle ſtep towards obtaining it for you; 'but if, on the contrary, you was barely the 'agent in that tranſaction, and that Madame du 'Barry, to whom you could refuſe nothing, '(after the ſervices ſhe had done you) prevailed 'on you to lend your name to that odious vil- 'lainy, it will be eaſy for me, by ſome well 'timed obſervations, to reconcile matters: but, 'previous to my taking the firſt ſtep, I require 'of you a ſincere avowal of all that paſſed.'

"This account, which I ſhorten conſidera- bly, threw me into a ſtate which I cannot de- ſcribe: aſtoniſhment, indignation, rage, ſeized on my ſpirits, and made me pour forth againſt

thoſe monſters a torrent of epithets they well deſerved, but which reſpect forbids me to repeat. Grown ſomewhat calmer, I ſaid to Madame de Guémenée, it was impoſſible ſuch deteſted falſehoods could ever have been; that I had abſolutely no knowledge of them; and that I could not perſuade myſelf any one had been daring enough to uſe my name, as a vehicle to information ſo baſe and injurious. 'I cannot 'think,' replied ſhe, 'that you act a ſtudied 'part, or that the diſcovery of theſe monſtrous 'dealings leads you to ſuch violence of paſſion, 'in order to perſuade me that you are innocent. 'I know your diſpoſition, and that you are in-'capable of ſuch deceit; but that thoſe guilty 'writings have exiſted, as alſo that the Queen 'is come to the knowledge of them, is a fact, 'but to tell you in what manner, is more than 'I know. It is your intereſt to help me in diſ-'covering the authors: I may poſſibly facilitate 'you the means; but let us have a little pa-'tience!'

" The entrance of the Prince de Guémenée put an end to this converſation, and ſhortly after I took my leave, fearing leſt he ſhould obſerve my emotion. Several weeks elapſed without a poſſibility

poſſibility of finding an opportunity to renew the conference; I was only tranſiently informed there was nothing new ſtirring, and that a favorable moment was watched for, to enter upon an explanation, though matters were not to be hurried on, but that great reſervedneſs muſt be uſed in bringing on the tapis anecdotes that had occaſioned many diſappointments; and that an able courtier ſhould never ſtir up diſagreeable recollections: that I might depend on her deſire of ſerving me, and live in hopes of ſeeing my diſgrace brought to a ſpeedy concluſion.

"Thoſe flattering promiſes contributed a little to reſtore me to my tranquillity; for, from the period of my firſt interview, I had ceaſed to exiſt, and I own to you, that I was thrown into ſo great an agitation, by the machinations that had been put in practice againſt me, that I was repeatedly tempted to throw myſelf at your knees, and beſeech you to hear me; but a ſhort reflection, and the fear of making an éclat, prevented me. Above all, the hope Madame de Guémenée gave me, every time I met her, allured my reſolution to ſuch a degree, that ſhe managed to make me believe whatever ſhe would.

"I was

" I was one Sunday evening with the Prince de Soubiſe, who was waiting for his carriage to return to Paris, when a groom of the chambers to Madame de Guémenée came to deſire my attendance on her, while you were at the card-table, intimating that ſhe had ſomething to communicate. The ſatisfaction I diſcovered in her countenance, on my entering her apartment, proved to me a good omen; nor was I miſtaken in it. 'I have good news,' ſaid ſhe, 'to impart to you; ſit you down, and you ſhall hear.---I ſaw the Queen yeſterday, and, by an unexpected piece of good luck, the converſation turned upon you, without my bringing it about. I eagerly ſeized the opportunity, to tell her ſhe had been cruelly deceived by the reports that had been conveyed to her; that, from the time of your having incurred her diſpleaſure, your exiſtence was the moſt wretched that could be; and that, were it not for the hopes you entertained of one day juſtifying yourſelf, you would, ere this, have left the court, and retired to Saverne.'

" If what you tell me were true," anſwered ſhe, " he would have ſought the means of juſ-" tification; yet hitherto I do not perceive he

" has

" has taken any method whatever to effect it."
---' This anſwer afforded me an opportunity of
' relating to her the converſation you and I had
' together; to which I added ſeveral other cir-
' cumſtances, which could not fail to perſuade
' her of the fallacy of the facts reported to her.
' But I perceived, by her anſwer, that more
' than one conference would be requiſite to con-
' vince her; for which reaſon I did not think
' it expedient to carry things any farther, or to
' propoſe a premature explanation, which might
' have ruined all.

' I have an infallible way, and, if you will
' ſecond me, I make no doubt of ſucceeding in
' the enterprize.---She has for ſome time paſt
' wiſhed to have a ſmall white ſpaniel dog: I
' know that the breed is frequently met with in
' in the Upper Alſace; if you could, through
' means of your acquaintance there, procure me
' ſuch a little creature, I would make her a pre-
' ſent of it, reſerving to tell her it came from
' you, as opportunity ſhall ſerve.'

" I was ſo lucky as to procure the charming little dog, which you was ſo fond of, and took ſo great a liking to. Madame de Guémenée failed

failed not to apprize me of it, aſſuring me that ſhe had told you, that I, hearing of the deſire you had for a little Alſatian dog, had made all poſſible enquiry after one; and that, having been ſucceſsful, I had brought one to her with an Arabian name, the meaning of which was *Faithful and unhappy*; that this account, far from leſſening your fondneſs for the little unfortunate being, had encreaſed it: from which ſhe drew the moſt favorable omen, and hoped that I ſhortly ſhould be obliged to change the name of my repreſentative.

" I knew not in what words to expreſs my gratitude to her: ſhe was ſenſible of the exceſſive joy ſhe gave me, and availed herſelf of it, to requeſt of me the loan of a pretty conſiderable ſum. I would have parted with my whole fortune, thinking myſelf too happy in being uſeful to a woman to whom I was ſo greatly beholden. The eaſy compliance ſhe had met with enticed her to make farther demands, which I could not refuſe, ſhe always knowing how to accompany them with hopes, with ſoothing promiſes, and at the ſame time with difficulties ſhe would find ways to overcome, all which ſhe did in order to gain time. But my finances being

ing greatly deranged, by the ſums I had been obliged to borrow for her, and finding my reſources exhauſted, ſince I had been ſeveral times obliged to give her a denial, ſhe imagined that, to throw a maſk over all her iniquities and falſehoods, the only way for her was to ruin me entirely in your opinion. She knew that the Princeſs de Marſan had ſpoken to me concerning your little dog, telling me ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee me come into favor again: that I ought to depend on your indulgence, ſince you had accepted of what came from me.

" Fear of my diſcovering the truth, made her contrive a very ſure way of rendering me odious. You are acquainted with the imprudent ſteps I took: they were her work; and, at the moment I thought I was complying with your commands, ſhe was perſuading you it was a raſhneſs to be condemned in me, that I only acted thus to expoſe you, and that I was in confederacy with two or three other perſons, whom ſhe named to you. Thinking her work imperfect, ſhe wiſhed to put a finiſhing hand to it, and to give me the fatal blow. To compaſs this, ſhe muſt firſt aſſign to me the reaſons why I ſtill proved unſucceſsful. She is fruitful in expedients;

expedients; infinite are the reſources of her imagination. I was ſubdued to her will; I implicitly believed every thing.

" You was to give an entertainment at the Little Trianon, but the time appointed was yet diſtant. During the intervening ſpace, I prepared all things neceſſary for my diſguiſe. The long wiſhed for day being come, and following my dear niece's inſtructions, I ſlipped into the gardens, where I was not long, before I was ſurrounded and purſued, like an owl that had intruded into that enchanted grove. The ſhouts of Monſieur l'Abbé, and other very mortifying epithets, made me ſee clearly that I had been pitched upon to ſerve for ſport to the whole aſſembly. Irritated at having been diſmiſſed in ſuch a manner, I withdrew, rage and deſpair filling my breaſt, fully determined to be revenged as ſoon as I found an opportunity. This ſcene cauſed in me ſo great a revolution, that I had a ſevere fit of illneſs. The authoreſs of my misfortune made moreover a handle of my unhappy ſituation, to ſpread a report that I walked in my ſleep, and that my night rambles in the gardens had brought on my diſorder. She uſed every method to turn me into ridicule, and

to

to raiſe me freſh enemies, who ſince have not ceaſed to perſecute me.

" Theſe are events which you have ever been ignorant of, and will ſerve to ſhew how far I have been the dupe of my ſincerity.

" As to the diſappearing of your little dog, I will tell you what I have heard concerning it, as alſo many other ſtories laid to my account, and in which I never had any ſhare; having ſought, through all the unfortunate periods that enſued, every opportunity to afford you inſtances of my reſpect, and ſincere attachment.

" Theſe are very tedious particularities, which have made me forget the hour. I hope, however, that my courier will arrive time enough to deliver my letter. I wait with great impatience for the Counteſs: Heaven grant ſhe may bring me good news!---Ever faithful and unhappy."

No. V.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

" MADAM, *April* 10, 1784.

" I EASILY conceive, that, after all that has paſſed, it would be a contradiction in your conduct towards me, if you were ſeen to grant me openly, and ſo ſpeedily, a protection, which thoſe about you have perſuaded you I was undeſerving of. It would doubtleſs be ſounding an alarm for all my enemies, who would not fail to come together on that occaſion. But all their efforts would prove unavailing, if my dear *maſter* has a deſire to pardon his *ſlave*. Sovereign, equally powerful and reſpected, your will muſt ever be a law, which your attendants will be too happy in ſubmitting to! If, however, you have particular reaſons for acting with reſerve till a certain period, I will conform to whatever may be pleaſing to you, and will, to the utmoſt of my power, remove whatever might diſturb the quiet and happineſs of my dear *maſter*.

" I dare

" I dare to hope, that, to indemnify your ſubmiſſive *ſlave* for all the contradictions he will be forced to experience, you will condeſcend again to enable him to kiſs that beauteous hand, and hear that charming mouth pronounce his pardon."

No. VI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

April 28, 1784.

" I READ with indignation the manner in which you have been deceived by your niece. I never had any knowledge of the letters you mention to me, and I queſtion whether they ever exiſted. The perſons you complain of have, in reality, contributed to your diſgrace, but the methods they uſed to effect it were very different from thoſe you ſuppoſe. I have forgotten all, and require of you never to ſpeak to me of any thing that has reference to what is paſt. The account which the Counteſs has given me, of your behaviour towards her, has made a ſtronger impreſſion on me, than all you have written to me. I hope you will never

forget that it is to her you are indebted for your pardon, as alſo for the letter I write to you.

" I have always looked upon you as a very inconſiſtent and indiſcreet man, which opinion neceſſarily obliges me to great reſervedneſs; and I own to you, that nothing but a conduct quite the reverſe of that you have held, can regain my confidence, and merit my eſteem."

No. VII.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

May 6, 1784.

" YES; I am the happieſt mortal breathing! My *maſter* pardons me: he grants me his confidence; and, to compleat my happineſs, he has the goodneſs to ſmile upon his *ſlave*, and to give him public ſignals of a right underſtanding. Such unexpected favors cauſed in me ſo great an emotion, that I for a moment was apprehenſive leſt the motive ſhould be ſuſpected, by the extraordinary anſwers which I made. But I ſoon recovered, when I ſaw my abſence of mind was attributed to quite another motive;

motive; upon which I aſſumed an air of approbation, in order to divert obſervation from the real object. This circumſtance is a warning to me, to direct henceforth my words and actions in a more prudential manner.

" I know how to appreciate all the obligations I am under to the charming Counteſs. In whatever ſituation I may chance to be, I ſhall be gratefully mindful of all that ſhe has done in my behalf.---So much for that.---All depends on my *maſter*.---The facility he has of making beings happy, makes his *ſlave* wiſh for the means of following his footſteps, and being the echo of his good pleaſure."

No. VIII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

May 15, 1784.

" I CANNOT diſapprove of the deſire you have of ſeeing me. I could wiſh, in order to facilitate you the means, to remove all obſtacles that oppoſe it; but you would not

have me act imprudently, to bring about more compendiouſly a thing which you muſt be perſuaded you will ſhortly obtain.

" You have enemies, who have done you much diſſervice with the *miniſter*, (the Counteſs will tell you the meaning of that word, which you muſt uſe for the future). The turning of them out cannot but be advantageous to you. I know the changes and revolutions that are to happen, and have calculated all the circumſtances which will infallibly bring forward the opportunities which I deſire. In the interim be very cautious, above all diſcreet; and, as there is no foreſeeing what may happen, be reſerved, and greatly perplexed in what you hereafter write to me."

No. IX.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

May 23, 1784.

" MENTION was made of you to me yeſterday, in a manner which induces me to think there is a ſuſpicion of ſome intelligence. I cannot

I cannot conceive what can have given riſe to ſuch a ſuppoſition. Whatever the intention was, it was not gratified: I give you notice of it, that you may be upon your guard, and avoid all ſurprize.

" I ſhall go this week to T----n, and ſhall there ſee the Counteſs, to whom I will communicate a ſcheme that will certainly be pleaſing to you."

No. X.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

" MADAM, *June* 2, 1784.

" THE Counteſs miſunderſtood what I ſaid to her, relative to my requeſt of entreating from you an interview. I ſhould be very unjuſt, and truly indiſcreet, to ſolicit that favor, whilſt thoſe obſtacles remain which you ſo kindly acquainted me with. This is exactly what I jeſtingly ſaid to her, not thinking ſhe would report it to you :---' Charming Counteſs! ' you are very amiable, and doubtleſs deſerving ' of the attachment that is conceived for you !---

'How happy are you! You will to-morrow ſee 'my dear *maſter*; you will be at his feet, whilſt 'his faithful *ſlave* lives under a continual re-'ſtraint, deprived of the only pleaſure he could 'have, of ſeeing, admiring, adoring him, and 'ſwearing at his feet that his reſpect, his at-'tachment, his love, will only end with his 'life. You have it in your power to crown all 'my wiſhes; it depends greatly on you.---Hear 'me!---I ſhould indeed be ſorry, did my *maſter* 'imagine that my whole conduct had no other 'tendency but towards ambition, and the deſire 'of being avenged of my enemies. The requeſt 'I preferred to him of receiving me, may have 'raiſed thoſe ſuſpicions in him; which, in order 'to remove from his mind, and perſuade him 'that I have no other aim or deſire but to pleaſe 'him, tell him that I would very willingly 'conſent to paſs for ever, in the public eſtima-'tion, for a man in diſgrace, and who richly 'deſerves it, if he would vouchſafe me the fa-'vors he grants to you.---This confeſſion is as 'ſincere, as the deſire I have of ſeeing my 'wiſhes accompliſhed.'

"The Counteſs laughed heartily at the no-tion, and made her account of entertaining you with

with it. The manner in which ſhe related to you our converſation, is, no doubt, what occaſioned your reproaching me. My crime is very pardonable, and indeed I rely much on your indulgence. You are ſo kind, ſo ready to relieve the wretched, that your *ſlave* cannot perſuade himſelf you will much longer debar him from embracing your knees."

No. XI.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

June 12, 1784.

"THE *Savage* is delighted—he has juſt mentioned to me, with rapture, the ſignal of intelligence and kindneſs which he received from the *maſter*. I, in order to perplex him, endeavored to inſinuate, that it was to the Counteſs and not to him it was directed, which threw him into a violent rage. You ſee how jealous people are of pleaſing you, and obtaining a ſingle look from you. From that inſtant the *Savage* has been happy, and I am perſuaded there is nothing in the world he would not undertake to merit your eſteem and countenance. He hopes

you will become reconciled to his figure, and that his qualifications will make you regard him with a more favorable eye.

" I was in hopes of hearing from you before my departure, but the Counteſs has juſt told me, that your toilet and the etiquette of the day had not left you one moment's leiſure.——— I am highly pleaſed with the *miniſter*; I don't deſpair of ſeeing him one day act as my mediator."

No. XII.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

July 29, 1784.

" MY adorable *maſter*, permit your *ſlave* to expreſs his joy for the favors you have conferred upon him. That charming *roſe* lies upon my heart—I will preſerve it to my lateſt breath. It will inceſſantly recal to me the firſt inſtant of my happineſs.

" In parting from the Counteſs I was ſo tranſported, that I found myſelf imperceptibly brought

brought to the charming ſpot which you had made choice of. After having croſſed the ſhrubbery, I almoſt deſpaired of knowing again the place where your beloved *ſlave* threw himſelf at your feet. Deſtined, no doubt, to experience, during that delightful night, none but happy ſenſations, I found again the pleaſing turf, gently preſſed by thoſe pretty little feet—I ruſhed upon it as if you had ſtill been there, and kiſſed with as much ardor your graſſy ſeat, as that fair hand which was yielded to me with a grace and kindneſs that belong to none but my dear *maſter*. Enchanted, as it were, to that bewitching ſpot, I found the greateſt difficulty in quitting it; and, I ſhould certainly have ſpent the night there, had I not been apprehenſive of making my attendants uneaſy, who knew of my being out.

" Soon after my return home I went to bed, but preſſed for a conſiderable time a reſtleſs pillow. My imagination, ſtruck with your adorable perſon, was filled, during my ſlumbers, with the moſt delightful ſenſations. Happy night! that proved the brighteſt day in my life!—— Adorable *maſter*, your *ſlave* cannot find expreſſions to deſcribe his felicity! You yeſterday witneſſed

witneſſed his embarraſſment, his baſhfulneſs, his ſilence, the natural effects of the moſt genuine love! You alone in the univerſe, could produce what he never before experienced.—— Enveloped in theſe pleaſing ſenſations, I ſometimes imagine it to be only a viſionary felicity, and that I am ſtill under the influence of a dream; but combining all the circumſtances of my happineſs, recalling to mind the enchanting ſound of that voice which pronounced my pardon, I give way to an exceſs of joy, accompanied with exclamations, which, if they were overheard, would argue diſtraction. Such is my condition, which I deem ſupremely happy, and wiſh for its continuance the remainder of my life.

"I ſhall not depart till I have heard from you."

No. XIII.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

Auguſt 9, 1784.

"I THINK I have found out the opportunity and pretence the *maſter* is wiſhing for.

for. Not long ſince I imparted to him the fears of his *ſlave* and the dangers he is expoſed to, in conſequence of the ſuſpicions which his aſſiduities have raiſed. A diſcovery would undo him for ever, by the inſinuations which would neceſſarily enſue, and the *maſter*, ſpite of his authority, would find himſelf forced to ſacrifice his *ſlave*, leſt himſelf ſhould be expoſed, through an endleſs circulation of tittle-tattle.

" We are ſometimes under a neceſſity of beſtowing our confidence on perſons who are placed near us, on whoſe fidelity, perhaps, we can but little depend, and who often avail themſelves of circumſtances to draw us into inconſiſtencies, which we are not at firſt aware of. Their aim is to become poſſeſſed of weapons which they know how to turn againſt us, in order to preſerve their ſway, and incapacitate us from acting in conformity with our wiſhes. Such is the ſituation of the *maſter*---thwarted in his views, his projects, his very conduct; he ſees, but too late, the danger there is in giving one's ſelf up without reſerve, eſpecially to the wicked, who know how to make their advantage of every thing. Not knowing as yet the reaſons of the reſervedneſs he is to put on, nor the nature of his

his confidence, I can give him no counſel, nor inveſtigate the means of avoiding what might prove diſpleaſing to him.---You comprehend my meaning.---I muſt then confine myſelf to pointing out the method of ſending openly for his *ſlave*, without the *miniſter*, the P. the V. the B. &c. being able to paſs any reflection on that proceeding. That firſt ſtep being ſettled, nothing will be more eaſy than to continue viſits, which will be ſanctioned on one ſide, and a matter of indifference on the other.

" You have at the preſent moment a young perſon who works under your immediate inſpection: I know that that perſon's works have been pleaſing to you, and that you wiſh to patroniſe her. She has made a clergyman, a relation of her's, to whom ſhe is under great obligations, a partaker of your bounty. The latter is come to conſult me, and aſk whether he might hope to obtain a vacant place, which would be demanded of me by you. Being made acquainted with all the particulars, I directed him to draw up a memoir, which will be delivered to the little one, with all inſtructions requiſite.—— You will find the petition at the bottom of your baſket, and will judge, by the contents of it, that the

the *ſlave* muſt neceſſarily be ſent for to receive his orders from his *maſter*, to whom this unaffected tranſaction, and the eager deſire of complying with his will, muſt, undoubtedly, afford an opportunity of ſhewing his indulgence, and of inſenſibly forgetting what has paſſed.

" The Counteſs will ſtay till Thurſday, that ſhe may bring me back your determination or your commands.

" M. B. S. T. C. B.---You comprehend my meaning."

No. XIV.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

" MADAM, *Auguſt* 13, 1784.

" THERE is a proverb which ſays, ' No good fortune ever comes alone ;' my ſad adventure will prove the proverb falſe. Do not be alarmed ; prepare, on the contrary, to laugh heartily, and to make game of me at our next meeting.

" After

" After the moſt complete happineſs, I was ſtealing away to the paſſage you know, when, paſſing along a quickſet hedge, a loud noiſe made me apprehenſive ſome body wanted to ſurpriſe me. Terrified to the laſt degree, I made but one jump to get out of reach. My haſtineſs having prevented my taking the uſual precautions, and ſtill leſs noticing that the rain had made the ground ſlippery, I found myſelf, I cannot well ſay how, in the very middle of the ditch.

" The *Savage*, who was waiting for me on the other ſide, perceiving in my comical fall nothing more than an exceſs of clumſineſs on my part, burſt out into an exceſſive fit of laughter, holding his ſides, and writhing himſelf in the moſt whimſical manner. A few ſignificant words ſtifled, for an inſtant, his immoderate riſibility, and he helped me out of the mire, into which I had ſunk pretty deep.

" You know the ſerious turn of the *Savage*--would you ever have thought, that, after I had appriſed him of the cauſe of my fright, he would have fallen a laughing afreſh? Undoubtedly not. Well, off he goes, twiſting himſelf about

about, rolling upon the graſs, unable to utter a ſingle word. Seeing nothing move on the oppoſite ſide, I waited with tolerable compoſure to ſee the end of this extraordinary merriment. When he was grown a little more ſedate, I told him ſomewhat ſeriouſly, that I would be careful never after to take him along with me, ſince, in ſo delicate an occurrence, he behaved with equal folly and indiſcretion.

'Do not condemn me unheard,' anſwered he; 'hear me. Its a rabbit or a partridge that has 'frightened you. You thought you ſaw the 'whole gang at your heels, and, without reflect-'ing in the leaſt, you came and played the di-'dapper, to avoid being ſeen by them.—— 'Suppoſe yourſelf in my place: as I neither 'perceived nor heard any thing that could occa-'ſion ſo precipitate a retreat, my firſt motion 'was to laugh. You relate your fright, I gueſs 'at the motive that gave riſe to it: I then ſur-'vey you, behold you all over mud, with your 'breeches torn from one end to the other--- 'who the Devil could forbear laughing?'—— I myſelf look, and ſee the truth of his account; our eyes meet, and we join in chorus. So far all was right, except the tearing of a pair of breeches,

breeches, and a rather filthy maſquerade; but the diſcovery of my thumb's being out of joint, brought on a little gravity in our progreſs.---Having ſtolen in unperceived at home, the *Savage* performed the office of a ſurgeon. Thanks to his balſam, I am in much leſs pain to-day.

" The Counteſs, whom I ſaw this morning, finding me with my hand muffled up, naturally aſked what had happened to me. Though ſure ſhe would run her jokes upon me, I told her my ſad miſhap, at which ſhe laughed ſo immoderately, that ſhe was forced to leave me, and go into another apartment. The marks ſhe had left in the drawing-room, of her exceſſive riſibility, making me apprehend a ſecond ſhower, I withdrew without ſeeing her again.

" The charming laugher will not fail of telling you what ſhe calls my aukwardneſs; but I hope that, for this time, her mirth will not terminate in the ſame manner."

No. XV.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

Auguſt 15, 1784.

"LAST night I received the packet, the inſtructions, and reflections thou ſendeſt me concerning Calonne. I know him to be a man who would not miſs an opportunity of ſetting himſelf off at the expence of any perſon whatever; but I likewiſe know, that when I have recommended to him any matter whatſoever, he will pay regard to it, and not ſeek to thwart me. The object of which thou ſpeakeſt to me, relative to the Counteſs, has no manner of reference to this. I am well pleaſed with thee for thy demand upon him; but the matter of fact is, that at that period I only knew the Counteſs by ſight, and for having heard her ſpoken of by *Madame*, who was her well-wiſher. The encomiums ſhe paſſed on her, and the circumſtances of the 2d of February, did all the reſt.

breeches, and a rather filthy maſquerade; but the diſcovery of my thumb's being out of joint, brought on a little gravity in our progreſs.--- Having ſtolen in unperceived at home, the *Savage* performed the office of a ſurgeon. Thanks to his balſam, I am in much leſs pain to-day.

" The Counteſs, whom I ſaw this morning, finding me with my hand muffled up, naturally aſked what had happened to me. Though ſure ſhe would run her jokes upon me, I told her my ſad miſhap, at which ſhe laughed ſo immoderately, that ſhe was forced to leave me, and go into another apartment. The marks ſhe had left in the drawing-room, of her exceſſive riſibility, making me apprehend a ſecond ſhower, I withdrew without ſeeing her again.

" The charming laugher will not fail of telling you what ſhe calls my aukwardneſs; but I hope that, for this time, her mirth will not terminate in the ſame manner."

No. XV.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

Auguſt 15, 1784.

"LAST night I received the packet, the inſtructions, and reflections thou ſendeſt me concerning Calonne. I know him to be a man who would not miſs an opportunity of ſetting himſelf off at the expence of any perſon whatever; but I likewiſe know, that when I have recommended to him any matter whatſoever, he will pay regard to it, and not ſeek to thwart me. The object of which thou ſpeakeſt to me, relative to the Counteſs, has no manner of reference to this. I am well pleaſed with thee for thy demand upon him; but the matter of fact is, that at that period I only knew the Counteſs by ſight, and for having heard her ſpoken of by *Madame*, who was her well-wiſher. The encomiums ſhe paſſed on her, and the circumſtances of the 2d of February, did all the reſt.

" A miniſter is often forced to contrive falſehoods, and be guilty of injuſtice, eſpecially when ſure of impunity: he was ignorant at that moment of my concern for her, nor do I wonder at his uſing my name, or that of the *miniſter*, in order to avoid all farther ſolicitations from thee. Moreover, as it is an affair of the firſt magnitude, and that requires mature deliberation, we will take all neceſſary meaſures not to meet with any obſtacles, and at the ſame time revive the ſaying of the Doctor: *All is for the beſt.*——Farewell."

No. XVI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

Auguſt 16, 1784.

" AN obſervation made to me yeſterday, with an air of curioſity and ſuſpicion, will prevent my going to-day to T-----n, but will not, for all that, deprive me of ſeeing my amiable *ſlave*. The *miniſter* ſets out at eleven, to go a hunting at R-----: his return will be very late, or, to ſpeak more properly, next morning. I hope, during his abſence, to make

myſelf amends for the tedioufneſs and contradiction I have experienced for theſe two days paſt. Imprudent conduct has brought me to that paſs, that I cannot, without danger, remove objects that are diſpleaſing to me, and who haunt me. They have ſo thoroughly ſtudied me, and know ſo little how to feign and diſſemble, that they attribute my change to nothing but a diſcretion, which to them appears blame-worthy; it is therefore very eſſential to be on one's guard, to avoid all ſurprize.

" The daring queſtion put to me, perſuades me that my confidence has been abuſed, as well as my good-nature, and that advantage has been taken of circumſtances to fetter my will. I have a way of coming at information concerning it, but I will firſt conſult thee. As thou wilt play the principal part in the ſcheme I have deviſed, we muſt needs agree as well on this point, as we did laſt Friday on the S-----. This compariſon will make thee laugh, no doubt; but, as it is a juſt one, and I deſire to give thee a proof of it to-night, before we talk of ſerious matters, obſerve exactly what follows:---Do thou aſſume the garb of a meſſenger, and, with a parcel in thy hand, be walking about, at half

paſt eleven, under the porch of the chapel: I will ſend the Counteſs, who ſhall ſerve thee for a guide, and conduct thee up a little back ſtaircaſe to an apartment, where thou wilt find the object of thy deſires."

No. XVII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

Auguſt 18, 1784.

" SINCE the ſtep I directed the Counteſs to take with the Preſident d'Aligre, concerning your affair of the Quinze-Vingt, I ſuſpect, from his aſtoniſhment, that he has endeavoured to pry into the motives which actuated me, and that, unable to make any diſcovery, he has ſpoken of it to *certain perſons*, who are ſuppoſed to be ignorant of nothing, and who, perhaps, on this occaſion, have diſſembled their behaviour, to ſhew they ſtill poſſeſs my confidence. The reſtraint I am under, by their redoubled aſſiduities, the continual chit-chat with which I am plagued, their anxious and inquiſitive looks when I anſwer a queſtion, in ſhort, every thing perſuades me that they ſuſpect our

our

our ſecret intelligence, and that they are uſing every method to acquire the certain knowledge of it.

" This morning the *miniſter* converſed with me concerning thee with an air of kindneſs, which induces me to believe he has received ſome information. As it is not the firſt time that has happened, and I never failed to acquaint and conſult thoſe perſons I ſuſpect as the authors, whoſe view is to chain me down ſtill more, I ſhall not fail to impart to them my aſtoniſhment, with ſuch circumſtances as will enable me to judge whether my ſuſpicions are well or ill grounded.

" Thou art much in the right, in telling me that I am in a wood, ſurrounded with whatever is dangerous and venomous on the face of the globe; but, in ſhort, we muſt howl with the wolves till we have muzzled them. As to the *miniſter*, I know his coarſe-ſpun fineſſes, and his foible for me: they know his brutality, and what account is to be made of the firſt ſtroke from his tuſk, and that is what gives me ſpirits; they know, that in circumſtances more delicate than the preſent, I have chained up the lion,

and have made him ſee and believe whatever I pleaſed.

" Thou knoweſt what it is prevents my getting rid of my leeches: help me to find out the way, and to deprive them of the means of hurting me, and thy deſires ſhall ſoon be gratified.

" I expect thee to-night, at the ſame hour and place. I hope, before that happy moment, to have got all out of the *miniſter*.

J. t. R. t. B. a. V. C. S. Adieu."

No. XVIII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

Auguſt 18, 1784.

" I WRITE to thee in haſte, to give thee notice that is impoſſible for me to receive thee to-night. I have gained more information than I could wiſh, and, though enraged at the ſcene I have juſt had with La P----, I will conceal my reſentment, and carry my diſſimulation to the utmoſt. I know that anger

is

is of no ſervice, and therefore take the reſolution moſt ſuitable, though contrary to my own inclination. I will not leave the *miniſter* till I have wrought him to my purpoſe; which object accompliſhed, I am not at a loſs to find a ſhelter, and if the bomb-ſhell burſts, I ſhall be able to make the ſplinters fall on thoſe who ſet fire to it. Do not depart till to-morrow, at one o'clock; and fail not to be this evening in the walk to T------. As I doubt not (from what I have heard) but all thy ſteps are watched, it is a material point to perplex the inquiſitive, and render it impoſſible for them to realize their ſuſpicions.

" The Counteſs will ſtay here to-morrow, and inform thee of all that has paſſed. Depend on my attachment, and be perſuaded that I ſhall know how to treat, as I ought, ungrateful people, who are become thy enemies, becauſe thou waſt not introduced by them. Above all, be diſcreet: I rely on the Counteſs as on myſelf."

No. XIX.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

Auguſt 21, 1784.

" It would indeed be unjuſt, after the confidence you have granted me in the preſent circumſtances, if I did not adopt the line of conduct you have preſcribed for me. Be aſſured that I will ſacrifice every thing to the quiet and happineſs of my dear *maſter*. Whatever may occur during my abſence, (which is become neceſſary) he will call to mind my ſincerity, my zeal to ſerve him, and my moſt tender love. I am not ſuperſtitious, yet (ſhall I tell thee?) I have forebodings which I dread to ſee realized. The more I reflect on the ſecrets thou haſt communicated to me, the more I perceive the poſſibility of a reconciliation. The abſent are always in the wrong.---When once I am got to S-----, a thouſand ways will be found to do me prejudice: I ſhall not be at hand to clear myſelf: ſlander, aided by anonymous letters flying from all ſides, will be the weapons uſed by my enemies; and then, to ſupport them,

them, will come the handſome F-----. He is not, I grant thee, an ambitious man: he is young, amiable, and aſpires ſolely to the happineſs of pleaſing you; but the C---- is an old ſtager, whoſe affairs are greatly involved, and who is ſuſceptible of no attachment, any farther than the gratification of his intereſt and ambition. Such are, I am ſure, part of their attempts, and the terms in which they will addreſs you; if inſufficient to ſway you, they will have recourſe to the laſt contrivances.---I confeſs to you, 'tis there I dread them moſt. It would be an unpardonable villainy; but from their indelicacy, and their extreme carefulneſs in laying hands upon and preſerving thoſe writings, it is plain they did it only with an intent to make an ill uſe of them. However, from all the reflections I have made, I think that, with reſolution ſupported by authority, they might be compelled to a reſtitution. If that method be dangerous, there is another, which appears to me infallible, and that agrees perfectly well with their ſelfiſh diſpoſition: I will impart it to thee in my next letter.---Since this diſcovery, my mind has been anxiouſly bent on finding out the moſt ſpeedy and beſt expedient, and I own I ſtill recur to my firſt opinion.

" I ſhall

" I ſhall depart on the feaſt-day, and not appear at V------- but on receipt of a particular order. Meanwhile, my thoughts ſhall be occupied with the great object. The packet will go off to-morrow night. The caution I ſhall uſe will prevent all confidence that might prove dangerous; and if unfortunately any ſurprize ſhould happen, the bearer will be able to give no indication nor token of intelligence."

No. XX.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

Auguſt 24, 1784.

" THE courier ſet out laſt night at half paſt twelve. The Counteſs will tell thee how I contrived the delivery of the packet. I have given all inſtructions neceſſary for the arrival and departure of my two couriers, by which means I ſhall hear from thee at leaſt once a week; and if any thing extraordinary ſhould occur, I ſhall always have a confidential perſon in readineſs to diſpatch. All my equipages are ready.

" To-morrow

" To-morrow is the fatal day, when I muſt part with all that is dear to me. This reflection depreſſes my ſpirits, and occaſions me to feel an uneaſineſs which I cannot overcome; yet I know that my abſence is neceſſary here, and my preſence indiſpenſible at the place of my deſtination.---I think I am jealous; a dreadful malady! The perſonage in queſtion diſturbs my brain, and makes me dread my departure. Have a little compaſſion on me; ſeek to calm my uneaſineſs, and perſuade thyſelf that I ſhould not outlive thy infidelity. Farewell! Be careful of thy health, live happy, and ſometimes beſtow a thought upon the *ſlave*."

No. XXI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

September 8, 1784.

" IT is very aſtoniſhing that the courier is not yet returned; it gives me uneaſineſs, as I required the greateſt diſpatch. If on receipt of this letter he is not yet arrived, diſpatch immediately a courier with the incloſed note: tell him, by word of mouth, whom he is to deliver it to.

" Thy

"Thy departure has ſilenced every tongue; whether out of diſcretion or policy, thy name has not been pronounced. People redouble their dutiful attendance, and ſtrive to make me forget the ſcene, as well as the motive that gave riſe to it. The advice thou giveſt me is impracticable. They never told me they were in poſſeſſion of ———; I only ſurmiſed it from behaviour, reproaches and ſpeeches which I have overheard. I am fully perſuaded, that, let what will happen, they will never expoſe themſelves to convey any writing into the hands of the *miniſter*; but I ſhould always be uneaſy to know they had in their poſſeſſion what could diſturb my tranquillity. I am fully reſolved to take a decided part; but I have made ſo many ſacrifices for all thoſe people, and the *miniſter* has ſo often accuſed me of inconſtancy and fickleneſs, that I muſt abſolutely have a reaſon to aſſign to him: not that he loves or values them; quite the contrary; but he pretends that it is for my ſake, and that it is always extremely expenſive to have new favorites. A well-placed ſyſtem of œconomy truly!---Adieu! To-morrow I ſet off to T----, where I ſhall remain a few days, to have greater liberty to ſee the Counteſs. Thou hadſt not told me the *Savage* would ſtay at Paris; a very uſeleſs thing."

No.

No. XXII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

September 8, 1784.

"YOU muſt have received a parcel which I ſent you: I am ſurpriſed I have not had an anſwer to it. You may judge of my uneaſineſs by its contents. I hope for the future you will uſe more punctuality."

No. XXIII.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

September 13, 1784.

"THE *maſter* will ſee by the packet I ſend him, that his object is attained, and his note become needleſs. The courier before this laſt, was entruſted with a letter, ſomewhat long, relative to his attendants. After the deepeſt reflection, the *ſlave* thinks that the *maſter* may, without danger, follow the counſel which he gives him; for, after all, he is the *maſter*. I have ſent the Counteſs a ſmall

a ſmall phial for you, which contains a liquor that may be written with, and nothing appear; but being ſhewn to the fire, or light, grows black, and diſappears again afterwards. In caſe of any thing particular, leave a wide ſpace between your lines, that you may interline with that liquor. I ſaw, the day before yeſterday, the perſon in queſtion, whoſe anſwer appeared to me to be evaſive. He is to call again in the courſe of the week, to make known his laſt determination. If he refuſes, I have another perſon in my eye. The Counteſs will communicate what I am prohibited doing in this paper.

"(t. C. E. l. M. A. b.)"

No. XXIV.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

September 23, 1784.

"IF the *ſlave* is happy to contribute to the ſucceſs of the grand object, undertaken by the *maſter*, he thinks it will be neceſſary before the execution, that he ſhould remove to a leſs diſtant ſituation. The moſt impenetrable veil being neceſſary to cover the author

author of the project, there muſt be an impoſſibility of tracing to the ſource, in order to be doubly guarded againſt contingencies. I have perfectly felt the force of the latter reflection. There is nothing permanent in the world. In conſequence of this truth, the *maſter*'s policy is plainly ſeen, for, in caſe of a revolution, he is ſure of receiving a *ſupport*, which will validate his claims, and prevent the triumph of his enemies. Divided between hope and fear, my ſituation is the moſt cruel, and my exiſtence wretched. Yet, when I make reflections on the paſt, and bring into conſideration my degree of confidence with the *maſter*, I ſee the injuſtice of my fears. The hopes of ſeeing myſelf ſoon within his arms, gives a freſh ſpring to my joy, and reſtores me to my ſecurity."

No. XXV.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

November 22, 1784.

"THE deſire I feel of being ſerviceable to the Counteſs, and to remove all obſtacles that ſtill oppoſe a public reception, makes me

me practiſe every poſſible method to fulfil thoſe two objects. The *maſter* will judge by the proceedings which I have directed one of my dependants to adopt, whether the ſucceſs of his ſolicitations can ſerve as a pretence to the mutual deſires, and remove all difficulties. The Abbé de Seſaryes is to reſign his office of Maſter of the Oratory, to the Abbé de Phaff, by extraction a German, whoſe friends live at Bruſſels, in the retinue of the Archducheſs. As a difficulty exiſts which you alone can remove, I have adviſed him to go to Bruſſels, to uſe all methods with the Archducheſs, to obtain from her a letter of recommendation to you. As the buſineſs cannot be tranſacted without me, ſince 'tis I who furniſh the funds, it will be an additional motive for bringing me into recollection. I had projected a ſcheme to accelerate and prevent a denial, but as that might have brought you into queſtion, and raiſed ſuſpicion, I judged it moſt prudent to decline it. *So much for that* ---you will allow that events ſucceed ſo rapidly on both ſides, that it were dangerous to proceed too far. So politic an anſwer from an aſpiring ſpirit, aſtoniſhes me the more, as the æras, ſpoken of, are yet very remote. I foreſee many difficulties in bringing that to a proſperous iſſue

---*that's*

that's underſtood—I ſhall always be ready, ſcrupulouſly, to perform the commands of the *Maſter:* the moſt pleaſing would be, no doubt, to be recalled near his divine perſon."

No. XXVI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

Dec. 12, 1784.

" HAD I followed the maxim that ſays, " in all thy doings make ſlow haſte," the accident which befel thy laſt letter would not have happened. The earneſtneſs, the eagerneſs of reading, urging me to put the letter too near the light, it took fire, and in ſpite of all my endeavours to extinguiſh it, could ſave only ſome part of it. To him that underſtandeth, greeting.—The firſt packet was gone off when the courier arrived. Being preſſed for time, I could not anſwer with regard to the Abbe; had I been forewarned, I would have ſaved him a needleſs journey. We have made an agreement, never to grant any perſon whatever a requeſt of that nature, aſſuredly the Abbe will not be an exception to the rule; beſides,

ſuppoſe the ſcheme could have taken place, it is clear the object could not have juſtified the proceeding. The ſituation I am in, will infallibly bring on a more favourable opportunity. The moſt ſpeedy diſpatch will ſhorten the exile of the *Slave*. *I believe it is underſtood.*"

No. XXVII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

Jan. 15, 1784.

" IF it had not been my intention there ſhould be a myſtery in the purchaſe of the jewel, I certainly ſhould not have employed you to procure it for me. I am not accuſtomed to enter thus into treaty with my jewellers, and this way of proceeding is ſo much the more contrary to what I owe to myſelf, as two words were ſufficient to put me in poſſeſſion of that object. I am ſurpriſed that you dare to propoſe to me ſuch an arrangement; but let there be no more ſaid about it. It is a trifle that has occaſioned me to make a few reflections, which I will impart to you when opportunity offers. The Counteſs will deliver to you your paper.

I am

I am ſorry you have given yourſelf ſo much trouble to no purpoſe."

No. XXVIII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

January 29, 1785.

" HOW is this? Affectation with me? Why, my friend, ought people in our predicament to act under reſtraint, to ſeek for ſhifts, and deal with inſincerity? Doſt thou know that thy reſerve, and thy falſe pride, drew upon thee the letter thou haſt received; and that but for the Counteſs, who has told me all, I ſhould have attributed that pretended arrangement to quite a different motive. Fortunately all is cleared up. The Counteſs will deliver thee the writing, and explain the motives by which I have been actuated in this matter. As I am ſuppoſed ignorant of the confidence thou haſt ſhewn her, as alſo of the token of truſt that thou wilt give her, by laying before her our particular engagements, that is a more than ſufficient reaſon to make thee ſecure, and remove all difficulties.

Thou wilt keep the writing, and deliver it to none but me.

" I hope, notwithſtanding my diſorder, to ſee thee before the holiday. I expect the Counteſs to-morrow. I will tell her whether I ſhall be able to receive from my *Slave*, the object which had nearly ſet us at variance."

No. XXIX.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

July 6, 1785.

" YOUR fears are groundleſs; the coolneſs and diſlike for you, which you ſurmiſe, is by no means the effect of inconſtancy. Put the queſtion to yourſelf: I long to ſpeak to you: the ſteps I cauſe to be taken towards you, muſt needs convince you of it. The *Miniſter* returned from the chace much ſooner than I expected him; he was ſtill with me, as alſo Madame E—— when I diſpatched the confidential perſon to you. Do not depart to day; be at ten o'clock with the Counteſs, and believe that no one deſires more than I do the explanation you requeſt."

No. XXX.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARINAL.

July 19, 1784.

" I Believe I have informed you of the diſpoſal of the ſum, which I deſtined for the object in queſtion, and that probably I ſhould not fulfil the engagements till my return from Fontainbleau. The Counteſs will remit to you thirty thouſand livres, to pay the intereſt. The privation of the capital is to be taken into conſideration, and this compenſation will make them eaſy.

" You complain, and I ſay not a word: a very extraordinary circumſtance; time will, perhaps, acquaint you with the motive of my ſilence. I do not love ſuſpicious people, eſpecially when there is ſo little reaſon for it. I poſſeſs a principle I never will recede from. Your laſt converſation is very oppoſite to what you related to me at a preceding period. Reflect upon it, and if your memory ſerves you faithfully, by comparing the æras, you will judge what I am to think of your preſſing ſolicitations."

No. XXXI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE CARDINAL.

February 12, 1785.

" FROM all that I have heard concerning that extraordinary man thou telleſt me of, I cannot look upon him but as a mountebank. It may be prepoſſeſſion in me, and I know by experience, that one ought never to judge of any body from the report of others, but I have many reaſons for not yielding to thy entreaties. I am not ſuperſtitious, nor is it an eaſy matter to impoſe upon me; but as thoſe ſort of people have ſometimes things that aſtoniſh, and thereby diſpoſe one to believe whatever they ſay, I am not in a ſituation for ſuch trials. Beſides, it would be very difficult, nay, even impoſſible to receive him as myſteriouſly as I could wiſh, and thou knoweſt the cautiouſneſs with which I muſt act in the preſent moment. The Counteſs made me laugh heartily, by relating the laſt ſcene; it has ſomething of prodigy in it, and raiſes in me the greateſt deſire toſee the grand Cophte. Yet, if I muſt believe the Counteſs,

it

it requires a perſon to be very innocent, in order to behold the myſteries of that great man: though, to judge from the circumſtances of all his apparatus, I believe he looks upon thee and the Counteſs as two ſimpletons, and treats you as two dupes. Don't be offended at my frankneſs: I promiſe thee I will judge of him in my own perſon.

" The *Miniſter* leaves me as little as he can; I do not yet gueſs at the reaſon of it, but ſhall not be long before I do. Luckily I have not to deal with an Egyptian, like thy Caglioſtro, who gueſſes the paſt, and foretells the future. He is not poſſeſſed of the Taliſman that gives utterance to the ladies toys, and indeed I am at eaſe, and dread not any indiſcretion from mine.

" Excuſe my follies; for ſome time paſt I ſo ſeldom allow myſelf any diverſion, that thou wilt no doubt be delighted with having afforded me the opportunity of a moment's recreation."

FINIS.

it requires a person to be very innocent, in order to behold the mysteries of that great man: though, to judge from the circumstances of all his apparatus, I believe we look upon him and the Countess as two dupes. Don't be offended at my frankness: I promise that I will judge of him in my own person.

"The Mystery leaves me to conjecture; but I do not yet guess at the reason of it. But I shall not be long before I do. Lastly I have not to deal with an Egyptian, like the Cagliostro, who guesses the past, and foresees the future. He is not possessed of the Talisman that gives entrance to the ladies toys, and indeed I am glad, and dread not any indiscretion from mine.

"Execute my follies; for some part I to follow allow myself any diversion, that there will no doubt be delighted with having afforded me the opportunity of a moment's

FINIS.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE foregoing ſheets comprize the leading circumſtances of the Counteſs Delamotte's life, as narrated by her own pen, the elevation and depreſſion of which alternately excite aſtoniſhment and compaſſion: at one moment we behold her the choſen companion and confidant of the firſt Princeſs in the moſt brilliant European Court, ſurrounded with all the blandiſhments of its voluptuous and ſplendid attractions; the next, withdrawn from the foſtering rays of royalty by which ſhe had been cheriſhed, the lamented victim of ſanguinary machinations, condemned to bear the horrors of a loathſome dungeon, and endure the ſeverities of a degrading puniſhment. Theſe circumſtances, however, being fully in poſſeſſion of the Reader, we have only to remark, from the narration of her writings and the example of her ſufferings, the truth of the ſacred text, that *there is no truſt in the favour of princes.*

The laſt misfortune of her life, which terminated its exiſtence, is yet recent in public recollection: it has now become the office of ſurviving friendſhip to complete this work by a relation of the melancholy particulars.

The *ci-devant* Counteſs, as ſhe ſtyled herſelf, having completed the preceding Hiſtory of her Life, was induced to delay its publication, from overtures being made for its ſuppreſſion by a perſon pretending to be charged with a commiſſion for that purpoſe from the *then* HIGHEST POWERS in France. Some months were therefore waſted in fruitleſs negociation, till the unexpected flight, and conſequent embarraſſments, of the Royal Fugitives deſtroyed every flattering proſpect and pleaſing hope of the Counteſs being relieved from the difficulties in which the moſt vindictive perſecutions had involved her. The diſcuſſion of inferior objects neceſſarily gave way to the more momentous concerns of national affairs; and the ſpeedy flight of the negociator, who had impreſſed her with an idea that ſhe would ſoon be placed beyond the reach of fortune, by the immediate ſettlement of an annuity on herſelf, and the liquidation of her huſband's debts, on condition of giving up the manuſcript and printed copies of Her Life, left her

to

to ſtruggle with the new-created difficulties his flattering aſſurances had ſo greatly increaſed.

During this time, debts ſhe had unavoidably contracted; not through luxurious indulgence, but by immediate neceſſity; for in the humiliating ſchool of adverſity ſhe had been taught the uſeful leſſons of frugality and moderation; and theſe ſhe daily practiſed, with patient ſubmiſſion; yielding to her reverſe of fortune with a calm compoſure that would not have diſhonoured the rigid maxims of the moſt auſtere philoſopher. Theſe, however, ſhe had a reaſonable proſpect of being diſincumbered from. But her tranquility was again interrupted by a ſhock ſhe little expected, and was leſs prepared to ſupport. Without previous demand, or intimation, a writ was iſſued againſt her for a debt of 30l. ſaid to have been contracted by her huſband during his reſidence in England; and ſhe was arreſted at her lodgings, oppoſite the Temple of Flora, near the Aſylum.

Here the fortitude which had ſupported her through more trying ſcenes forſook her. She was alarmed with the idea of its being a ſcheme once more to put her in the power of her enemies; and the dread of being again immured amid the horrors of a French priſon diſtracted

her mind. It was natural enough for her to entertain this ſuppoſition, as ſimilar attempts had before been unſucceſsfully made. The minion of juſtice frequently admoniſhing her of the neceſſity he was under of immediately conveying her to priſon, at length rouſed her to a due ſenſe of her ſituation. By the perſuaſive influence of a guinea, and a bottle of wine placed on the table, his forbearance was obtained for an hour or two, in which time ſhe told him ſhe ſhould be able to procure a friend to bail the action. The fellow's ſcruples being thus ſilenced, he was leſs attentive to his priſoner than the paſſing ſtrangers of the ſtreet, his attention being occupied by looking out of the window. The Counteſs, imagining this would be a favourable opportunity to extricate herſelf from the fell gripe of her mercileſs purſuer, with much art and dexterity ſlipped out of the room, and locking the door on the outſide, thought of her eſcape; ſhe ran into a neighbouring houſe, while the bailiff, ſenſible of the trick, remained at the window, coolly obſerving what courſe ſhe would take. Being ſatisfied of this, he ſoon liberated himſelf and followed her. He ſearched the houſe, which ſhe vainly hoped would have proved her aſylum,

lum, without effect, till reaching the two pair of ſtairs back room, the door of which was locked, he concluded the unhappy fugitive had taken refuge in it, and without heſitation broke it open. This he had no ſooner accompliſhed, than, maddening with the idea of being again in his power, ſhe threw up the window, and jumped out before he could ſecure her.

By the raſh act of this frantic moment, falling againſt the trunk of a tree, ſhe broke one of her thighs, ſhattered her knee-pan, beat in one of her eyes, diſfigured her face, and otherwiſe bruiſed her body in a manner too ſhocking to relate. The blood iſſued with a violence from her wounds, that for a while reſiſted every effort to ſtop its courſe, ſuſpended animation, and impreſſed the idea of immediate diſſolution. Recovering, however, from theſe dangerous ſymptoms, ſhe was at length, with much care though great difficulty, conveyed to her lodgings. But while the feelings of the ſurrounding ſpectators were agonized with humane ſympathy at this horrid ſpectacle, the officer, with a diſgraceful apathy, was only intent to maintain the legality of his caption, and refuſed to ſurrender the mangled carcaſe till he had good bail for its ſecurity. This was obtained from a gentleman,

who

who has ſince conteſted the validity of the writ, and nonſuited the party with whom it originated.

She continued for ſome weeks in a doubtful ſtate of painful ſuffering; and her friends rather cheriſhed than entertained the hope of her recovery. The exertions of her ſurgeon however ſeemed to co-operate with their wiſhes, and his ſkill effected more than their warmeſt hopes expected. No leſs diſtinguiſhed by humanity than profeſſional ability, it is a tribute enforced by truth to mention the name of Mr. Forſter, ſurgeon, near the aſylum.

About the expiration of the ninth week ſhe was ſo far recovered as to be judged out of danger. Her ſpirits, which had never forſaken her during this ſevere trial, ſeemed now to have recovered much of their wonted brilliancy. Her friends rejoiced in the event; but their imprudence ſoon put an end to every flattering proſpect. On Sunday, the 21ſt day of Auguſt, 1791, they inconſiderately gave her ſome mulberries, of which ſhe was extremely fond, to eat; they had an immediate and fatal effect; for ſcarcely had they ſettled on her ſtomach, before ſhe ſwelled to an aſtoniſhing degree, and was ſeized with a violent vomitting, which continued

nued with little intermiſſion till the Tueſday night following, when ſhe expired. She was privately interred in the lower burying-ground, at Lambeth, on the Friday following, aged 35.

Such was the melancholy termination of the life of that extraordinary woman, Jean de St. Remy de Valois, In whoſe character, whatever may be ſaid by the rigid daughters of chaſtity in the inſolence of virtue, there were many good and amiable traits. In her diſpoſition ſhe was generous and humane; in behaviour affable and engaging; and in her converſation ſprightly and entertaining; the life and ſpirit of whatever circle ſhe appeared in; and from the ſuperiority of her mental endowments, the envy or admiration of whoever knew them. She poſſeſſed a maſculine ſpirit, ſoaring far beyond the timidity of her ſex, which ſupported her through every perilous trial, except that which accelerated her diſſolution. Her appeal is now made to a higher tribunal; if on earth ſhe had the vices detraction has painted, let her death expiate them, and her grave conceal them.

mued with little interruption till the Tuesday night following, when she expired. She was privately interred in the lower burying ground, at Lambeth, on the Friday following, aged 35.

Such was the melancholy termination of the life of that extraordinary woman, Jean de St. Remy de Valois. In whole character, whatever may be laid by the rigid daughters of chastity in the indolence of virtue, there were many good and amiable traits. In her disposition she was generous and humane; in behaviour affable and engaging; and in her conversation sprightly and entertaining; the life and spirit of whatever circle she appeared in; and from the superiority of her mental endowments, the envy or admiration of whoever knew them. She possessed a masculine spirit, soaring far beyond the timidity of her sex, which supported her through every perilous trial, except that which accelerated her dissolution. Her appeal is now made to a higher tribunal; if on earth she had the vices detraction has painted, let her death expiate them, and her great concert them.

BL